12

POST

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST MAY 11 • 1963 20c

"I come to kill you"

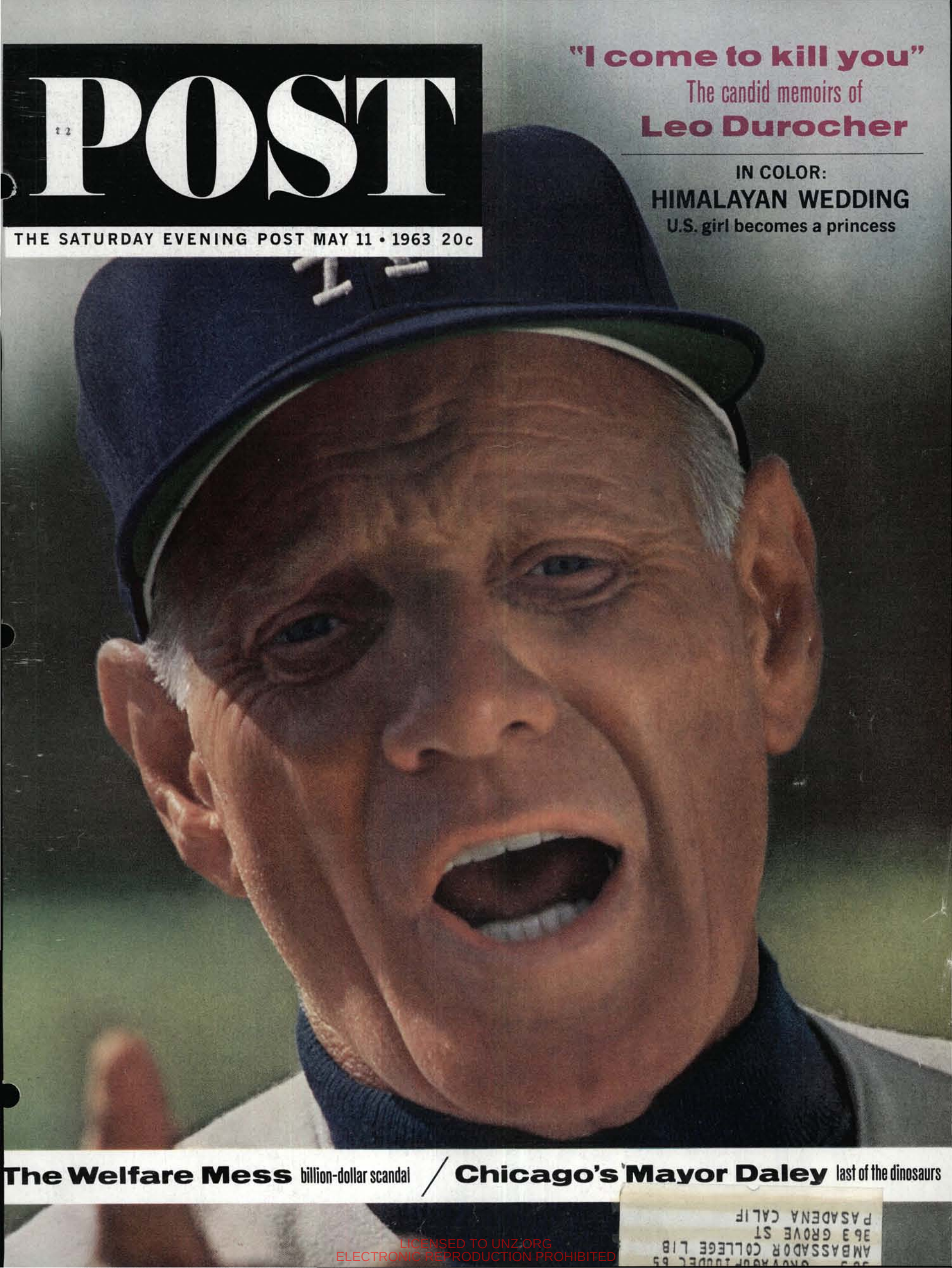
The candid memoirs of

Leo Durocher

IN COLOR:

HIMALAYAN WEDDING

U.S. girl becomes a princess



The Welfare Mess billion-dollar scandal / **Chicago's Mayor Daley** last of the dinosaurs

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Of all the things that reflect America's greatness, few are more time-honored than our national whiskey—bourbon. And Old Taylor 86 is much more than just another bourbon. It's an honest-to-goodness Kentucky straight bourbon with a distinctive full flavor that lasts right down to the bourbon dew on the ice. *Whether on the "rocks" or in a delicious bourbon Manhattan, it's a better drink with Old Taylor.*

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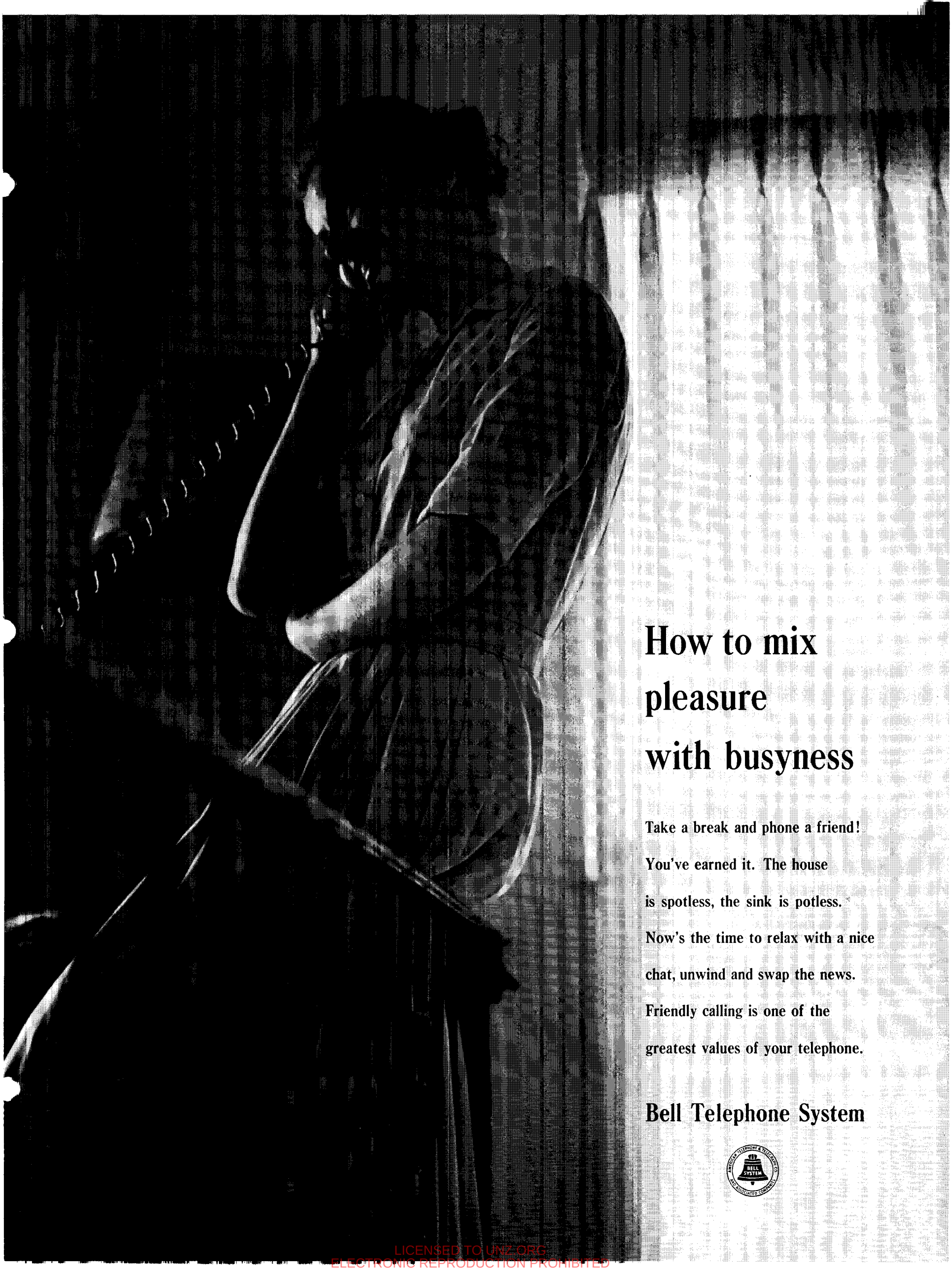

How to mix pleasure with busyness

Take a break and phone a friend! You've earned it. The house is spotless, the sink is potless. Now's the time to relax with a nice chat, unwind and swap the news. Friendly calling is one of the greatest values of your telephone.

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JUST ANNOUNCED—EXTRAORDINARY NEW LONGINES HONOR

Longines Breaks All Accuracy Records

in 1962 Wrist Watch Competitions at Neuchâtel Observatory—Wins All Wrist Watch and Pocket Watch Events

100% Clean Sweep—a First in History

Just Announced! Results of the 1962 Accuracy Competitions at Neuchâtel Observatory reveal that for the first time in history *a single watch manufacturer, LONGINES, made a 100% clean sweep—winning all events in wrist watch and pocket watch classes and establishing new accuracy records by decisive margins.*

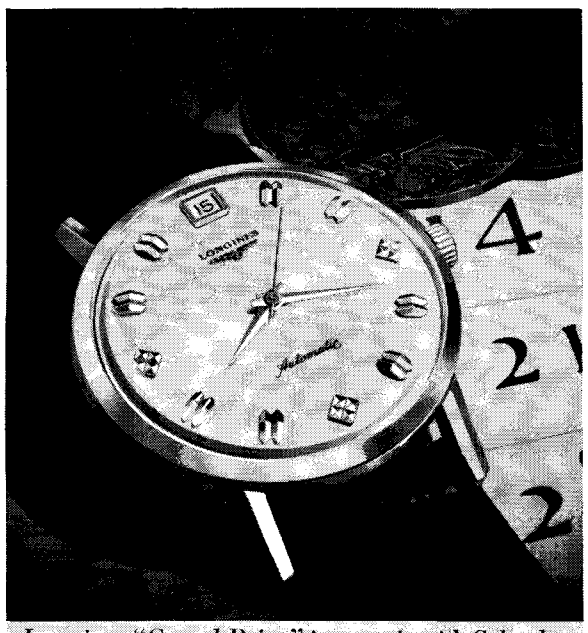
It has never been our policy to exploit the results of individual Observatory Accuracy Competitions. During more than 50 years of participation, Longines has achieved an unsurpassed position, won thousands of prizes, established many new accuracy records. But, the extraordinary Longines triumphs in the 1962 Neuchâtel Competitions deserve special mention.

More Facts of Interest: The 1962 results at Neuchâtel Observatory differ from the 1961 results only in degree. In 1961, at the same Observatory, Longines won 59 First Prizes and established two new all-time records. From 1958 through 1960, Longines won 225 Observatory Prizes at Neuchâtel as compared to 115 for its nearest competitor.

The World's Most Honored Watch: These unparalleled Longines achievements add new honors to *The World's Most Honored Watch.* At World's Fairs and International Expositions, Longines is the only watch ever to win 10 Grand Prizes and 28 Gold Medals. Longines watches have been classified *First* in the competitions of the four great observatories—Washington, Neuchâtel, Geneva and Kew Teddington. In aviation and exploration, Longines watches enjoy a position of exceptional significance; Longines were used for timing and navigating by such historic personages as Byrd, Lindbergh, Amundsen, Wilkins, Post and Chamberlain, to name a few. In sports, Longines timekeeping is accepted as *official* by all National and International Sports & Contest Associations.

LONGINES

THE WORLD'S MOST HONORED WATCH



Longines "Grand Prize" Automatic with Calendar
this year's most popular timepiece for a man. From $105

Official Results 1962 Accuracy Competitions at Neuchâtel Observatory

WRIST WATCH CATEGORY

LONGINES wins Prize for Best Individual Watch and establishes new all-time record.
(Amazing fact—two Longines wrist watches made identical record-breaking score.)

LONGINES wins Prize for Best Series of Four Watches and establishes new all-time record.

LONGINES WRIST WATCHES WIN TOTAL OF 52 FIRST PRIZES.

POCKET WATCH CATEGORY

LONGINES wins Prize for Best Individual Watch • LONGINES wins Prize for Best Series of Four Watches.

LONGINES POCKET WATCHES WIN TOTAL OF 23 FIRST PRIZES.

LONGINES-WITTNAUER WATCH COMPANY

MAKER OF WATCHES OF THE HIGHEST CHARACTER FOR ALMOST A CENTURY

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The Trap of public welfare ensnares everybody. Taxpayers are caught up in a system that cost them $4.1 billion in welfare money last year. Social workers and Government officials are awash in a sea of red tape and mind-boggling regulations which hamper proper administration of public relief. But worst off of all are the recipients of public-welfare money, the poor people whom the system condemns to pauperism. For many people on relief, it is economically unsound to go to work—they plainly are better off cashing in their welfare checks each month—and in many instances a reliefer who wants to earn his own keep is effectively prevented by welfare regulations from getting a job. Hopelessness is the lot of most recipients of the dole, for the system offers few avenues of escape once a needy person has accepted his first welfare check. The scope of the problem is enormous: 6.7 million Americans received public assistance last year. How did the nation get itself into this mess, and what is the way out? This week, in a carefully documented report which highlights the poignant plight of the public-welfare family, **Lois R. Chevalier** tells how humane intentions to help the helpless have boomeranged into a problem of colossal proportions.

Other Bylines. In journeying to far Gangtok to cover the royal wedding of New Yorker Hope Cooke and Sikkimese Prince Thondup, novelist **Nancy Wilson Ross** pursued a lifelong interest in oriental affairs and culture. Her most recent book, *The World of Zen*, has been called by Aldous Huxley the most authoritative work on Zen Buddhism to date. . . . Veteran sportswriter **Ed Linn** collaborated with **Leo Durocher** on his life story. The result is The Lip's own account of his rise from small-time pool hustler to colorful cutup of big-league baseball. . . . New York *News* columnist **Walter Ian Fischman** developed his own bug for the Bug—or Makech beetle—when he went to Mexico to find out about living jewelry. . . . Free-lancer **Alfred Balk** lives in Chicago, where he once was a newspaperman and where he has had an opportunity to observe how the Windy City's mayor bosses his town. . . . **Blaine Littell,** Paris bureau chief for CBS News, recently completed a two-year stint in Africa for his network. He says that "Katanga is a crazy place, but a reporter can become horribly fascinated by it. After a while there you realize that as long as the world is a crazy place you might as well stay in the craziest corner of them all." . . . **Jack Iams,** who took his first appraising look at comic Jack Paar as television critic for the New York *Herald Tribune*, moves in this week for a closer view.

The Cover portrait of Leo Durocher was made by **Larry Schiller** at the Los Angeles Dodgers' training camp in Vero Beach, Florida.

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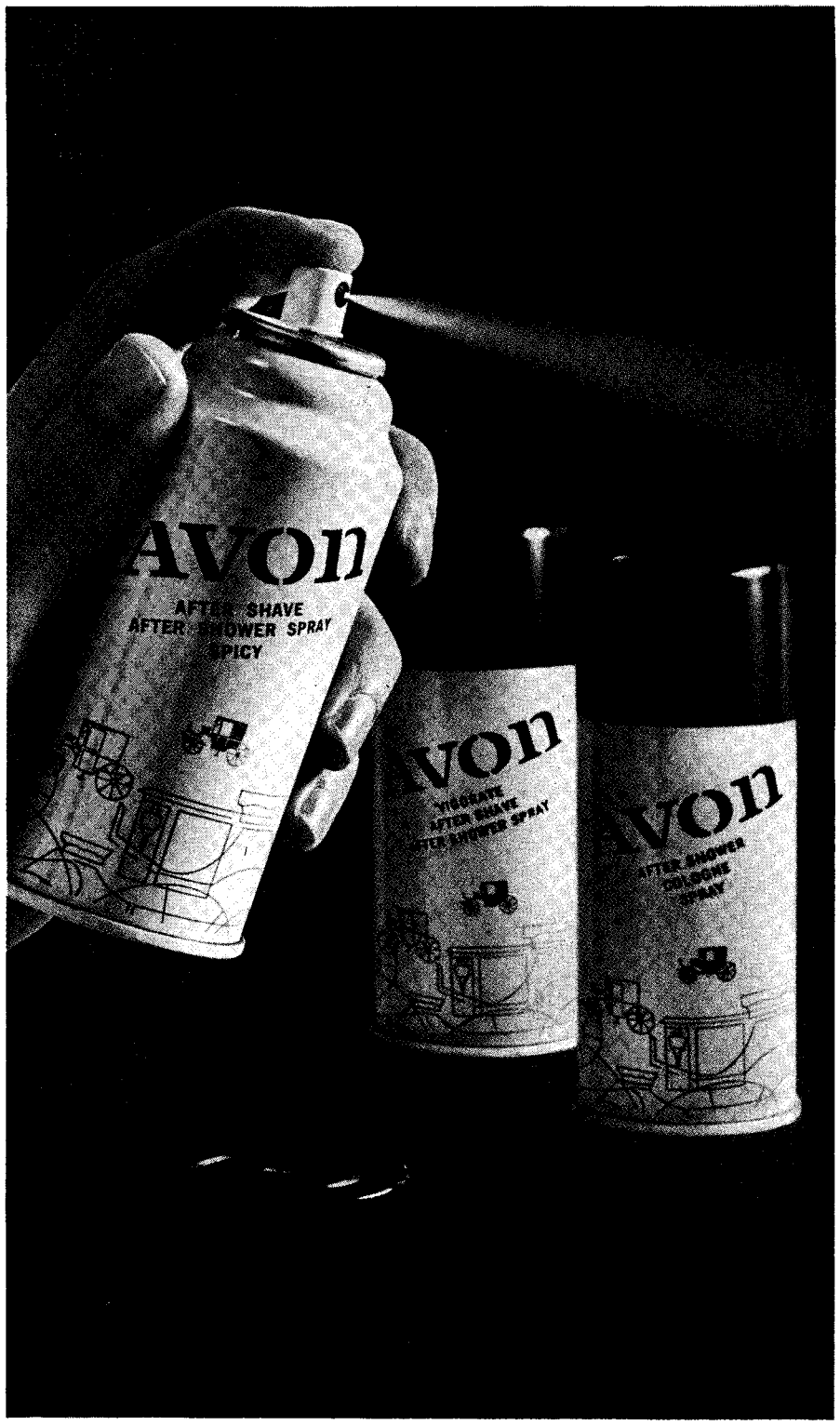

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now has a masculine ring!

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3 NEW, CONVENIENT SPRAYS: After Shave-After Shower, spicy or woody. Cologne with a breezy scent. Avon Spray for Men makes you feel well-groomed, refreshed all day. All part of Avon's complete line of good-grooming products for men who are discovering what women have known for years: Avon is quality.

Avon for Men is so easy to get! Just tell your wife to order one of these Sprays next time her Avon Representative calls.

AVON FOR MEN

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LETTERS

World revivalist

Dear Sirs:

Many, many thanks for Harold Martin's excellent report on Billy Graham [REVIVALIST BILLY GRAHAM, Apr. 13]. It is interesting, well written and fair. This will do more good to more people than all the articles on the cold war or on the progress of science.

Graham has the solution to the world's problems—Christ. I hope the Spirit will lead Billy Graham, or some humble evangelist with as much influence and power as is given to Billy Graham, to Russia, to Cuba, to China and to those nations that are giving the world so much trouble, just to proclaim Christ crucified.

JAMES H. THOMAS
La Puente, Calif.

Dear Sirs:

Professional revivalists leave me cold, and I wave no flags for the Rev. Billy Graham. However, the summation image of him as projected by Harold Martin in your April 13 issue is distorted and unfair to both highly intelligent men. Martin seemed in indecent haste to follow each grudging encomium to Mr. Graham with a more than counterbalancing derogatory remark, and as an end result Mr. Graham emerges as an amorphous combination of fatuous do-gooder and posing mountebank. I have known Martin, and your pages, to present a more appreciative pen-picture of minor film or TV persons. Don't sell Billy Graham *that* short.

G. HURST PAUL
Seattle, Wash.

Dear Sirs:

Congratulations for your splendid article on Dr. Billy Graham in the April 13 issue. It is the fairest article on him I have ever read in the secular press—and a whole lot fairer than most I read in the "religious" press.

Billy Graham has proven again that, even in the 20th century, it is not belligerent sectarianism or vain intellectualism, but the old-fashioned biblical message of God's gracious redemption in Christ that is "the power of God unto salvation to everyone that believeth" (Romans 1:16).

REV. DONALD A. DUNKERLEY
Tarrytown, N.Y.

Go south, G.O.P.

Dear Sirs:

I was much interested in Senator Goldwater's recent article dealing with the G.O.P. and its standing in the South [THE G.O.P. INVADES THE SOUTH, Apr. 13]. I was especially impressed by the idea that the Republican Party is gaining strength, at least in the South, because it is presenting the people with a sensible, practical conservatism.

The G.O.P. should not be a second liberal party. It will get nowhere by imitating the Democratic Party. We need a two-party system so that when one plan does not work, another can be expressed and tried. When the Republicans take a definite conservative stand together, they can also take a national election, but probably not before.

DELIGHT E. HILL
Milton, Del.

Dear Sirs:

The Republicans in the South are winning on the segregation issue by advocating more of it than their Democratic rivals. Segregation will afford the Republicans a temporary thrust of power, but segregation must die in the South, and, when it does, the Republican Party will go down with it.

MARTHA RAVICH
Los Angeles, Calif.

First fashion lady

Dear Sirs:

I think your article on Geraldine Stutz [WHIRLWIND OF THE FASHION WORLD, Apr. 13] is excellent.

It has plenty of vim and vigor and everything that Gerry has herself.

I loved seeing it. Thank you so very much.

DIANA VREELAND, *Editor*
Vogue
New York, N.Y.

Burial by bomb

Dear Sirs:

I have just finished reading Max Frankel's article, THE RUSSIAN-CHINESE STRUGGLE: WHO WILL BURY US? [Apr. 13] and wish to congratulate your magazine for publishing such a well-written article.

I don't think we should be too encouraged over the "fight" between Khrushchev and Mao Tse-tung. Both men are Marxist-Leninist monsters dedicated to the destruction of the Free World, and they will never destroy each other as long as freedom remains in any part of the world.

President Kennedy made it quite clear in a recent news conference that "the dispute is over means—not ends," and I agree with the President.

TIMOTHY S. HOYT
Beachwood, N.J.

Truth

Dear Sirs:

I admired the excellent verisimilitude of the charming story SAINT PAUL AND THE MONKEYS [by William Melvin Kelley, Apr. 13], and I revered its perspective.

As I put the magazine down, I said to myself, "There with the grace of God went I, more than once."

HART VANCE
Saint Louis, Mo.

Edie the lionhearted

Dear Sirs:

Four cheers for Edie Adams! I was happy, sad and delighted while reading the article about Edie [A YEAR IN THE LIFE OF EDIE ADAMS, by Richard Warren Lewis, Apr. 13].

What a wonderful wife, mother and entertainer she has been. May God help her in every way, because she certainly deserves much help and praise.

B. JOHNSON
Tampa, Fla.

Dear Sirs:

Your article, A YEAR IN THE LIFE OF EDIE ADAMS, made it quite evident that Edie's broke. So—what else is new? I'm broke too.

CECIL W. TISDELL
Ignacio, Colo.

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MODEL WA1050X

MINI-BASKET washes all the things you now wash by hand

(General Electric's 12-pound washer has a small, extra washbasket. It is for little loads and uses little water.)

The exclusive MINI-BASKET* washes frilly frocks, nylons, woolen socks, unmentionables —all the things you separate from the laundry and labor over at the sink. Leftover loads. Last-minute loads.

The MINI-BASKET is ever so gentle. It has no fingernails and wears no rings to snag delicate fabrics. It uses about the same amount of water you do when washing by hand at the washbowl.

It washes separately, as part of the MINI-WASH* system, with its own speed, water needs, controls. Indeed, it is a washer within a washer. When MINI-BASKET is not on duty, lift it out and put it away. Now you're ready for a mammoth wash . . .

Huge, 12-pound capacity

The big washbasket gets great big 12-pound family loads truly clean. How can it wash so much, so thoroughly? The whole washing system is so powerful, and the action is so relentless, that dirt cannot survive. Hard as it works, this washer can be trusted: in General Electric laboratory tests, it has worked the equivalent of 40 years without lying down on the job.

Filter-Flo® Washing System traps lint fuzz in the filter, not on your clothes. Filter-Flo cleans and recleans the wash water—it works for both MINI-BASKET and 12-pounder.

More helpfulness: This General Electric multi-cycle washer can be set automatically for any size load, any kind of fabric.

Only General Electric has both mammoth 12-pound capacity and thoughtful little MINI-BASKET. See your General Electric dealer soon —and you may never wash anything by hand again—except yourself. **Trademark of the General Electric Co.*

MINI-BASKET, *an exclusive little washbasket, fits inside the big 12-lb. washer. Available on certain models.*

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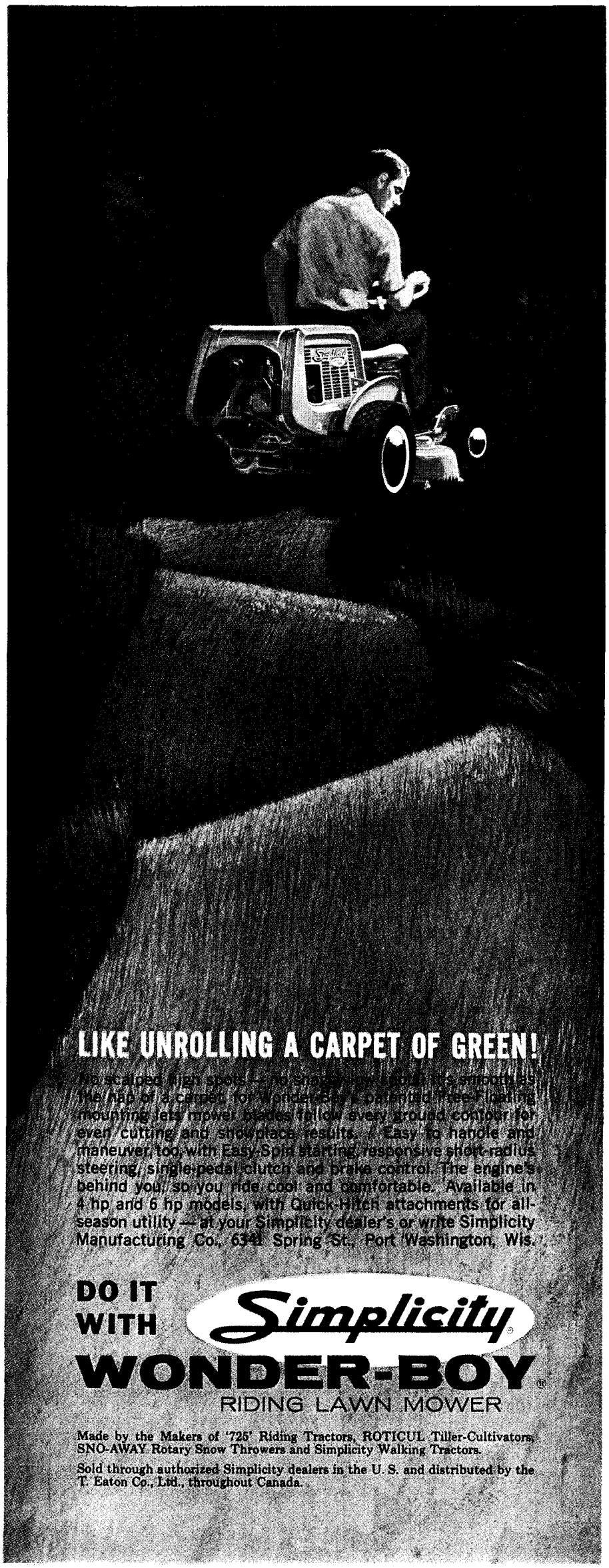
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LETTERS

Hunt the money

Dear Sirs:

Thank you for informing the American people about the methods being used in the investigation of the Massachusetts mail robbery in your article, HILARIOUS HUNT FOR THE HIGHWAYMEN by Evan M. Wylie and Robert V. Leary [Apr. 13]. All constitutional scruples have been cast aside by the investigators in their effort to blame somebody.

If outrages like tearing a man's house apart after searching it without a warrant are allowed to go on, in time the American people will no longer be the citizens of a great democracy but the ignorant tools of a dictator.

CARLETON ALLARD
Medina, N.Y.

Dear Sirs:

Where is the humor in a situation wherein over $1,000,000 is stolen, hundreds of police and other officials are involved, and the nation's oldest Federal law-enforcement agency is held up to ridicule?

The Postal Inspection Service is a proud and efficient organization, and to have them held up to ridicule in a national magazine is a disgrace.

Do the authors think that the expense to the taxpayers of this continuing investigation is hilarious also?

RICHARD D. BICKFORD
Ashburnham, Mass.

Distorted disclosures

Dear Sirs:

I want heartily to commend your editorial, KISS-AND-TELL JOURNALISM [Apr. 13]. To draw distorted word pictures of tried and proven men like General Eisenhower and John Foster Dulles is—to put it mildly—despicable. I am especially happy that you took it upon yourself to point out, "These were big men who shouldered awesome responsibility with dignity and maturity at a critical time in our country's history."

FLETCHER THOS. BECK
Newport, Pa.

Dear Sirs:

Recently I have felt pleased and enlightened to read Emmet John Hughes's book *The Ordeal of Power*, and disappointed to read your editorial criticism of it.

Granted, Mr. Hughes's views are in many instances value judgments—as are your editorial comments—yet it is refreshing to the reader to be given more than flavorless reporting robbed of all but *what* was done, without the enrichment of *how* or by *what kind* of person.

DAVID L. MIDDLETON
Great Falls, Mont.

Dear Sirs:

Congratulations on your strong editorial on Emmet J. Hughes and his book, *The Ordeal of Power*. For a man to feel as he did and still attempt to serve Eisenhower is bad enough, but to try later to capitalize financially on what he saw and heard is treachery of the lowest order.

FELIX F. KURZ
Lafayette, La.

COMING...in next week's Post

We're spending our way into trouble
by DWIGHT D. EISENHOWER

"I WAS CASTRO'S PRISONER"

Why foreign aid must continue
by CHESTER BOWLES

Terror in Boston
A STRANGLER IS AT LARGE

The two faces of Lee Remick

Post Picture Credits *Reading across pages, then down:*

10–Marvin Lichtner. • 15, 16, 17, 19–Robert Huntzinger. • 20, 21, 22, 23–Brian Brake and Marilyn Silverstone. 24, 25–Brian Brake. • 26, 27–Larry Schiller • 28– 2 by U.P.I.; Wide World. • 37–U.P.I.; Wide World; U.P.I., Larry Schiller • 38–Larry Schiller. • 40–U.P.I • 44–2 by Wide World; U.P.I. • 47–2 by U.P.I.; Wide World; U.P.I. • 50–Larry Schiller. • 51–U.P.I.; Wide World; Larry Schiller. • 53–Larry Schiller • 54, 55–Joe Cleary. • 68–Ormond Gigli. 72–Arthur Shay. • 74, 75–Pictorial Parade (Paris Match). • 76–United Nations; 2 by Pictorial Parade (Paris Match). • 80, 81, 82, 83–Larry Fried.

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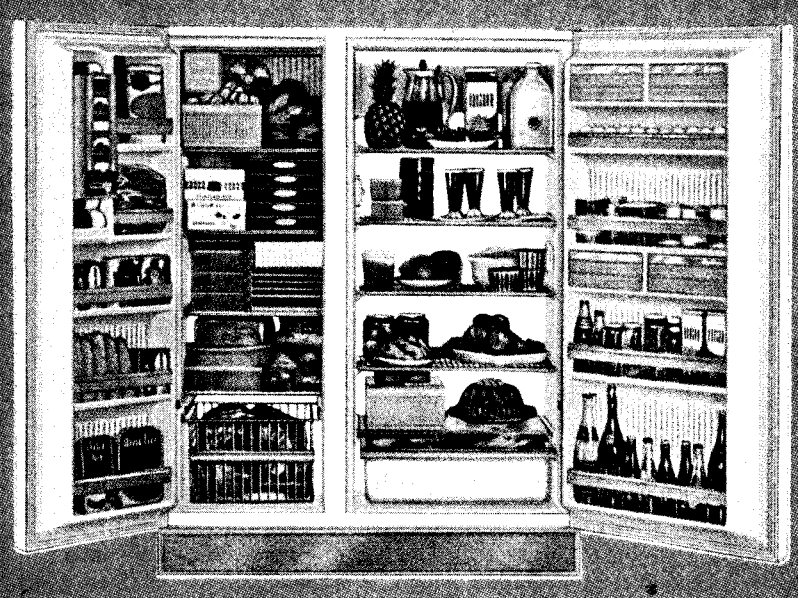
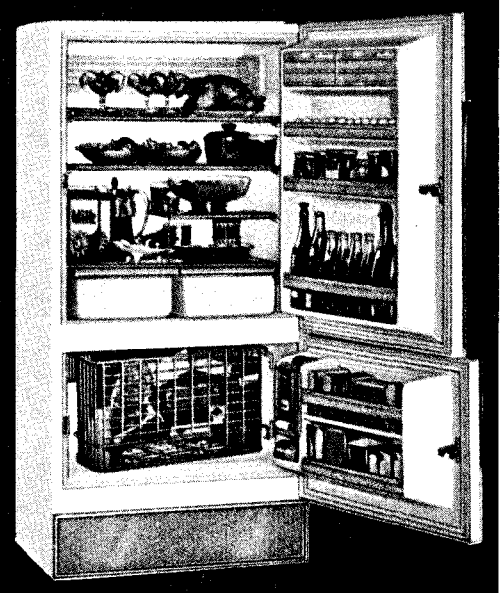


ONE COMPACT CABINET combines no defrosting, full-size freezer and no-defrosting, full-size refrigerator from 18.9 to 25.5 cu. ft.* capacity. Choice of 41", 48" and 52" widths. 5 fashion colors.
ADMIRAL DUPLEX REFRIGERATOR-FREEZER



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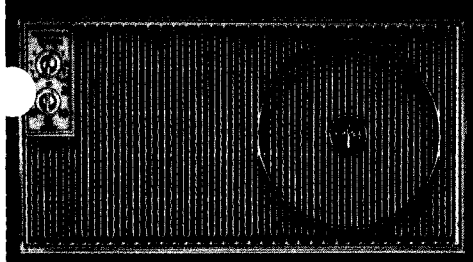

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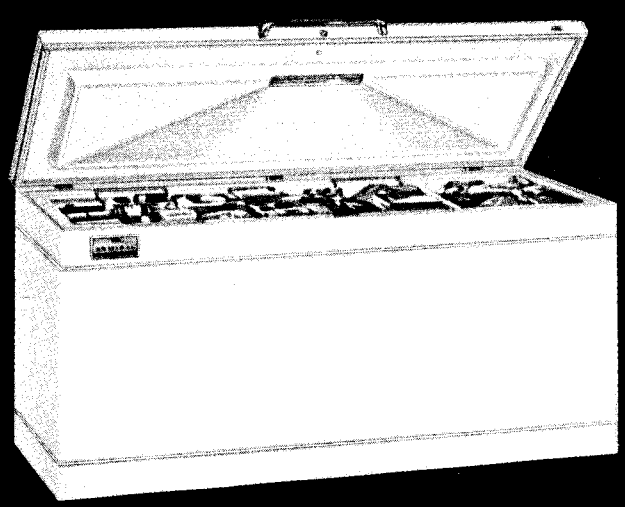

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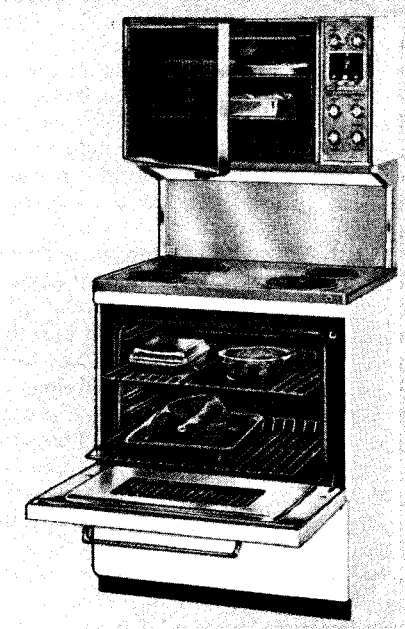

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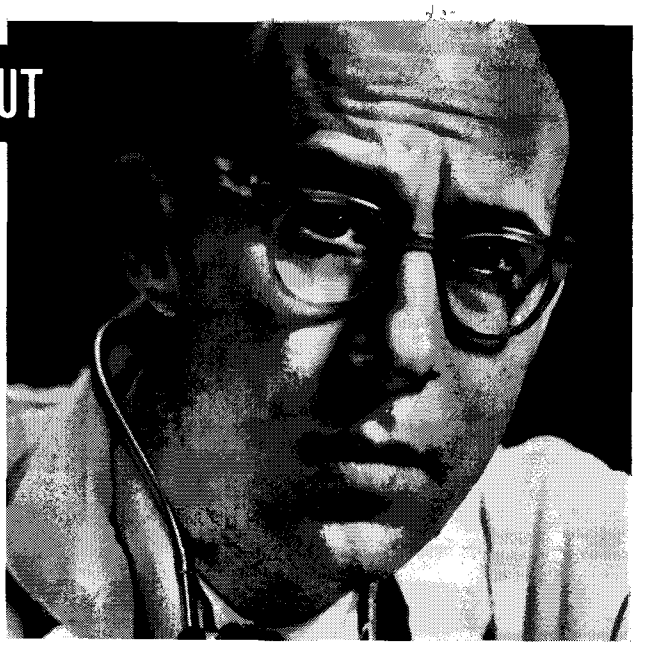

An internist, Dr. Louis J. Vorhaus practices in New York City where he is affiliated with three hospitals and also teaches at Cornell University Medical College. He studied at Columbia University's College of Physicians and Surgeons, interned at Lenox Hill Hospital and served in the Army Medical Corps. He is a Fellow of the American College of Physicians.

SICK PEOPLE NEED CARE, NOT RESEARCH

by Louis J. Vorhaus

A physician warns that overemphasis on research deprives patients of proper care.

The medical profession is being swept up into a crazy sort of research kick, and no one seems willing to stop and ask what the purposes of research are. It is high time that we reached a more sensible balance between medical research on one hand and medical care on the other. Our achievements in medical science must be utilized to alleviate the suffering and illnesses of people who are living out their lives, often unnecessarily short ones, without enjoying the benefits of the kind of medical care that should and could be available to them.

I do not suggest that medical research should cease. Basic research must continue if we are going to gain a full understanding of the processes of life and their disturbances and alterations in disease. We cannot predict in advance what will come of a research project, and some of the greatest discoveries have been achieved after years of seemingly fruitless endeavor. But a greater proportion of money and effort should be directed toward utilizing the available knowledge. The vast majority of people throughout the world are stricken with diseases which we already know how to prevent or cure. Malaria and tuberculosis, wound infections and parasitic diseases, beriberi and childbirth still claim untold victims each year. Most of the world is decades, if not centuries, behind the expanded medical frontiers.

Medically affluent America appropriates substantial sums and makes great efforts in research upon diseases that affect relatively few people. We seem unwilling to expend much of our resources to relieve the illnesses and sufferings of thousands of afflicted people. For every individual stricken with cystic fibrosis or multiple sclerosis, there are countless people throughout the world suffering from dysentery, hookworm and trachoma. With the money spent studying muscular dystrophy, we could help thousands disabled by malnutrition, infectious diseases and improperly treated wounds.

Even in the United States existing information, techniques, equipment and treatments needed to combat disease are not available to everyone. While traveling through the Midwest recently, I had occasion to stop at a small community hospital. That afternoon a 34-year-old mother of three young children died of acute kidney failure. In the previous few months at the same hospital, a 51-year-old man had succumbed to hemorrhage due to cirrhosis of the liver, leaving his large family destitute. And a 65-year-old grandmother had died of a heart ailment. All three died not of incurable diseases but simply because the 1963 level of medical science had never reached this hospital located beyond the influence of the big-city, university-style hospital.

But even in the vast urban centers medical care of the highest quality sometimes is beyond the unfortunate patient. Not long ago an elderly patient of mine suffered a stroke. Knowing that she could not afford private or semiprivate care, I called a large hospital nearby to try to obtain a ward bed for her.

"A stroke?" inquired the resident. "Sorry, we're so crowded and our facilities so taxed that we must use our beds for patients we can do more for and who won't require long hospitalization. You'll have to send her elsewhere."

Because of a shortage of hospital beds, existing facilities are often, of necessity, reserved for "interesting" complex or difficult ailments only. Although we live in an age of potential medical abundance, too many people in this country literally want for adequate medical attention. The cause, we are told, is a shortage of doctors; but while we certainly need and could use more doctors, some of today's shortage is more apparent than real.

From 1931 to 1960 the number of physicians in the United States rose from 156,406 to 255,972. For 180 million people this should be nearly enough—a doctor for every 700 people. During this same time the percentage of doctors engaged in full-time practice of a specialty more than doubled, as did the percentage engaged in hospital service, teaching and administration. Meanwhile, the percentage of physicians in general practice dropped from 77.7 percent to 34.8 percent—an actual loss of over 32,000 general practitioners.

Even though some of the increase in the ranks of specialists is accounted for by an increase in the number of internists—specialists who often play the role of the general practitioner in big cities and wealthier suburbs—there can be no denying that emphasis in the medical profession has shifted away from treating the everyday illnesses of ordinary people to the glamorous field of specialization and, particularly, of medical research.

The responsibility for this shift in emphasis can, I believe, be traced directly to the nation's medical schools and the university hospitals with which they are affiliated. Over the years the university medical centers have gradually abdicated their ancient, time-honored function as clinical centers for ministering to the sick and training medical students. Instead they have increasingly become medical scientific-research institutes, consequently deemphasizing the ordinary problems of medical care. More and more floor space is being given over to research laboratories, conference and seminar rooms, statisticians' offices and chambers housing elaborate scientific equipment. Less and less floor space is devoted to beds for the ill. Similarly, even the members of the full-time staff at medical centers spend more and more time on research projects, teaching rounds, scientific lectures and academic discussions—and less and less on the needs of the patients in their hospital beds.

A recent study monitored two interns at a university hospital and found they spent barely enough time with a patient to establish an acquaintanceship, much less a relationship. A much larger proportion of time was spent with the hospital staff. The situation in this hospital is in no way unique. Yet internship is supposed to be primarily a clinical experience: This is the period during which a young doctor gains his first real experience in dealing with sick people. Research is not a part of the internship program. Obviously hospital staff members, with their responsibilities in teaching, administration and research, spend even less time with their patients—if any—than do interns. And so, with decreasing contact between doctors and patients, a cry is heard: "We are understaffed."

Understaffed? Look for a moment at the typical large municipal hospital. In the past 15 years the number of beds was reduced from 3,100 to 2,700 and the number of patients cared for fell from 55,000 to 46,000. During this same period its staff of full-time physicians doubled. Yet 15 years ago there were enough doctors. Today there is a shortage.

As interest in scientific medicine grows, devotion to people, sick with ordinary and unexciting diseases, wanes. This lack of concern for the commonplace illnesses cuts two ways. First, it works on the patient who is not fortunate enough to be afflicted with an "interesting" rare or complex disorder. Second, it denies the doctor in training the opportunity of examining and treating patients with the kind of everyday diseases he will meet most frequently when—or if—he ever engages in the practice of medicine.

Furthermore, this interest in research at the expense of practice is self-perpetuating. With medical schools continuing to increase the emphasis on the scientific aspects of medicine, graduates tend increasingly to seek careers in academic medicine or else in the practice of some specialty or subspecialty, while fewer and fewer are stimulated to enter general family practice for the day-to-day care of the ill. Inside most university medical centers there is, in fact, a feeling of disdain, if not downright contempt, for anyone who conducts no research but merely practices medicine, particularly if that practice is general or unspecialized. Moreover, patients tend to become merely "cases" to study and to provide grist for the research mill.

It is natural enough, of course, and right that as more technical and scientific knowledge has become available,

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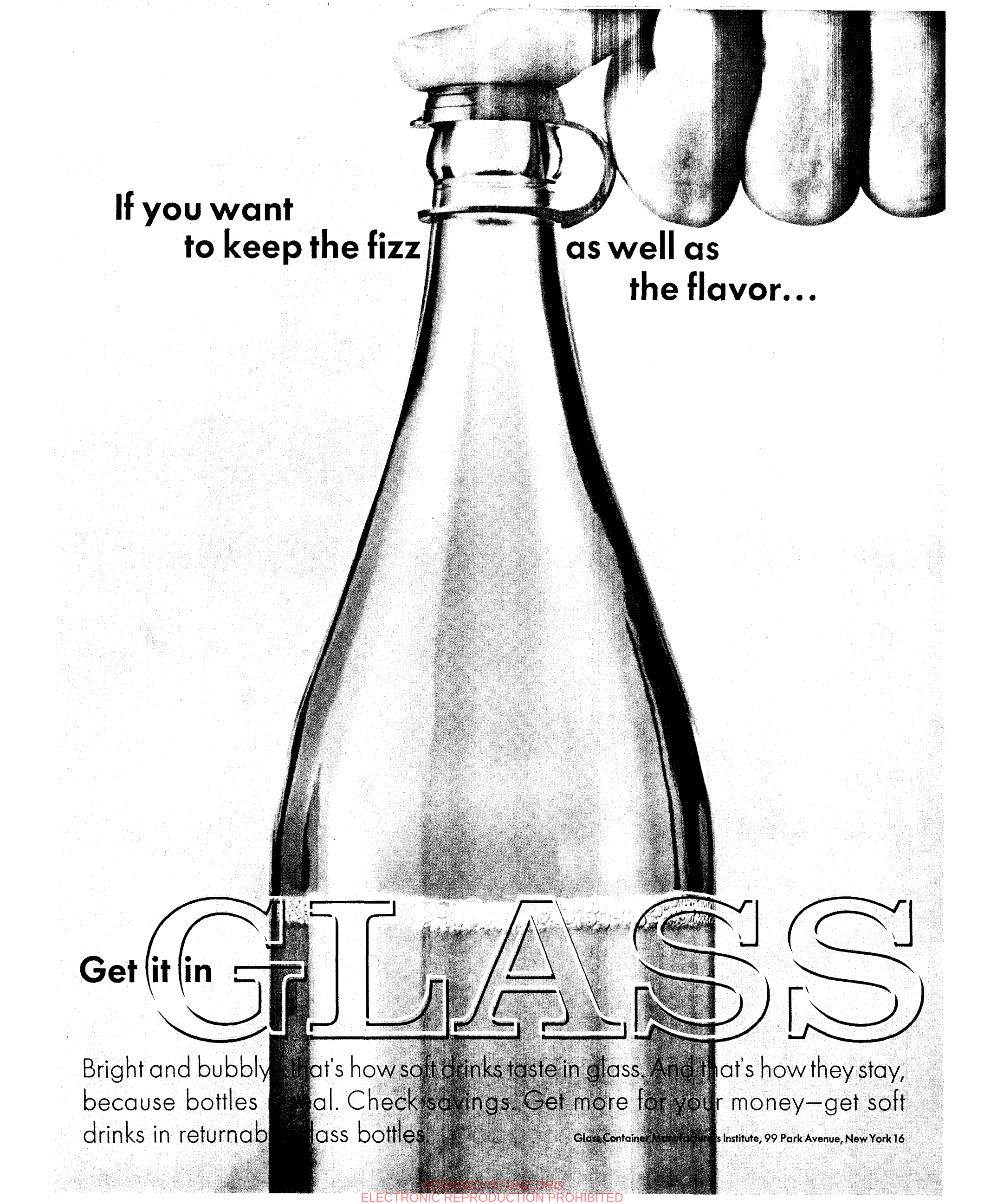

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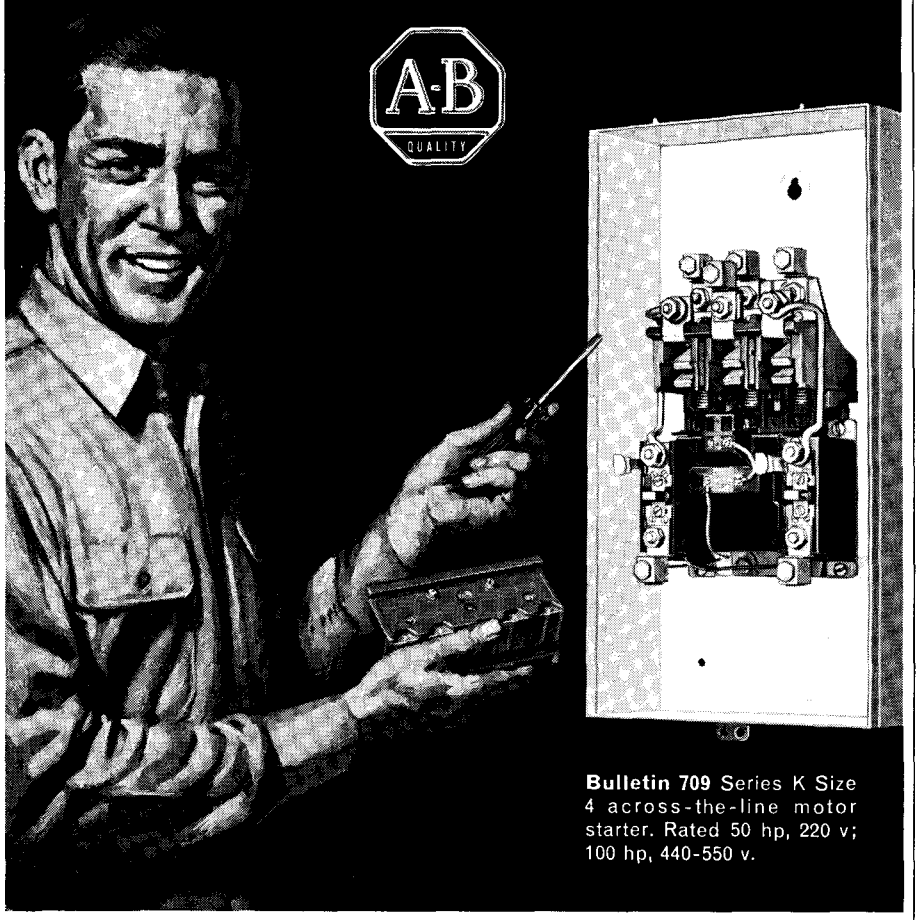

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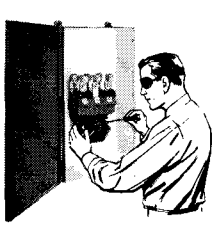

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interest in this aspect of medicine has grown. It is also natural that medical students, exposed primarily to the cloistered academic atmosphere of the university medical center, should tend to worship at the altar of the medical scientist rather than that of the medical practitioner. But even these understandable trends do not completely explain the present-day overemphasis on research at the expense of healing. Why has the laboratory superseded the ward as the focal point of activity in the university medical center? Why is the medical practitioner increasingly discouraged from participation in the activities of the teaching institution, while the full-time staffs swell with each passing year?

The explanation, I think, lies largely in the skyrocketing costs of medical education. In 1936, for example, when it cost $597,677 to operate one leading medical school, tuition brought in 22 percent of the annual revenue. In 1961 expenses had risen to $7,502,354—but tuition, although tripled, accounted for only 6 percent of that amount. In the same 25 years this school's income from research grants rose from $139,078 to $4,359,656. Without these millions for research, the school simply could not have operated. The situation is similar at most medical schools.

The amount of money available in the form of grants for medical research is enormous, and inevitably a large proportion of this money spills over into the functioning of the medical schools and university hospitals themselves. Thus a man on a research grant has his salary paid; his technician is also financed by the grant; and expensive equipment—which is often useful to the hospital for other purposes—is provided by the grant.

To make sure that it receives its share of this income, the teaching hospital obviously must increasingly emphasize its activities in the field of research. The result is predictable: more "scientific medicine" and less patient care; more physicians working in the laboratory, fewer in the wards; more emphasis on biochemistry, less on practice.

Most of the money to pay the annual research bill comes from the taxpayer's pocket: Nearly a billion dollars in grants came from the Federal Government in fiscal 1963, and another $142 million from private sources, including the foundations and associations which conduct frequent public fund-raising drives.

How well is this money being used? Are the results worth the time and effort so many highly trained physicians are devoting to these projects? How much of the research is really important and worthwhile—and how much merely keeps medical researchers busy and generates reports to justify further grants?

Not long ago I attended a medical staff conference at which an hour and a half was devoted to the new method for detecting the blood level of certain enzymes and their value in the diagnosis of certain types of disease in the pancreas. In the case used for illustration, samples of intestinal juices and blood from the patient had been subjected to elaborate and time-consuming chemical analysis by a team of physicians and technicians.

The younger men—interns and students—left the conference with a sense of high exhilaration: Here indeed was an example of medical science at work, providing new methods for detection of disease. But the older doctors knew that the same information could have been obtained by a careful history, a thorough physical examination, an intelligent appraisal of the routine laboratory tests and close observation of the patient. The new diagnostic method was no more certain, took more time, was more expensive for the patient. And worst of all, large sums of money and effort went into the research to develop this superfluous test.

There are two justifiable reasons for engaging in medical research. The first is puristic—the scientist searching for the truth for its own sake, laboring to learn as an eager child explores his environment in order to better understand it, just for the sake of knowledge. Such a scientist should be given free rein, with no questions asked. But sadly, this sort of scientist is not common on the American scene. The second valid reason for research in the field of medical science is humanistic—that is, the concern with developing better ways of maintaining health, and diagnosing and treating the illnesses to which man falls heir.

The medical-care gap

Too many medical researchers, however, seem to be less interested in human welfare or the quest for truth than in personal aggrandizement. Ambitious and aggressive, they publish papers because it helps their careers to publish them, not because they want to disseminate information; they attend medical meetings not to listen and learn, but to talk and become known. Medical research is conducted by too few purists and too few humanists.

What needs to be done seems clear to me. We have fine research institutes in America—the Rockefeller Institute and the Sloan-Kettering Institute for Cancer Research in New York, for example, and the National Institutes of Health in Bethesda, Maryland. Institutions of this kind should be expanded, should receive increased support and encouragement. Meanwhile, university medical centers should once again emphasize their clinical and teaching responsibilities, with research activities receiving proportionately less emphasis. More money and effort should be directed to closing the present gap between the medical care potentially available and the kind that people are actually receiving.

Instead of financing medical schools by the indirect, inefficient and harmful method of giving them almost unlimited research grants, we should support them more directly with grants for the building of hospitals and medical schools and for the teaching of medical students. Young doctors would then be more adequately trained to care for the sick, and more would be stimulated to pursue careers in the practice of medicine—in the direct and present alleviation of human suffering. In achieving a better balance between research, teaching, and patient care, research need not suffer. Intelligent pruning and wise selection would only serve to eliminate the poorly conceived, uninspired and repetitious research projects.

Scientific research has penetrated far into the dim and misty horizons of biology and medicine in the past few decades, and the promise for the future is bright. This research deserves to be nurtured so that it may continue to flourish. Let us not forget that benefit to humanity remains medical research's principal *raison d'être*. If we fail to provide the wondrous fruits of this research to all mankind, then it has indeed been naught but a fool's errand. THE END

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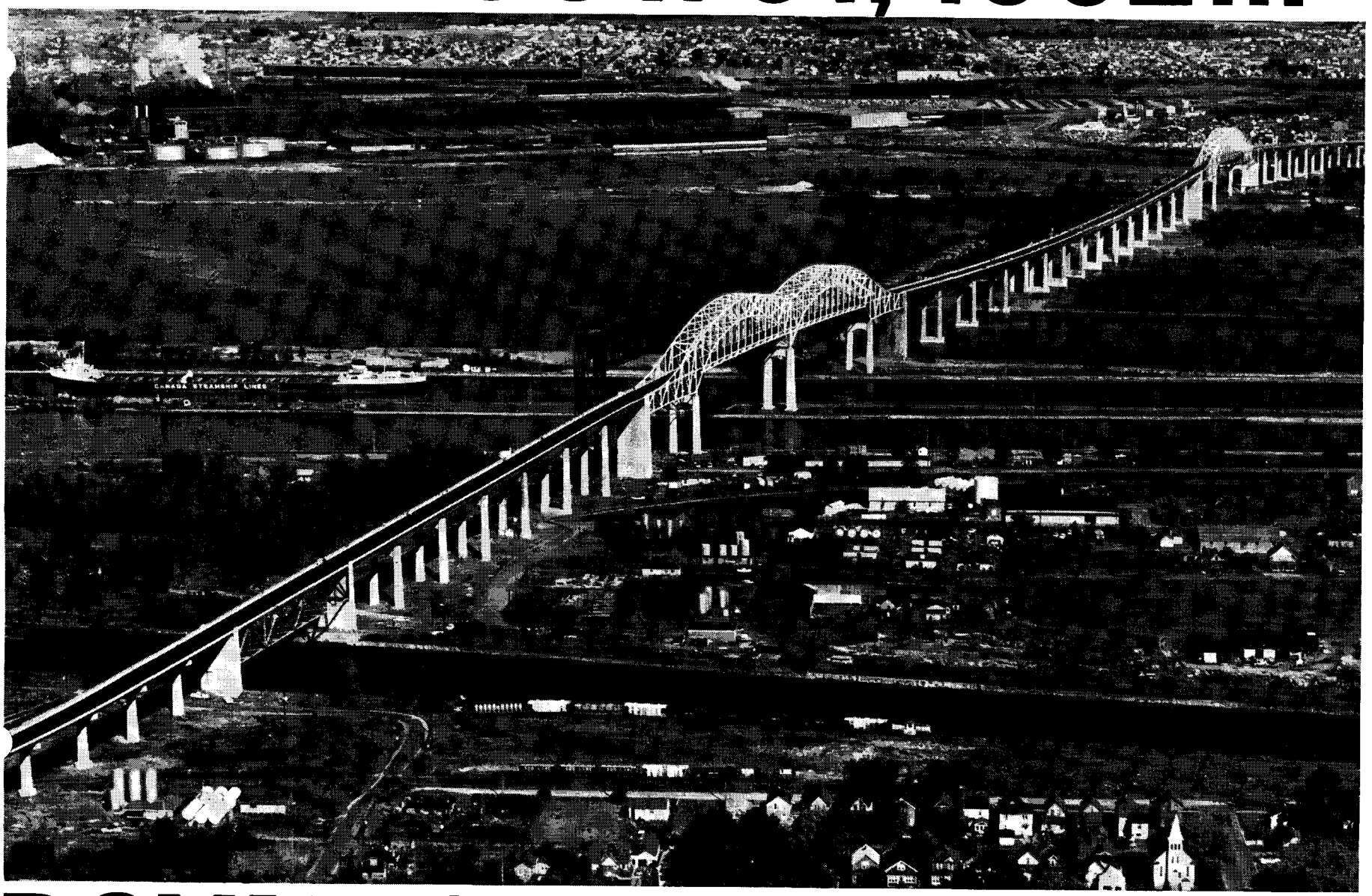

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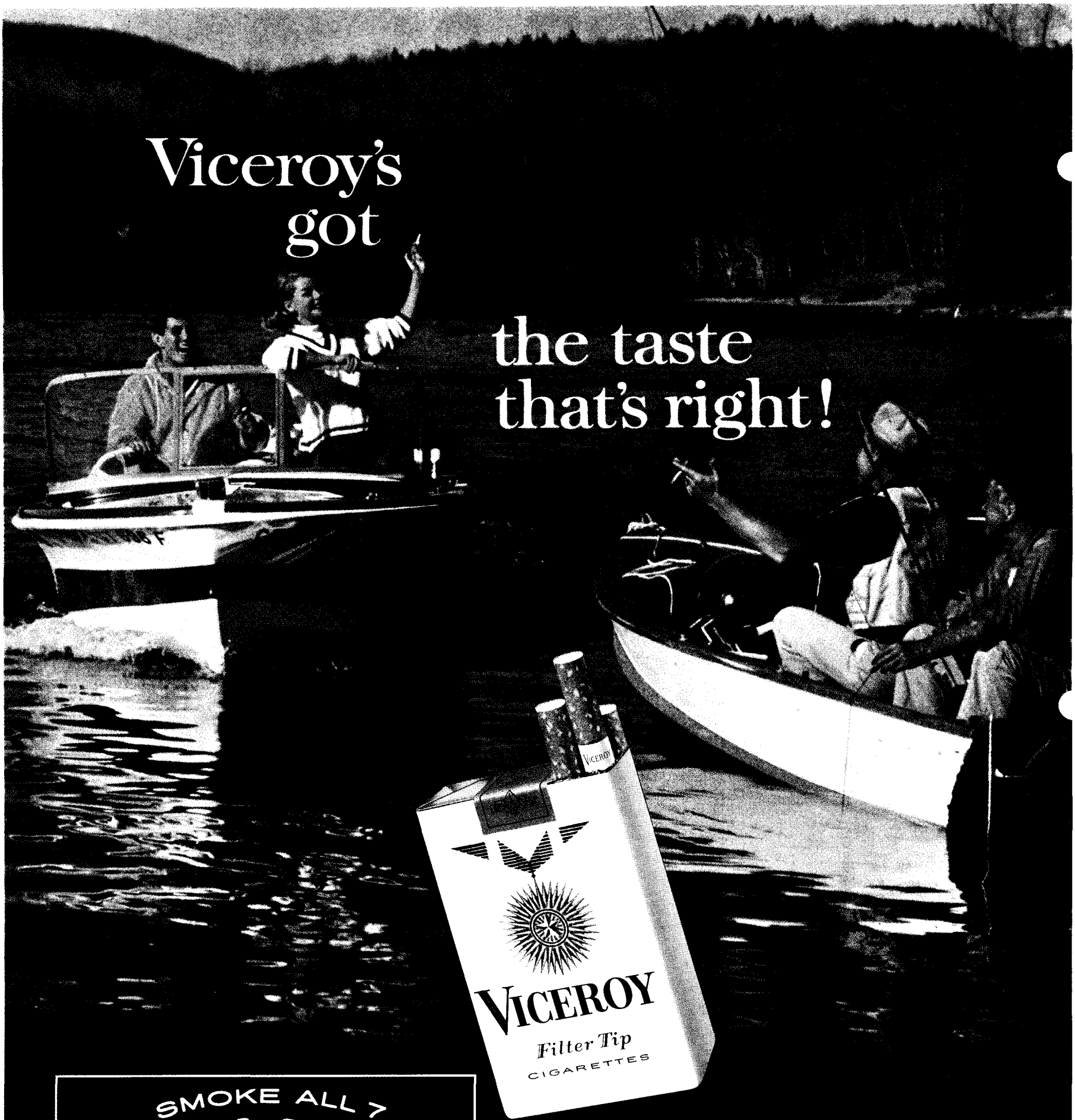

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
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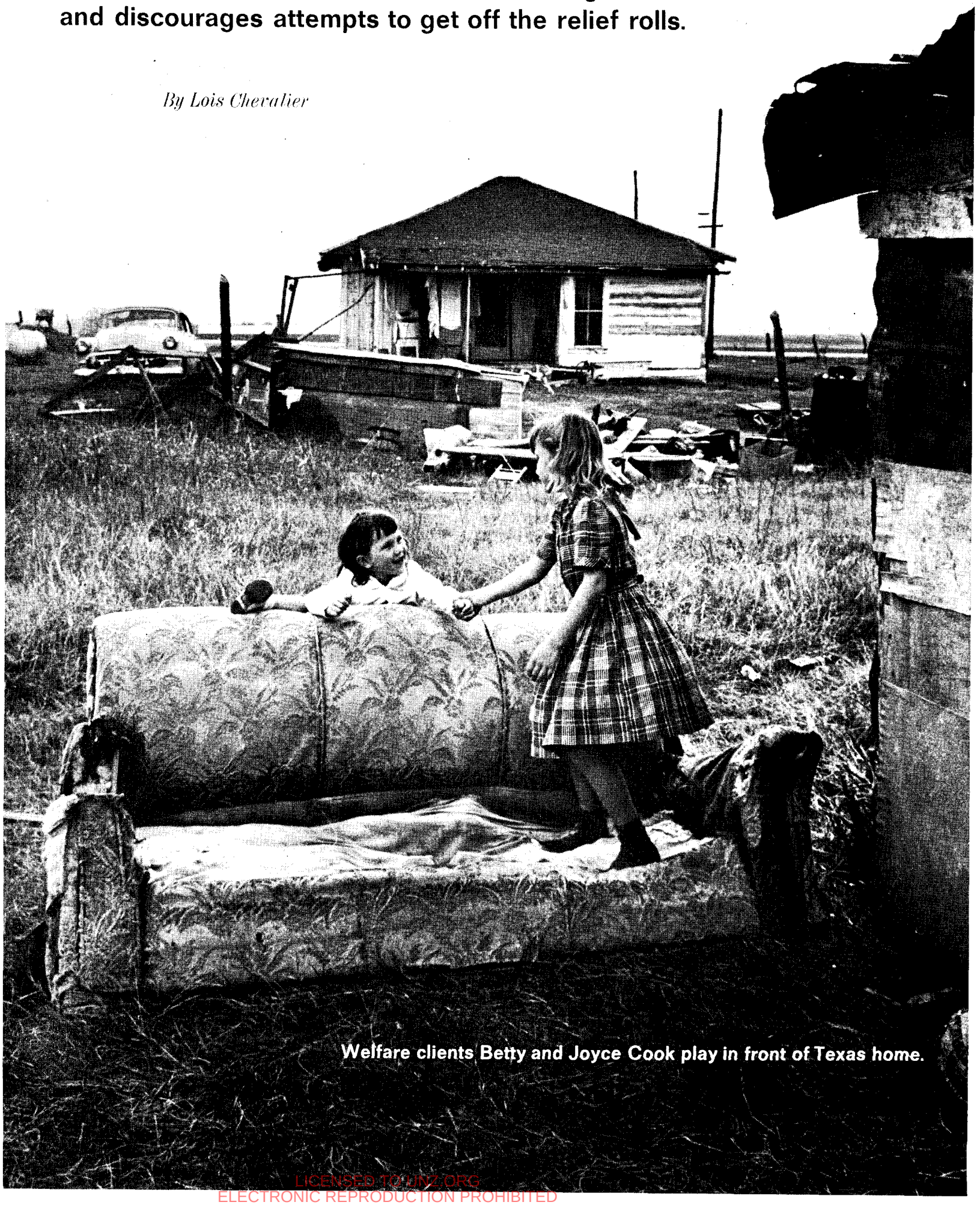
The welfare mess

American taxpayers shell out more than $4 billion a year for a welfare system which fosters chiseling and discourages attempts to get off the relief rolls.

By Lois Chevalier



Welfare clients Betty and Joyce Cook play in front of Texas home.

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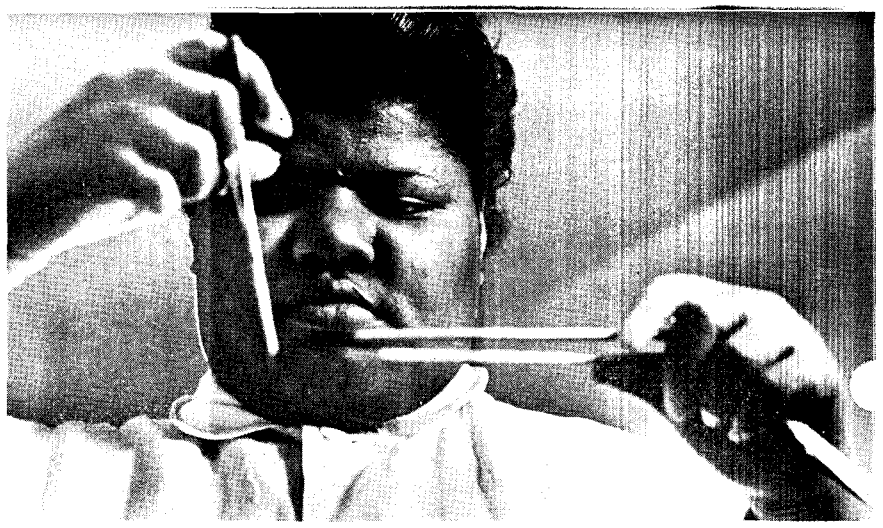
Practical nurse and mother of five, Mrs. Patricia Ann Benson, trained under Gary, Indiana, welfare program, works in hospital.



Vernadine Griffin, 23, trains in mortuary techniques in a rehabilitation program sponsored by the Lake County, Indiana, Welfare Department.

Mabel Sterns, a widow with three small children, would like to get off relief. She cannot. She is condemned to the dole by the rules of the dole. At present her weekday routine goes like this: She gets her three small children off to school, rides a bus across the Kansas city where she lives, and puts in a morning's work as a beauty operator, paying the shop owner $30 a month for the concession. What she nets is deducted from her monthly welfare payment of $183.37.

Mabel Sterns has considered working full-time. But if she did, she would have to pay more for the concession and hire someone to look after her children, the youngest of whom is in school half a day. With these added expenses she could not make ends meet. Mabel Sterns and the social worker on her case believe she could support her family by opening a beauty shop in her own small house. But this would take money: The house is run-down; the roof leaks; the porch is unsafe; and she would need equipment and extra plumbing. She would like to stake this bootstrap operation by saving the $40 to $50 she now earns monthly. She could do this only by concealing her earned income—by becoming a "welfare chiseler." Mabel Sterns does not want to chisel.

In New York City, Rose Martinez's husband was caught in the numbers racket and is spending several years in jail. Rose, who was raised on relief, found a $40-a-week job operating an elevator, a substantial improvement over her $115-a-month welfare check. To work, she had to arrange child care. She could solve this problem by moving in with her mother. But the mother was also on relief, drawing $84 a month, and she would officially become Rose's dependent as soon as Rose got the job and they shared an apartment. Rose had this choice: She could work and support self, child and mother on the $160-a-month salary, or she could stay home, whereupon she and her mother would collect $199 a month from welfare. Or Rose's mother could "chisel" by keeping quiet about her daughter's job. Rose Martinez abandoned the hope of supporting herself, and everybody stayed on relief indefinitely.

Mabel Sterns and Rose Martinez—all names are of course invented—are far from exceptional. Indeed, they typify many welfare recipients whose attempts to get off relief and make their own way are being frustrated by the welfare system. As now operated, the system perpetuates dependence, encourages dishonesty and penalizes initiative. The results are a swelling number of lifetime reliefers, and burgeoning unrest among taxpayers and government officials, who have to come up with more and more welfare money.

Last year $4.1 billion in Federal, state and local money was doled to 6.7 million Americans because they needed it to subsist. Some were aged, some blind, some disabled; many were children.

Why has a system designed to help the helpless become such a mess? Why do welfare recipients become chiselers? Why must welfare payments continue to soar? The root of the problem feeds from welfare's basic principles—ideas which sound humane and prudent but which in practice have opened a Pandora's box of troubles. Washington supplies most of the money that filters down to relief clients in the form of monthly welfare checks; local and state officials make and enforce the eligibility rules. And every legislative body has built its welfare program around the same two high-minded, high-toned words: "equity" and "need." Equity requires that welfare recipients get equal treatment. Thus, few if any rewards can be gained from initiative or diligence, and the person who accepts help from the system must consent to being held down to the level of the most hopeless people in our society. "Equity" translates into "enforced leveling."

"Need," the other concept, expresses society's determination to provide for the poor but not to pamper them, even with one "unneeded" penny. In practice, this has led to a fantastic network of rules stipulating who is eligible for how much and what the money can be spent for. The red tape tyrannizes both worker and client. Keeping within the regulations often becomes the primary objective of welfare administration.

The moment he first enters the welfare office, the client loses control of his life. He cannot move his household, do a day's work for wages, make a major purchase, or go to the doctor without welfare's supervision. He becomes subject to an authority that often seems irrational and capricious. If the problem that drove him to welfare persists, he must learn to adjust, to do what welfare expects him to do. If he is not psychologically needy and dependent when he comes to welfare, the system will train him to be.

Last year, when an investigation of welfare in the District of Columbia was making headlines about "chiseling," the following was reported from Senate committee hearings:

> Case 14 is a case in which the investigation showed from verified sources that this individual collects junk for sale. However, the recipient denied this to both the investigators and the agency caseworker. In view of his medical condition, he would not be considered able to work full-time, but regulations require that any source of income be deducted from the grant. Therefore, the agency closed the case because of inability to determine the resources and the extent of need.

Under what circumstances did this old junkman lie and chisel?

At the hearing, Sen. Clifford Case of New Jersey asked: "Food, clothing, housekeeping necessities and shelter—there is no slack for anything beyond?"

"There is supposed to be no slack whatsoever," the investigation officer answered. "There is a minimum budget based on a 1957 food standard and a shelter standard that was set up in 1952."

The senator asked about any extra income a client might receive.

"If there is any income, that is deducted from the grant," a welfare official explained. "They end up with the same amount of money and have to use it for the same basic things." In short, the system does not provide for any such extras as pipe tobacco or bus fare to visit an old crony. That is called "equity," but it is really the enforcement of pauperism. It says: If you take any help from welfare, don't try to help yourself. The taxpayers will give you what you need, and the welfare office will determine what that is.

The fallacy of this "equity" principle was pinpointed by Dr. Hugh A. Storrow, associate professor at the College of Medicine, University of Kentucky, who told a group of welfare workers:

"We must first recognize that money is *always* an effective motivator of behavior whether we consciously use it for this purpose or not. . . . The social worker must also understand the principle of small steps. He must recognize the impossibility of transforming a completely dependent client into a completely self-supporting person in a single stride. . . . Instead of reducing payments to the client . . . he should grant a small 'bonus' above the basic level whenever the client moves a little distance toward self-reliance."

The rules just don't work

Welfare workers may understand Doctor Storrow, but it does them little good. They work within a system that uses money as a wrong-way incentive. The only way they can apply the principles he recommends is to play fast and loose with the regulations.

"I have a client who is clerking Saturdays in a store," a welfare worker told me. "At least I think she is. She told me she had this chance and that it might lead to a full-time job. But she is terrified of losing part of her grant or being dropped from the rolls before she is sure she can hold the job. I managed to convey to her that she should try it out and not tell me any more about it until she is sure it will work out. Technically I am being dishonest, and so is she. Yet it's the right way to handle the situation."

The largest group of welfare clients are mothers with children—most of whom, incidentally, are not illegitimate. Often the best way for the women to get into the labor market is with part-time or off-hours employment—clerking in stores, in domestic work. But if the relief mother tries this approach and earns $50, then she has to have clothing, carfare, lunch money—the items that make up the cost of being employed. If it costs her $15 to earn $50, she will be $15 in the hole, at least under many current welfare regulations.

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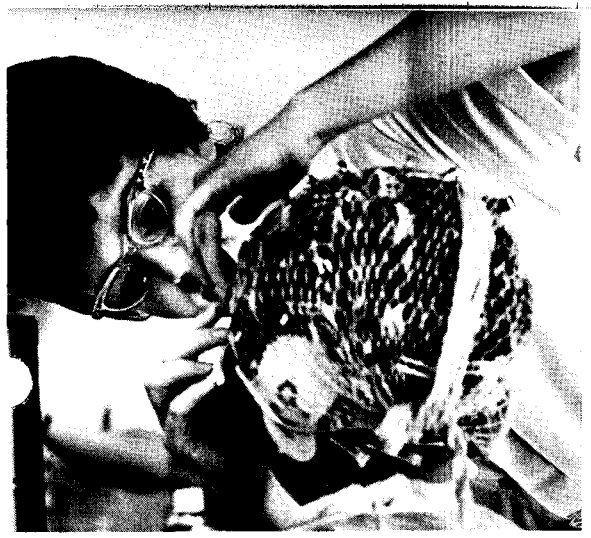
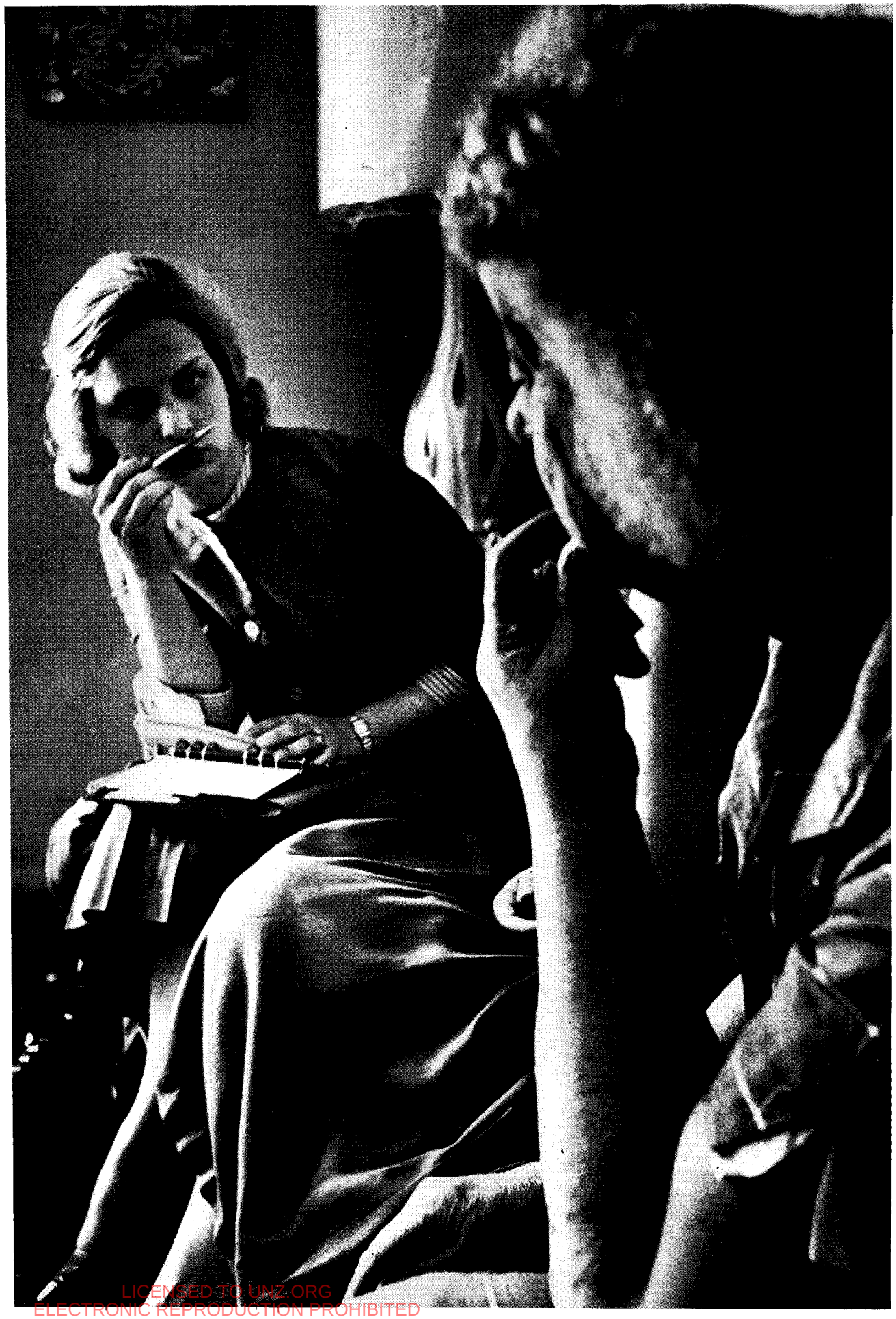


Mrs. Rita Penix attends beauty-culture classes in Gary while grandmother cares for her child.

Some programs train the clients so they can become independent.

Welfare caseworker Ann Lippe interviews an elderly relief recipient in her home in Philadelphia.



Beginning next July, the Federal Government will require that states take into consideration the cost of employment when a relief client is trying to work. But even when that new law takes effect, earnings will still be deducted from the grant. Thus, a reliefer must cheat by hiding income or else work for nothing.

How the system can suffocate the individual was exemplified in New York City. One sleety December night, fire gutted a tenement, and one of the tenants, Mrs. Johnson, took her four children to live in her sister's apartment in a housing project.

Next morning Mrs. Johnson went out house-hunting. Nine persons in a four-room apartment are pretty crowded. Besides, doubling up in a housing project is against the regulations, and Mrs. Johnson was jeopardizing her sister's shelter. But there were other regulations to consider. Mrs. Johnson was a welfare client. She found an inexpensive apartment in a decent building, but she could not just move in. She had to have the consent of the Department of Public Welfare.

"I'm sorry, Mrs. Johnson," the welfare worker said. "The apartment is not approved. It's listed as having building-code violations."

The files in the welfare department's housing office are admittedly far from up to date. They approve buildings where dozens of persons share one bath and there are even more rats than tenants. Renovated buildings such as the one Mrs. Johnson discovered are not reinspected and sanctioned promptly. Eventually the caseworker surreptitiously advised Mrs. Johnson's sister to put the family on the street. This stratagem forced the housing office to treat the case as an emergency. But since the files did not list an available apartment, all the housing office could offer was temporary hotel lodging at $30 a night.

Hollow-eyed and outraged, Mrs. Johnson came back to the welfare office next morning. Drunks and derelicts brawled in her hotel's halls. She was afraid to let her children go down the hall to the bathroom unless she went along. The housing office pleaded helplessness.

Mrs. Johnson found another renovated apartment, but it too lacked housing-office approval. Finally the welfare worker decided that she had to break more rules. "Find a place, use some of your food allowance to make a deposit, and sign a lease—before you tell me about it," she advised. Mrs. Johnson did find an apartment and moved her family in before nightfall. Then, since she had committed herself to a lease, the housing office was able to dispatch a special inspector, who approved the apartment.

Obviously some reliefers steal from the government, perhaps by collecting checks under various aliases. But the rules provoke cheating, and it would take a particularly hard heart to find fault even with some who are convicted and jailed for

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Many cling to the security relief gives.

taking welfare money fraudulently. For instance, Marian Bailey, 29, of Gary, Indiana. "I got fifty-eight dollars a month from welfare for myself and my ten-year-old son," she recalls. "We couldn't live off that, even though we lived with my parents. They're old and they can't work. Living off the city, that's what they call it around Gary. It's really not living. It's barely existing."

Marian Bailey got a job in a nursing home, earning $98 a month. She also went to night school, "first to get my high-school diploma and then to take training for practical nursing. I should have told them I was working. But they would have cut off my welfare checks, and it takes time to get started and work up to where you're earning enough to live on." She did not report the income. She was caught. This could have cost her a jail term. "They say I'm guilty of defrauding the state." She owes money for her schooling and must pay back what she chiseled from welfare—both bills she may never be able to pay.

Another provocation to crimes against the welfare laws is set up by the legislatures themselves. States set up standard subsistence allowances, but the legislatures do not necessarily appropriate enough money to provide those allowances. And they vary widely from state to state.

The median Aid to Dependent Children family consists of a mother with three children. To look at extremes, Alabama says such a family needs $119 a month for subsistence; California says the need is $196. What's more, California is "meeting 100 percent of need," as the welfare jargon goes; that is, California pays the $196. Alabama, in contrast, gives its A.D.C. families 38 percent of "need." The mother who needs $119 a month, according to state regulation, actually gets $45 at most, and may get much less. If she works, her earnings are subtracted from the $119 and her 38 percent is figured on the remainder. Thus, if she earned $66, her welfare check would be $20. Some other states do their arithmetic with less penurious spirit. In Iowa, for instance, welfare pays 64 percent of need. The mother with three children "needs" $183 a month. She gets $117 and is free to earn the other 36 percent, or up to $66 a month, without losing any welfare money.

In general it is the southern states that are not meeting their own subsistence standards. But there are some surprising additions to the usual list of "poor" states: Delaware gives its A.D.C. families 52 percent of subsistence. Arizona, Indiana, Maine, Michigan, Nevada, Ohio and Utah are all operating below their own established standards of what people need to exist.

This hodgepodge of rules for the needy has produced some Big-Brotherly monstrosities. Figuring need is an excruciating process, known in professional welfare circles as "budgeting." Details of budgeting vary from one agency to another, but all begin with the rent the client is paying, up to stipulated limits. (The client thus has no incentive to look for a rental bargain so he can have more cash.) Next comes an item for food, usually figured on the basis of the Department of Agriculture's minimum diet, though not necessarily at current prices. Then there are small allowances for household supplies, utilities, clothing and personal care.

A large welfare department must administer literally thousands of regulations to make sure that no family gets an advantage. For instance, a family gets a few dollars less to feed an 11-year-old child than a 12-year-old. In many states, an old woman is allowed four or five dollars less per month for food than an old man. If there is a baby in the house, the family may get a dollar or so extra as a diaper allowance. The welfare worker must find out whether the children ride a 10-cent bus or a 15-cent bus to school, because that nickel must be figured in the computations.

A recent survey in Milwaukee showed that welfare workers there spent 13 percent of their time computing budgets. Budgeting reached such a ludicrous point in New Jersey that at one time there were 58 different monthly allowances possible for a child and 61 for an adult, some varying by only two or three cents a month. Budgeting is an Alice-in-Wonderland process by which the welfare worker tries to get the client enough money to exist on. A worker who knows all the angles is as valuable to the welfare client as a good tax accountant is to a businessman.

"The rules say that a boy through age fourteen can have shoes that cost four dollars," explained one worker in New York City. "I have a family with a fourteen-year-old boy who is almost six feet tall. He has to have men's shoes. We allow six dollars for them. I'm trying to figure out how to get that extra two dollars without going through channels." Going through channels would mean writing a detailed memo justifying the two-dollar exception. There are four levels of supervision, and if a problem has to go to the final level, the central office, the worker must spend half a day writing a full history of the client and his family and perhaps another half a day to revise and perfect the report with the guidance of all the intervening supervisors.

In addition, the caseworker may have to get a decision from a consultant before she can settle a problem. If she observes that children are sleeping on the floor, she has to call in the home-economics consultant to certify that a bed is needed and to decide how much a bed should cost.

"How many of your clients do you think you could get back on their feet, if you had a free hand to work with them as you would like to?" I asked one New York welfare worker.

"I don't know. I've never had time to think of my cases that way," she answered. "It's all I can do to handle the paper work and keep the checks going out."

Admittedly, this worker—no matter how much time she had—could not have brought all, or even most, of her wards up to a level of self-support and independence. Of the millions on relief, probably a majority are so old, psychologically sick or physically disabled that they will never do much about solving their problems. Many of them are the sort of people who would be gently abandoned on an ice floe in Eskimo society. Some are just too defeated to try. As one perceptive report by the District of Columbia Welfare Department put it:

> A number of A.D.C. parents live under sordid conditions which increase and intensify their problems. . . . With little schooling, no job training or work experience, and no practical plan for the care of their children, they are seldom seriously considered for employment. Through prolonged inactivity they feel less and less able to make their way in the community. They cling compulsively to the only security they know—the relief check.

Yet there are perhaps a million or even more of those on welfare who have some initiative and ability. And the attempts made by a few agencies to break open the welfare trap have shown that it can be done. Invariably these efforts have demonstrated that money incentive and some flexibility in administration can move some relief recipients toward self-reliance.

Blind persons on welfare, for instance, have been permitted some private income beyond the need level. Some, having invested in training, are now holding down jobs as typists, piano tuners, teachers and social workers. Granted, this program takes in only a small percentage of the blind. In California, for instance, there are only 300 persons using this opportunity, out of more than 12,000 blind on relief.

Welfare officials in the District of Columbia selected a group of women on welfare who sincerely wanted to be self-supporting and who were basically healthy. Working with the Department of Vocational Rehabilitation, the Board of Education, and the Employment Service, the Welfare Department set up a training program that included personal and vocational counseling, along with instruction in home management, hotel and restaurant work, hospital-aide work and other simple vocations. Out of the first class of 34 women, 32 completed the course and 29 got jobs and became self-supporting.

How encouragement pays off

The welfare department in Denver tried another sort of special project with A.D.C. mothers. The agency set up an incentive budgeting system which permitted a woman to keep $25 of earned income without a corresponding reduction in her grant, plus 25 percent of everything she could earn over $25. The Denver experimenters concluded that the prospect of extra money alone is usually not enough to launch the A.D.C. mother; she also needs help in arranging for child care, plus lots of encouragement.

Other cities are trying other methods for readying clients to get off welfare. In Chicago a survey showed that 50 percent of the relief recipients were functionally illiterate. Now 8,000 are enrolled in night-school classes. Among the first graduates were 100 men who would not have been able to keep a tally of a taxicab's trips. Now they are earning $20 a day as cab drivers.

Yet these reforms are pitifully small. They reach a few thousands of the millions on welfare. Few legislators have yet learned or accepted the facts. They are almost always more willing to put money into welfare investigations than into welfare reforms. They cling to the illusion that "cleaning up the welfare mess" is simply a matter of stricter enforcement of the regulations. A glaring example is the District of Columbia, where extra "investigators" have been hired to pay surprise night visits to A.D.C. mothers, looking for "a man in the house." Yet District caseworkers are carrying loads three times the recommended size; their schedule permits six minutes a week in each client's home. The same Congress that gave the District Welfare Department $35,000 for the training program for A.D.C. mothers recently considered an appropriation of $678,000 for these night-raiders to make sure that clients are not cheating. Investigators who howled about "chiseling" did not bring up the fact that at least 25 percent of the District's welfare chiselers would not have been "chiselers" according to the rules in *any* of the 50 states. The District has some

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regulations that are different from everyone else's, and peculiarly stringent. District officials largely failed to hammer home the difference between genuine fraud and infringements of unrealistic regulations, and as a result the Secretary of Health, Education and Welfare has ordered a nationwide investigation of A.D.C. programs.

Where does the blame for the welfare mess fall? Much of it must go to timorous welfare officials. They have not shown the taxpayer and the lawmaker that the welfare mess cannot be resolved simply by throwing the A.D.C. mother off the rolls because she has a few dollars, received either from an employer or a boyfriend. You can indict her for fraud. You can make her afraid to let her boyfriend come in for a cup of coffee, and punish her for working a day without reporting it. But you cannot get back the relief funds she has already spent. And once she is humbled and has accepted the enforced pauperism, you can do nothing but take her back on the relief rolls. No one in this country—even the get-tough type of welfare critic—is willing to have anybody starving in the streets. And the only way to get people off relief is to get them working.

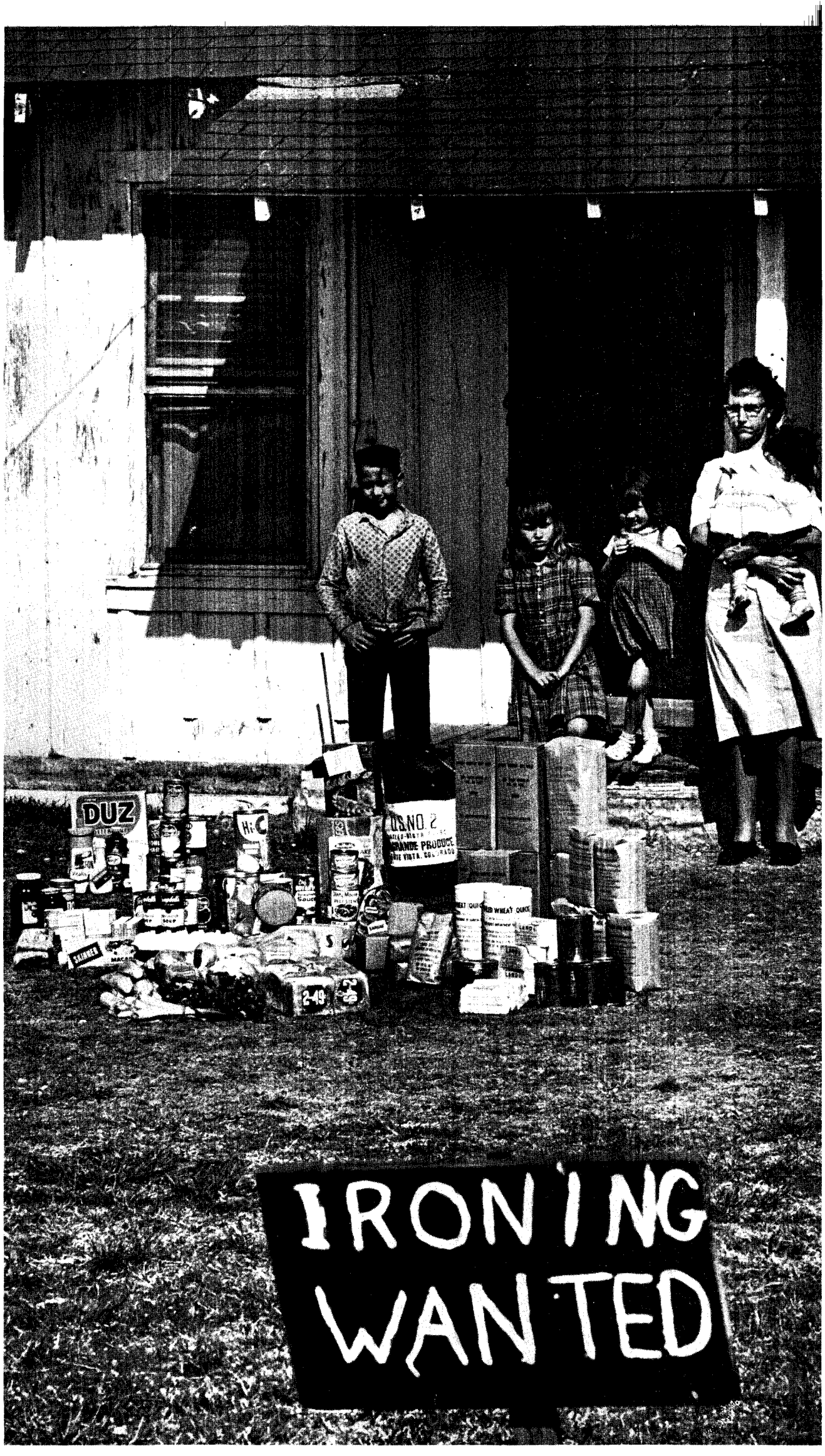
The last Congress's amendments to the welfare law were hailed as a great reform. They do pay lip service to the idea of self-reliance, but they are certainly far from the bold reorientation that is needed. Under these amendments, the Federal Government gives the states permission to let old persons earn $10 a month without having it deducted from their grants. And A.D.C. families may have a little earned income, provided they bank it to meet "future definable needs," such as education, and do not spend it. Think of the regulations it will take to enforce that one.

The Federal Government has also promised increased matching funds for state welfare departments to provide rehabilitation services. Yet only about one third of the states have thus far furnished the necessary state dollar to match the Federal three dollars. Most reforms are optional for the states. Observers believe that many states will be too busy this year with welfare investigations to make changes in the system. Everyone is more interested in the manners and morals of the A.D.C. mother than in rehabilitating her. Does she have a boyfriend? Where did she get that TV? Does the store where she cashes her welfare checks sell liquor?

These questions are the trees that keep us from seeing the forest. It costs $25,000 to keep a woman and one child on relief from the child's birth to maturity. And today's welfare child, raised in hopelessness and dependency, becomes tomorrow's welfare adult, pauperized and helpless.

There remains one welfare problem that makes all others simple by comparison. It arises at what might be called the break-even point for the unprivileged. Look at statistics on subsistence budgets and compare them to the minimum wage, and you'll see how the welfare trap can close on beneficiary-victims.

Break-even usually comes when a family has three children. At one dollar an hour, the minimum-wage worker can earn about $170 a month. By national average, the family would receive $177 in welfare money if no one worked. In larger families the premium on idleness is higher. Some of those beyond break-even can be trained for better-paying jobs. But some people have little capacity to learn; their best efforts are not worth much in our society; their procreative ability outstrips their earning potential. These people present a problem with which religious leaders, social scientists and economists will be struggling for generations. THE END



Outside their Garland, Texas, home, Mrs. Louise Cook and her four children line up behind a month's food ration and a sign put out in hopes of earning extra money. Mrs. Cook spends $30 of her $107 monthly relief check to purchase groceries and supplies. The county chips in with some staples from Government surplus food stocks. Mrs. Cook considers the surplus food vital for her subsistence.

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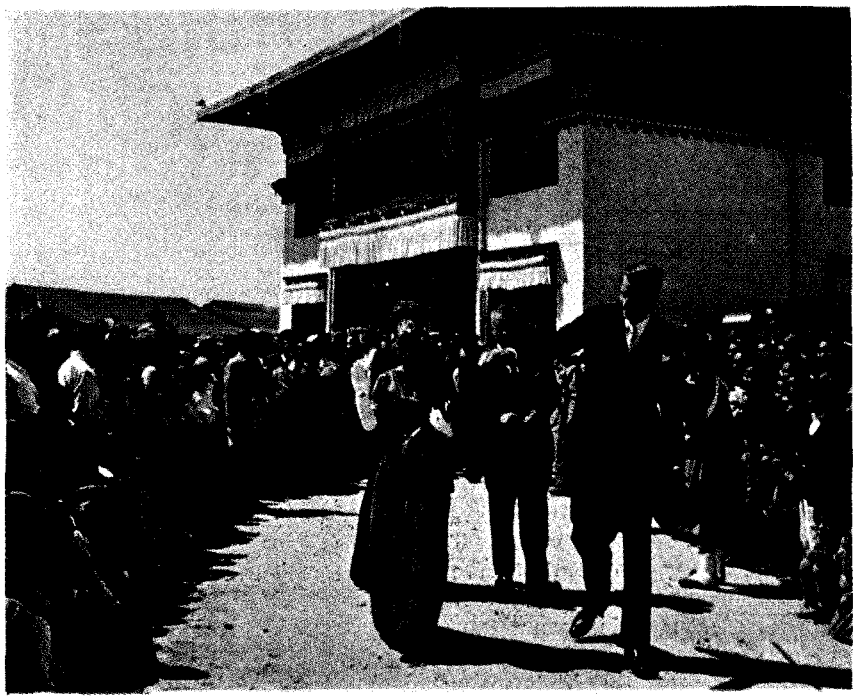
Bride tries wedding dress with help of groom's sister.

In the high Himalayas an American becomes

A ROYAL PRINCESS

By Nancy Wilson Ross

Retiring U.S. Ambassador John Kenneth Galbraith towers above guests.



Long before dawn the strangely melancholy notes sounded from five-foot horns in distant mountain-top monasteries. Their long-drawn-out wails crossed the Himalayan valleys and echoed mournfully back from the steeply terraced hills. Far and near, hundreds of pampered local dogs protested the horn calls with a shrill morning chorus. By this time, in the gray early light, the country people were already streaming along the main road into Gangtok, the gaily decorated capital of this Buddhist kingdom of Sikkim.

With their bundles and babies, their prayer wheels and rosaries, these simple people walked quietly past the rows of white prayer flags fluttering over bridges, farmyards and roadsides, past arches of wisteria and roses, past thousands of small triangles of blue, red, white and green cloth strung on lines, and on to the bright red-and-gold gates of the palace. They continued up a gentle paved slope next to an old *(Text continued on page 24.)*

During the ceremony Miss Cooke pays smiling homage to her future father-in-law, Sir Tashi Namgyal, the sprightly reigning Maharaja of Sikkim.

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As pretty as a princess should be, Miss Cooke occupies a place of honor slightly below the throne of her gold-robed groom, Paldon Thondup Namgyal.

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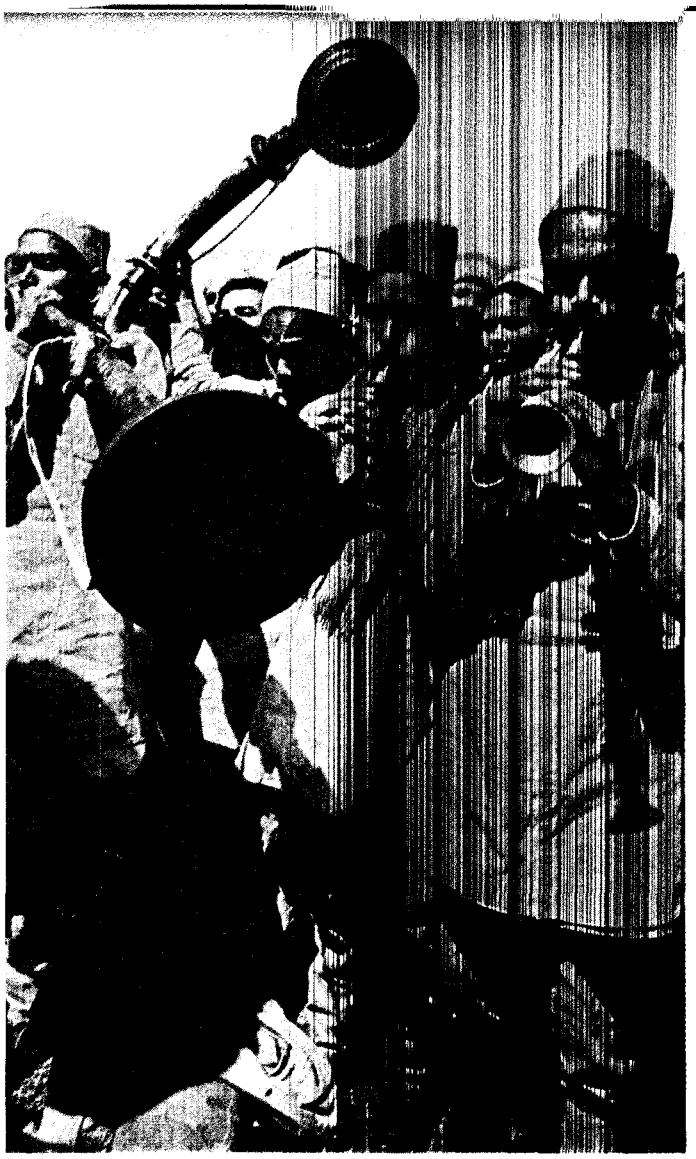
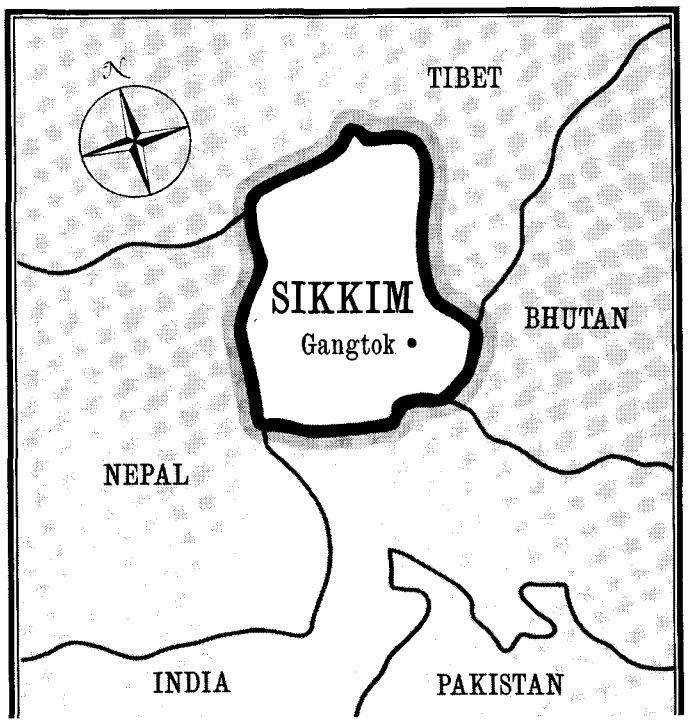
ROYAL
PRINCESS

The astrologers decree the omens goo



After the wedding, trumpeters entertain in gardens.



Sikkim relies on India against attack from Red-ruled Tibet.

From all over Sikkim Miss Cooke's prospective subjects flock to the palace with their presents for the royal couple.

Inside temple (right), newlyweds look over heap of scarves.

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ıd an exotic ritual reaches its climax with a gift of white silk scarves.

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ROYAL PRINCESS

"WE WONDERED IF HE WAS

gray stone wall abloom with orchids. They were bound for the Royal Gompa (literally "a secluded place") that stands on a spur of land beyond the palace and high above the valleys.

It was here that the unprecedented event would transpire. Here would come true that most popular of all fairy-tale plots, the marriage of a prince and a commoner. At exactly 9 A.M. on March 20—since every minute had been clocked by the royal astrologers—the heir to the Sikkimese throne, the Maharaj Kumar (Crown Prince) Palden Thondup Namgyal would marry an American girl, 23-year-old Hope Cooke of New York, a recent graduate of Sarah Lawrence College. For the first time in several days the sun shone clearly on the magnificent, five-peaked Kanchenjunga, 28,208 feet high, the third highest mountain in the world, Guardian Deity of the Sacred Valley of Rice—and this was a good omen.

The bride also was up early in the Palace Guest House, preparing for the royal robing. This was a private affair presided over by the Princess Co Coo La, a sister of the prince and the fashion arbiter of Sikkim. It was she who had designed the bride's jewelry, earrings and shoulder brooches, a gold and silver belt with a motif of bamboos and snow lions, those mythical blue-maned creatures that dwell in mountain fastnesses, breathe pure flame and are visible only to the holiest of men. Attached to the bride's belt was a symbolic sickle and a small bow-and-arrow. The bridal gown, of white Benaras silk, was cut like the classically simple sleeveless gowns still worn by the original inhabitants of Sikkim. Under it was a soft, long-sleeved, white silk blouse, folded high at the throat. Calcutta's leading hairdresser, a small, lively lady of Polish ancestry, stood up on the bed and proceeded to pile Hope's long, naturally curly brown hair into a modified bouffant style. An immense calm emanated from the Princess Co Coo La, on her knees on the floor, in a dazzling gold brocade gown, a golden dagger at her waist. She alternately rose and knelt, pulled, tucked, pinned, softly admonished and instructed. The bride, looking only a little strained and flushed, and appealingly young, slender and beautiful, discussed in her characteristic whisper the amount of lipstick to be used on her lower lip and how much blue shadow for her enormous, dark-browed eyes. She borrowed an eyebrow pencil, sent for a safety pin, smoked a quick cigarette. At last she was ready for the lady-in-waiting to place the great stiff purple brocade cape around her slim white shoulders. For just a moment she stood regarding herself in the long mirror with a slight questioning anxiety. Then she was ready to leave.

It seemed wildly improbable that a girl brought up in fashionable American schools like Miss Chapin's in New York and the Madeira School in Greenway, Virginia, could be about to marry the prospective ruler of one of the world's smallest and most inaccessible mountain kingdoms, now an Indian protectorate bordering on Communist-dominated Tibet. Prince Thondup is a widower of 39, with three young children by a former Tibetan princess. Immemorial tradition decrees that Sikkimese princes must find their consorts among Tibetan nobility. Prince Thondup had chosen instead an American college girl, "well born, well educated and well off," as someone described her, "pretty, serious-minded, idealistic, puckishly humorous, intelligent—and rich." Despite the superficial contrasts, Prince Thondup and Hope Cooke have a great deal in common. The prince—believed to be a reincarnation of his own uncle, a scholarly Buddhist abbot—bears little resemblance to the common image of a maharaja. Hope Cooke, a descendant of Francis Cooke of the Mayflower, bears little resemblance to the common image of an American college girl. Otherwise they might never have met.

There are a good many versions of how this first meeting came about. One, which I had heard "authoritatively," was that she had "met him at her coming-out party in Iran when her uncle was stationed there." It is true that Hope did come out in Teheran, as well as in Washington and New York. She lived in Teheran as a ward of her uncle, the late Ambassador Selden Chapin, for her mother had died when Hope was very young, the maternal grandparents who had raised her were dead, and her father, divorced from her mother, had long since passed from her life. In Iran she first acquired an interest in Eastern art and philosophy, but she did not meet Prince Thondup there.

Another version of their first meeting is that it took place in a "ski resort in Switzerland." The future maharani of a mountaineering country where climbers train for Everest expeditions is not, however, an ardent skier. "I've done it," she says, "but rather lazily, I'm afraid."

Dreaming in Darjeeling

The most implausible version, but nearest the mark, is that Hope met the prince "while she was living alone in a hotel in Darjeeling and learning touch-typing and economics." Hope and some college friends had just "done" Russia in the summer of 1959. When the group went on to Poland, Hope, following her growing fascination with Asia, went off by herself to Darjeeling, a resort in the foothills of the Himalayas. "I was really sort of—well—dream-walking at the time," Hope recalls. "The typing—well, yes, I did want to learn to type because it would be so helpful in doing term papers, and then—economics—well, my uncle had been telling me that I must learn how to handle my own money, and this seemed as good a time as any to begin."

Hope rented a pleasant room in a hotel run by a Tibetan family, with a fine view of Sikkim's sacred Mount Kanchenjunga. She read, and walked, and dreamed, and, in the most conventional way, local friends introduced her to the newly widowed Prince of Sikkim. He had come to visit his two sons at school in Darjeeling. He brought with him his daughter, and Hope does a delightful imitation of an imperious three-year-old on the telephone: "Room service? Will you please send two more raisins for my turtle?"

During that summer Hope fell a victim to the powerful and mysterious enchantment of the Himalayan country, and the mountains drew her back again two years later. On this trip she was invited several times as a houseguest to the palace in Gangtok. She got to know other members of the lively, creative, and worldly Namgyal family—Princess Co Coo La, and her sister, Coo La (who is equally at ease in quoting Verlaine and discussing levitating lamas), and the frail and small-boned old maharaja, who paints semi-abstract mountain views, studies demonology and is said to meet monthly with the Abominable Snowman. Hope returned from her summer holidays with the announcement that she wanted to marry the future maharaja of Sikkim.

This caused some consternation among her guardians and relatives. They are all old-style Eastern Seaboard society who do not belong to any of the jet sets. Hope recalls that her mother's ancestors, the Noyeses, of Newburyport, Massachusetts, "were mostly scholars and clergymen—oh, mmm-mmm, yes, I suppose, ship's captains too. Maybe, of course, that's where some of the money came from. . . . Anyway, apparently they—the Noyeses—were enthusiastic witch hunters at one time, until they turned up a rather sensational witch in their own family. That did abate their ardor a little."

Speaking of the first effect of Hope's announcement, one of her relatives said, "Well, of course, we wondered right away if he was one of those Paris maharajas. Did he have several wives already—or worse, a lot of mistresses with whom Hope would have to compete? Was he more interested in polo than in politics? How good was his English?" By happy chance Prince Thondup was attending a wedding in Rome at about the time the Chapins were holding a family reunion there. Hope's guardians thus had a chance to look over the prince. They found a handsome and cultivated gentleman who took the keenest pride in his remarkable country—and spoke perfect English. "Everyone was charmed with him," says the formerly skeptical relative. "Who wouldn't be? Best of all, he already has his male heirs, and so poor little Hope won't ever be in the plight of the wife of the Shah of Iran, who had to come up with a son—or else!"

Hope returned to Sikkim at Christmas of 1961 to spend her holidays there. The fun-loving royal family makes a big thing out of this Christian celebration. They mingle Christmas trees, gift-giving and Santa Claus with the traditional Sikkimese New Year festivities, when magnificently garbed dancing lamas worship the snowy range of sacred Kanchenjunga, propitiate the local demons and welcome the next twelve months with bell and conch, drum and horn. It was on this Christmas visit that Hope accepted the prince's engagement ring, a large American-style diamond and platinum solitaire, and their betrothal was made public.

All over the world there were headlines about TRUE LOVE IN THE HIMALAYAS. But then the astrologers, who are consulted for auspicious marriage dates throughout the Asian world, decreed that there should be no wedding during 1962. Hope today agrees that 1962 was a dark year—there were floods in Sikkim, and the Chinese attacked the Indian border. The delay fortunately enabled her to return to Sarah Lawrence to complete her studies in Asian civilizations. Toward the last she "practically lived," she says, in the New York Public Library.

Week of fetes ends the fairy te

Two days before the astrologically approved wedding date of March 20, Hope finally arrived at Dum Dum Airport in Calcutta, attired in a traditional Sikkimese costume of gold silk. The next day she rode to Gangtok in the prince's Mercedes, once pink but now repainted a restrained chocolate color. Some said that Hope had not come by helicopte like other V.I.P.'s because her luggage was so heavily overweight—four hundred dollars' excess from New York. She had already shipped ahead old family furniture, some favorite childhood dresses, and even dolls. The weight of her present luggage was due mainly to books—indicating that Hope is something new in the line of royal princesses.

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Hope's realm is not fairyland.

ONE OF THOSE PARIS MAHARAJAS."

In Hope's wake came flocks of wedding guests, nearly 200 in all. There were Hope's relatives and friends and former schoolmates. There were eight ambassadors to India, including John Kenneth Galbraith of the United States. There were maharajas from northern India and neighboring Bhutanese aristocracy, who erected a luxurious colony of tents along the main road to the palace. The most important V.I.P.'s landed by helicopter on the lawn of the Indian residency. The majority, however, cheerfully jeeped 70 rough, winding miles from the nearest commercial airport at Baghdogra.

As they traveled they saw not only magnificent mountain scenery but innumerable trees and flowers, some exotic, some familiar: gigantic tree ferns, rhododendron, belladonna, screw pine, azaleas, and orchids—of which Sikkim has more than 400 varieties. This tiny kingdom, just 45 miles wide and 65 long, extends from luxuriant jungle to alpine meadows. The original inhabitants are the Lepchas, a faintly Mongoloid, small-boned, shy and gentle forest people, now a dying race, apparently unable to cope with modern life. Among the relative newcomers, a majority are Nepalese, tradesmen and farmers, who devised the ingenious system of terracing Sikkim's hillsides and irrigating them with bamboo pipes. The most striking of all the mixed lot, however, are the Tibetans, who dress with incomparable dash, the men in high black boots, hats of brocade and fur, earrings and necklaces, the women in brightly striped aprons and silver jewelry. The Tibetans have a tremendous vitality and friendliness. The very babes in arms press their little hands together, show all their tiny teeth and shrill "Namaste" in welcome to passing strangers.

Some of the Western correspondents seemed so baffled by Sikkim and its ways that the prince held a briefing on the day before the wedding. This gave many reporters their first chance to judge the prince as a man rather than a remote public figure. In an open-necked white shirt and gray flannel slacks, he answered with charm and candor the often tricky questions put to him.

"Your Highness, would it be possible to fix a numerical figure for these gods you have just been mentioning?"

"I'm a-ffraid," said the prince with his winning half-grin and his slight stutter, "it runs into b-b-illions."

The briefing also gave people a chance to observe Hope's unusual way of answering questions.

"Miss Cooke, do you see this marriage as a break with your old life?"

"I don't see life like that—like, you know, black or white, this or that," she said in her slow whisper. "I see it more as a flowing thing."

"Miss Cooke, will you embrace the Buddhist faith?"

"I am not required to. But I *do* find Buddhism a very—to me—sympathetic religion. Perhaps in some ways I am naturally more of a Buddhist than a Christian—but no, I am still an Episcopalian, if that is what you mean."

"If you have children would you have them raised as Buddhists?"

"Yes, of course, if for no other reason than to keep them in harmony with their environment."

According to the traditions of Sikkim's royal weddings, certain rites began even before the bride and groom arrived at the Royal Gompa. There was, for instance, the tying of symbolic white silk scarves around specified pillars on the palace grounds—this to honor the pillars as the chief support of a house. There was also, at the palace gate, a solemn ceremony attended by lamas and the court astrologer, a tall, ascetic-looking Tibetan with braided hair and one five-inch-long gold and turquoise "status" earring. Here a boy of 12 and a man of 35, carefully chosen for their astrological qualifications, performed esoteric rites, one brandishing a sword, the other carrying an effigy of a golden-robed dog.

Finally, as 9 o'clock drew near, Prince Thondup and his party strolled across the palace lawn to the Gompa. The prince and his father were resplendent in heavily encrusted gold brocade, stiff skirts, short jackets, small gold and fur caps—all in a quasi-Manchu style. The prince's two boys were also in gold brocade with golden caps, the little girl in green, embroidered in small pink flowers, her hair slicked back from her tiny, earnest face in a ponytail. In front of the Gompa stood rows of red-robed lamas with high, curved hats, carrying horns, cymbals, gongs, drums and fluttering banners.

The second-floor ceremonial room of the Gompa was already crowded with wedding guests. Here, the walls were painted with scenes from the life of Buddha. At one end were three immense gold and gem-studded statues of the founder of Buddhism and two Tibetan saints. From the ceiling beams hung embroidered fringes with the designs of the eight sacred symbols of Buddhism.

Grumbling at the Gompa

The old maharaja, sprightly and frail, wearing his usual black-lensed glasses, sat on a five-foot-high, brocade-draped, golden throne. On a dais, a little lower, sat the prince, and on a slightly lower one, Hope, in her white gown. The great stiff purple brocade cape behind her made a frame for her young pale beauty. The photographers, who had been making a great fuss about admission to the Gompa, had been permitted to stand in one specific spot and take pictures for not more than five minutes at the outset. The photographers, most of them Indians, snapped and whirred for a long time, however, moving well outside the official bounds. No one seemed to know what to do. From the groom's side of the room there rose an ominous humming, like a flock of angry bees. One English lady hissed fiercely at a cameraman, "This is a wedding ceremony, not a peep show!"

At last, the aides took over and firmly pushed the photographers back to their end of the chapel. The service then began. All of it, to the foreigners at least, was abstruse and mysterious, all of it symbolic, from the lighting of butter lamps to the ceremonious presentation of burlap bales of grain and the passing of yak-butter tea and small dishes of cooked rice. (Mr. Galbraith provided a homely note by eating heartily of the small bowl of rice and dried fruit that was ceremoniously placed before him. He said later he was hungry and it tasted good.)

During the entire ceremony (which had been cut from the usual three hours to less than one, perhaps out of consideration for restless Westerners) the roles of the bride and groom were essentially passive. There was no standing, no kneeling, no exchange of rings, no murmuring of vows. They remained seated while the lamas intoned blessings and admonitions and while the ritual tea and food were served. The climax came when the bride's cousin and representative, tall, gray-haired John Humpstone, placed scarves around the necks of Hope and Thondup. This corresponded to the declaration, "With this ring I thee wed."

The remainder of the individual offering of scarves by other guests, in strict order of printed protocol, was merely *politesse*. It was, however, in some ways the most interesting part for foreign observers. Many of them were astounded to see members of the groom's family, after giving their scarves, prostrate themselves three times before the maharaja. Two of the princesses were wearing enormous Y-shaped Tibetan headdresses weighing at least seven pounds apiece, sewn with pearls like corn on a cob. Managing this elaborate edifice while also making prostrations proved a little awkward. Princess Co Coo La, however, with nothing on her chic brown coif, performed the feat three times with a grace and drama that no onlooker will ever forget.

During the prolonged ceremony of handing out scarves, one from each guest to each of the three principals, little Grace Chapin Metz provided a note of humorous relief. After completing her duties, she was suddenly overcome with the whole thing. Clapping a white glove over her mouth, helpless with giggles, she ran, skittering and slipping in her patent-leather shoes, across the glass-slick wooden floor to hide behind a somewhat mortified governess. The old maharaja found this very amusing.

After the wedding was over the real test of stamina began—almost a week of formal luncheons, sightseeing excursions and dinner parties. The festivities ended on a somber note, however. From Puerto Rico came news that Selden Chapin, Hope's uncle and guardian, too ill to attend her wedding, had died.

Now that the long-sustained excitement is over, how will Hope spend her days? This was everybody's question. Will she adjust to this new life? The answer seems to be yes, or she wouldn't have been attracted in the first place, not only to the prince but to his whole family, ranging from an aged maharaja who sees ghosts to a three-year-old sprite, Princess Co Coo La's youngest, known as Baby La. "You might say they are *all* eccentrics," observed one guest, "but then Hope never cared for ordinary people."

Although the whole story sounds like a fairy tale, Hope is thoroughly aware that Sikkim is not fairyland. By now well versed in Sikkimese affairs, she talks with enthusiasm about the prince's wish to move his country more quickly out of its semifeudal state. It needs more revenues from mining, lumbering, cottage industries, and such agricultural products as the drug ipecac, the spice cardamom, and Sikkim's famed oranges, claimed to be the sweetest in the world. Hope also shares the prince's strong interest in more schools and better teachers and his pride in the new Institute of Tibetology, which aims to preserve the important records, art and scriptures of the ancient, now tragically scattered, Tibetan culture.

Whatever happens in the years ahead—and there is always the ominous fact that Communist China stands now on Sikkim's boundary—Hope's special quality of philosophic detachment should stand her in good stead. "Isn't it true," she reflected recently, "that the things you can't explain, the whys of some things you've done, or that just appeared to *happen* to you, often seem the most inevitable, the most natural of all?" THE END

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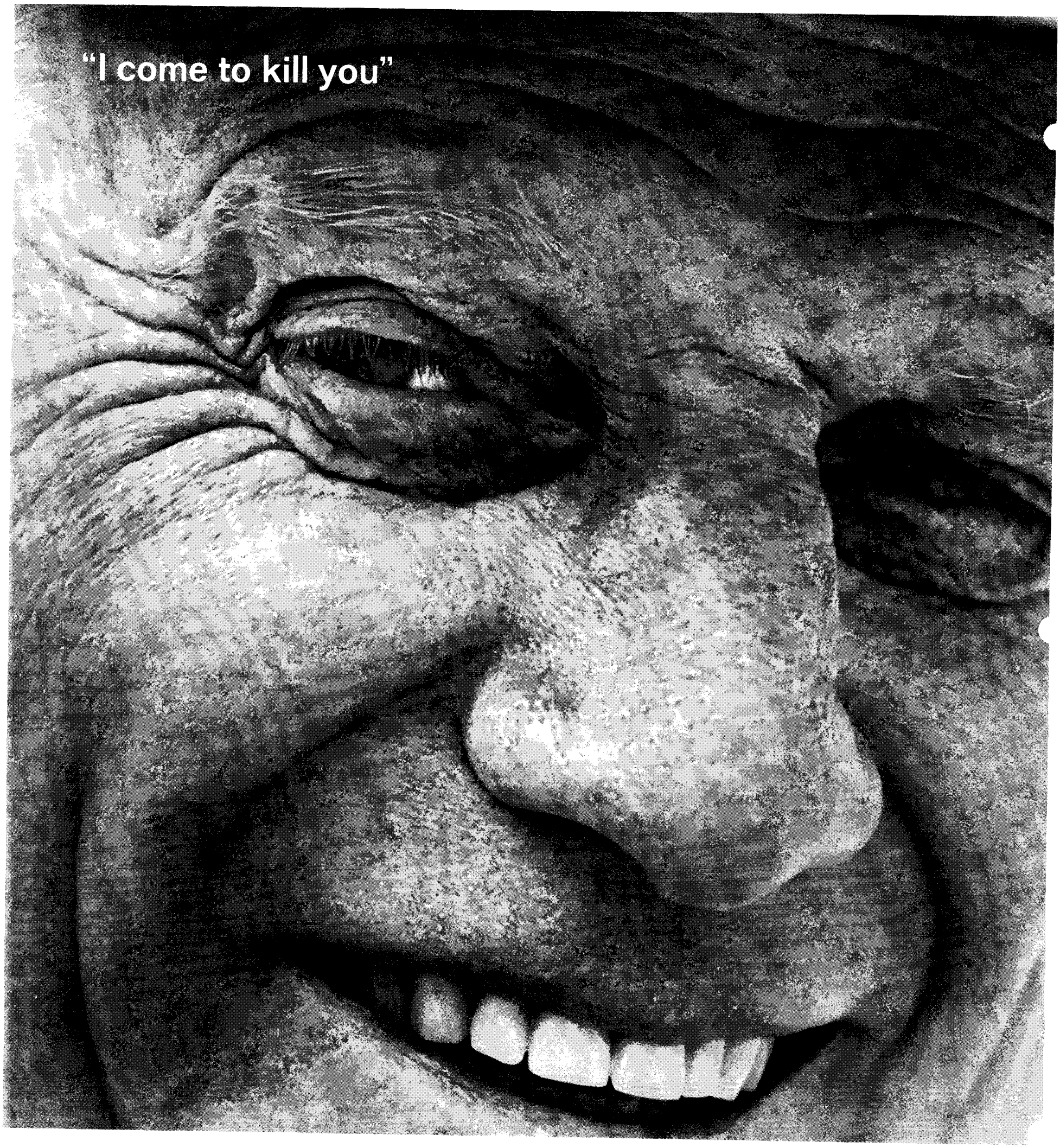

● *The smile of Leo, who can also say, "If my mother was rounding third with the run that would beat us, I'd trip her."*

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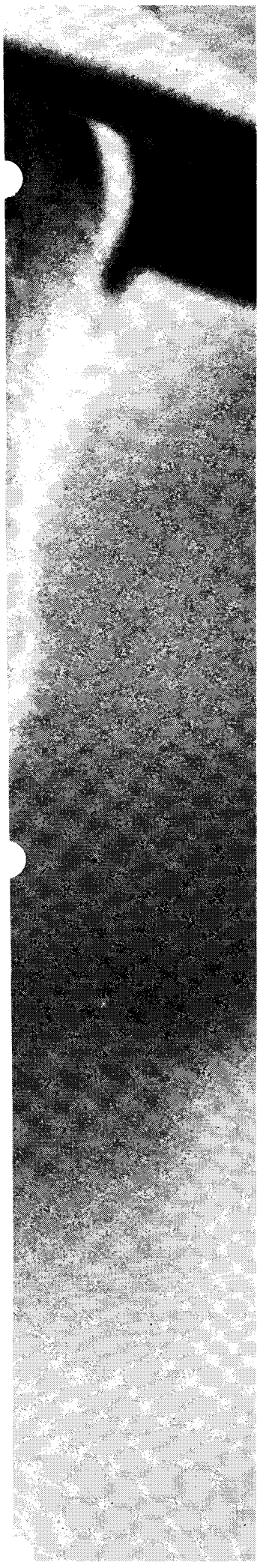
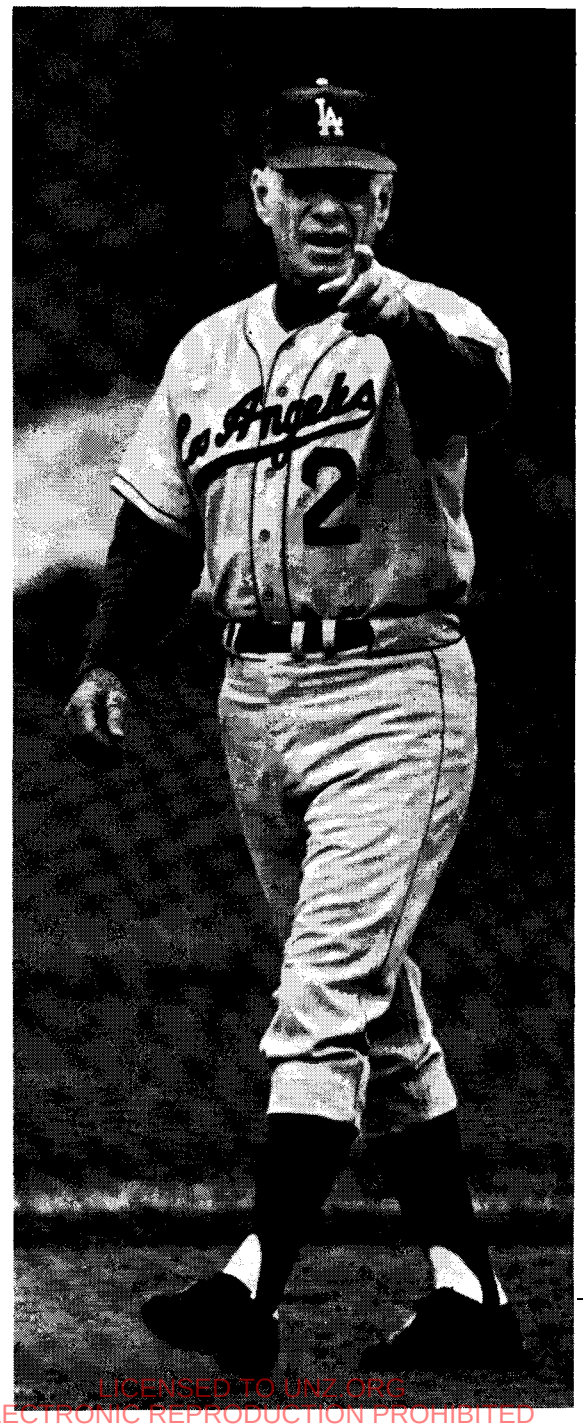


The candid memoirs of LEO DUROCHER

The most exciting character in baseball tells of his feuds, his fights, his fans, his friends, his years with Branch Rickey and Babe Ruth, his expulsion from the game, his marriage to a movie star, his struggles on and off the field, and of a curious journey with Frank Sinatra.

By LEO DUROCHER with EDWARD LINN



After the Dodgers lost the final playoff game to the San Francisco Giants last year, I couldn't gather myself up to go across to the Giants' locker room and congratulate Alvin Dark and his players. I should have, I know. I should have been the second Dodger over there, right behind Walter Alston.

But, dammit, we had gone into the ninth inning leading by two runs. In the season itself we had been three games ahead with three to go. All right, that's baseball. But I sat there without taking off my shoes, and I couldn't gird myself up to make that loser's trip. Because as much as I like and admire Alvin Dark, I knew I'd have wanted to kill him.

I've been like that from the time Miller Huggins adopted me with the old Yankees of Ruth, Gehrig, Lazzeri and Meusel. I didn't have all the talent in the world—Ruth nicknamed me "the All-American Out"—but Mr. Huggins liked me, and he kept telling me I'd stick around for a long time if I kept my cockiness and my scrappiness and my will to win. "Never lose that self-assurance that you're the best," Mr. Huggins told me again and again, "and you'll be here when all those guys with strong backs and weak minds are gone. Because little guys like us can win games. We can beat 'em," he'd say, tapping his head, "up here."

That's the way Mr. Huggins brought me up, and that's the way I have always been.

I come to play! I come to beat you! I come to kill you!

I'm just a little better than you are, buddy, and we're just a little bit better than you are; so why the hell aren't you over here congratulating us?

Leo in a characteristic gesture. "Hey, what's going on? What are you guys pulling, anyway?"

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Durocher and Babe Ruth. "Did I steal the Babe's watch? Get out of here!"

Always in a hot spot or nearby

The shortstop tags—a trifle late?

Leo, with the St. Louis Gashouse Gang, here slides home safe.

LEO DUROCHER

Three hours later I did manage to heave myself over to the Grenadier Restaurant, where a party had been scheduled for the Dodgers. During the course of this wake everyone had had a few drinks. Although I am not normally much of a drinker, I'd had a few myself. While we were all crying in our beer, someone said to me, "If you'd have been managing the ball club, we'd have won it."

I just looked this man right in the eye and I said, "Maybe." And then I said, "I know one thing. I'd have liked to go into the ninth inning with a two-run lead. I'll take my chances." Period. End of quote.

That's all I said. It wasn't exactly a call to mutiny, and it wasn't exactly the most revolutionary idea since the movies discovered sound. Who wouldn't like to go into the ninth with a two-run lead? And, you will notice, I hadn't called a press conference to say it. I was replying to a question put to me, among friends, at a time when everybody had been unwinding.

It didn't come out that way in the newspapers. The way the papers had it, I had publicly second-guessed Alston. I had said that if I had been the manager we'd have won the pennant.

Buzzy Bavasi, the Dodgers' general manager, read the reports and shouted that if I had said those things I was fired. When I was finally able to get him on the phone, he said, "Well, I see you were popping off again."

I said, "Who popped off, me or you? Why didn't you call me, Buzz? Why didn't you ask me if I said what they printed? I wouldn't have lied to you. If I'd have second-guessed Alston I'd have told you I second-guessed Alston. So what? You'd have fired me. That's the worst you could do to me."

Buzzy, not quite convinced, told me he was going to check my version out. A couple of nights later, I met him at the Friars Club stag for Maury Wills. His investigation, he said, had backed me up in every detail.

Everybody was disappointed, and so they pounced upon the one thing that had come to hand, a distorted story about Durocher. And so Durocher was up the creek again, a neighborhood I have come to know rather intimately through the years.

I will admit—if you press me hard enough—that I had said just enough to bring on everything that happened. I've been in that neighborhood before too. A few years ago Branch Rickey was introducing me at a St. Louis dinner honoring the Gas-house Gang. Since I was the guest of honor he introduced me last. Mr. Rickey just stared at me sadly for a long time, shaking his head back and forth while the audience roared with laughter. "And now I give you captain of the team," he said finally, "a man with an infinite capacity for making a bad situation immediately worse."

Carve it on my gravestone, Branch. As usual, you hit it right on the nose.

Did I, in fact, disagree with Alston from time to time? Well, of course I did. There is no question there is going to be some controversy between Alston and Durocher. We're two entirely different personalities. No two men manage alike, or handle men in quite the same way. Before I signed to coach the Dodgers, I sat down with Walt and told him that I am a man with a cast-iron opinion.

"That's what we want you for, Leo," he said. "To fire the team up. If you tried to change you'd be no use to me."

When I say I am a man with an opinion, I know of a few staunch admirers who would immediately say: "What he means is that he's got a big mouth." No argument. My presence on a ball field has never been followed by a long, deep silence. If I stand little chance of winning any popularity polls, that doesn't bother me a bit; I haven't been running in any popularity contests. But one unpleasant story that has followed me over the years does bother me. And that's the story that I stole Babe Ruth's watch. Absolutely untrue. A dirty, rotten lie. Hell, the Babe and I were good friends. He used to drive me to the park almost every day in his big brown Packard roadster.

But, of course, nobody who wants to see me as a fresh punk, "the pool hustler from Springfield, Massachusetts," has ever had to look any further. Fresh, yes. Pool hustler, yes. I'll tell you some stories about that. But steal the Babe's watch? Get out of here!

What makes it even more ridiculous is that Babe, who had a heart as big as Yankee Stadium, would *give* you anything he had. I can remember once when he went to a New Orleans racetrack after an exhibition game had been rained out and won something like $9,000. In those days you didn't get paid during spring training, and so everybody else was broke. Babe walked into the clubhouse the next morning, threw the whole wad of money on top of the equipment trunk and said, "Well, boys . . . look what I found."

It was like feeding time at the zoo.

The Babe was a plotter

Ruth used to kid me about being "Huggins's boy," but the only run-in I ever did have with the Babe came years later, when I was finishing out my playing career with the Dodgers. Larry MacPhail, who had just taken over the club, hired Babe in the hope of drawing a few fans. During the game, Babe was to coach at first base, but his real job was to take early batting practice so the fans could come in after a brief stop at the boxoffice and see him belt the ball out into the street.

Babe, of course, had always wanted to be a manager. The night he was signed, in MacPhail's apartment, he took me aside and he said, "Stick with me, Leo. I'm going to manage this club." In a way it was sad, because Babe didn't have a snowball's chance. Still, it burned me. I was Burleigh Grimes's captain, and I knew he hadn't wanted Babe in the first place. "Dammit, Babe," I said, "you've got a lot of gall plotting to take this man's job after he's taken you on. If you think I'm going to undermine Burleigh, you've got yourself the wrong boy."

Well, Babe came right back at me, and there were some pretty blunt words flying around for a while.

The blowoff came after I had won a ball game by throwing my bat at a pitchout. I had only been protecting the runner, since I had given him the hit-and-run sign, but by one of those freaks the bat hit the ball solidly. Afterward, a newspaperman asked me whether the Babe, coaching at first, had given me the sign. My answer was one word: "No."

The writer was apparently blessed with some sort of extrasensory perception,

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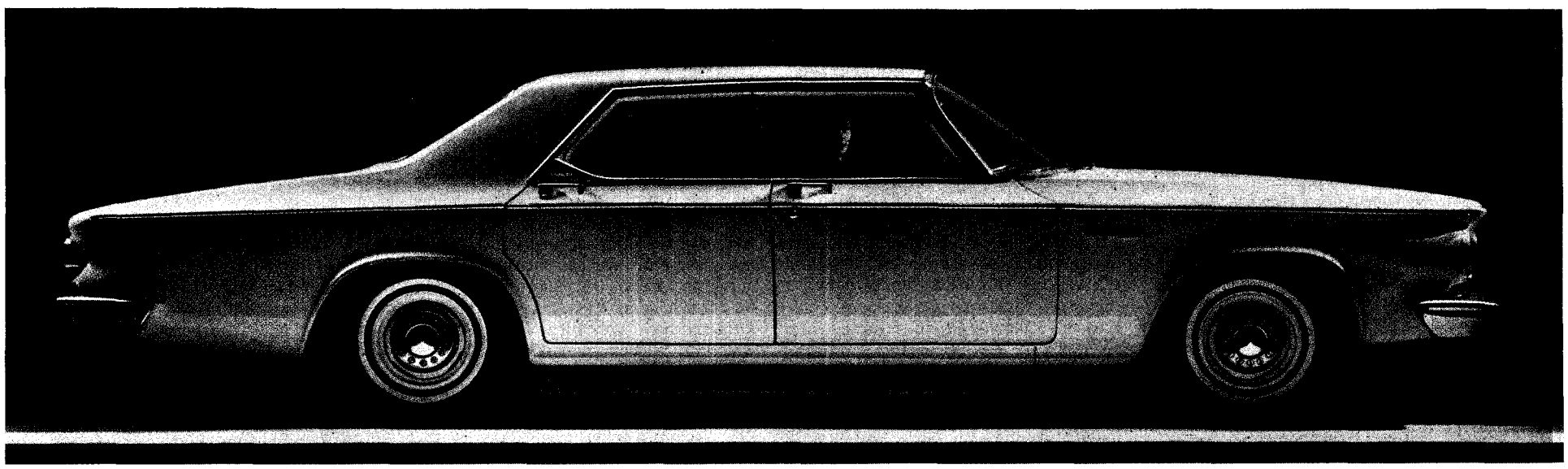

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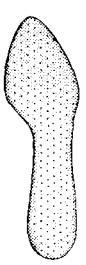

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LEO DUROCHER

though. He managed to get a full column out of that one word. It came out sounding as if I had criticized the Babe.

Babe came into the clubhouse, before the next game, and opened up on me before the whole squad. "You've always talked too much as far as I'm concerned," he said. "And I'm going to give you a whack right in the mouth. I should have done it years ago."

You can't take that in front of all the players unless you're ready to hang up your uniform and go home. We were seated right across a narrow aisle from each other, with me on a stool and the Babe sitting backward on a high-backed iron chair. "If the truth of the matter were known," I said, "you don't give signs to anyone on this club, do you? But I didn't say that. If the truth were known, Babe, you don't know the signs, do you?"

"Maybe I don't," he said, beginning to rise out of the chair, "but I know enough to give you a whack across that big mouth of yours."

I've been around enough clubhouses to know that no fight is going to last more than 30 seconds. I also knew I wasn't going to let Babe use that 30 seconds to belt me around. So I took a leap at him and bulled him back into his locker, chair and all. Before he could disentangle himself, Grimes was between us. By the next year, I was manager of the Dodgers, and the Babe had been let out.

As far as my career with the Yankees went, though, I just barely outlasted Mr. Huggins. He left the club in the last month of my second season, and died a few weeks later. Before another season began, I had been sold.

In a roundabout way, it could be said that I was sold because of all those debts I had run up. After two seasons with the Yankees, I owed more than $10,000 around town. In particular, I owed a hotel bill of around $800. In preliminary discussions with Ed Barrow, the Yankees' general manager, I thought we had an agreement that I was to sign for $7,000, a thousand-dollar raise. The thousand was to be paid to me in advance. My plans were to get myself out of hock at the hotel and go home.

When we got together to sign the contract, Mr. Barrow informed me I wasn't going to get either the raise or the advance, take it or leave it.

When I let him know, rather strenuously, that there was very little chance of my taking it, Mr. Barrow just turned around in his swivel chair and stared out the window, his back firmly to me, as much as if to dismiss me; as if, you know, I wasn't worth his time. I turned away too—boy, I was mad. By the time I reached the door I felt the urge to make a very earthy suggestion as to what he could do with himself, taking care to make it just loud enough so that he could hear it but still soft enough so that he could pretend he hadn't.

Unfortunately, Mr. Barrow wasn't playing by my rules. He spun around in the chair and yelled, "What did you say?"

"Didn't you hear me?"

"Yeah, I think I did."

"Well," I said, "it still goes."

"And so," he snapped, "do you!"

The next morning I picked up the paper and learned I had become the property of the Cincinnati Reds. Mr. Barrow hadn't only got me off his team, he had shipped me clear out of the American League.

The question arises, I suspect, as to how I managed to run into so much debt so quickly. Ahhh, it was easy. Let us remember that I was first called up to New York at the tag end of 1926, right smack in the middle of "The Roaring Twenties." I had just turned 20 myself, and Little Old New York and I roared together.

Let us consider clothes. My teammates nicknamed me "Fifth Avenue"—with Lyn Lary, another snappy dresser, completing the entry as "Broadway."

Even as a kid in West Springfield I had always been extremely clothes conscious. My father, a quiet, retiring man, was an engineer for the Boston and Albany Railroad. We were a poor family, the kind of family where my mother washed all the clothes, shirts included. I, the youngest of four boys, always insisted that my shirts be starched. I can still see my mother, God rest her soul, dipping the collars and cuffs into a little pan, letting them dry for a few minutes, then ironing them out and draping them carefully over a hanger before she hung them up on the kitchen line. Little Leo wouldn't stand for any wrinkles.

When I began to make a little money, hustling pool, I'd save up $75 for a custom-made suit (easily the equivalent of $300 today). My tailor, Jack O'Hara, was also a scout for the Hartford club in the Eastern League. It was my tailor who signed me to my first professional contract.

I was with the Yankees in the days of the great nightclubs in New York. The great thing to do was to go to the Winter Garden, stay until Clayton, Jackson and Durante tore the place apart with their great number, *Wood*, and then race up to Harlem to catch the late show at the Cotton Club, featuring Bill Robinson and Cab Calloway.

Pool-playing Yankee

I was a Yankee, and everybody seemed to want to be seen with me, to invite me out, to pat me on the back. I was traveling in pretty fast company for a utility infielder, sure. And if when the party ended and the music stopped, I was a little further in debt, so what?

Even my pool playing came about, indirectly, from my desire to be well-groomed. While I was no more than 12 or 13, I negotiated a mutual-aid pact with my barber. He had three pool tables in his back room, and in return for a free haircut every Saturday morning I offered to sweep the floor, clean the tables and ready the place for the Saturday crowd.

At first, I was so small I had to stand on a box in order to practice. By the time I entered high school I was so good that when any hustler breezed into town, the older guys would back me against him, sometimes for as much as $100 a game.

After I hit New York, with the Yankees, I'd pick up pocket money during the winter months by going around the city and hustling pool; but when I left the Yankees, I pretty much left my pool-playing career behind. The sale to Cincinnati turned out to be a blessing, because Sidney Weil, the owner, turned out to be even more of a father to me than Mr. Huggins. He started by paying off all my debts, and then he raised my salary so that I could pay him back a specified amount every month. Not, of course, that it did me any good. As fast as I was paying back Mr. Weil, I was running up new debts elsewhere. By the time he sold me to St. Louis, three years later, I owed more than ever. It took a World Series share to start me toward solvency.

Mr. Weil, I knew, had sold me to Branch Rickey only because he needed the money to keep his own club going. Still, I didn't want to leave him, and I told him flatly that I wouldn't report.

The deal had been made while both clubs were in New York, and Mr. Weil convinced me that, at the very least, I owed Mr. Rickey the courtesy of talking to him. Although I had never met Mr. Rickey in my life, I had heard all kinds of horror stories about his operation. "I know how I'll kill it," I told Mr. Weil. "I'll tell that old skinflint he's got to give me a thousand-dollar raise."

Mr. Rickey was at the Alamac Hotel. When we arrived at his suite, late in the morning, he was propped up in bed, nursing a cold. A cigar was stuck in his mouth, his glasses were perched on the edge of his nose and he was reading the Bible. I came bursting into the room, pulled up a chair, swung my feet up on his bed, leaned back comfortably and said, "How are you, Branch?"

Wow! Mr. Rickey raised up, bolt straight, in his bed. No ballplayer had ever called him by his first name before. I could see that I had made an excellent beginning. "Branch," I said, "you might as well kill this deal right now, because I'm not going to play for you."

I wouldn't let him get a word in, either, another novel experience for him. I threw everything I'd ever heard about his farm system, more popularly known as the Chain Gang, at him. I told him his players were just chattels to him. I dredged up every slander and rumor I had ever heard, with perhaps a tasty embellishment here and there of my own.

Mr. Rickey lay back and listened. When he was sure I was through, he stuck a fresh cigar in his mouth, his eyes never leaving me. Now it was his turn. "You've said a lot of things about me since you sat down in that chair," he said. "You know something, son—I've heard a lot of things about you too. . . ." (Oh, oh, that was returning blow for blow.) "You know," he said, "it has always been my opinion, as it seems to be yours, that where there is smoke there is generally a little bit of fire connected with it somewhere."

Now, I hope you realize—as I did not—that this was typical Rickey strategy. He had not only taken the offensive completely away from me, he had, in the same stroke, disarmed me by admitting that at least part of what I had said about him might be true.

He leaned toward me, and in that rich, rumbling voice that makes everything he says sound like a pronouncement from on high, he said, "Your reputation doesn't worry me one bit, son. I made this trade because I think we can win a lot of pennants with you at shortstop. *You* can do it for us, *you* can be the spark. *You* can help us win pennants."

Well, by now I've got my feet off the bed and I'm listening to this fine man with great interest. The more this man talks, the smarter and the nicer he becomes. In fact, I'm beginning to become just a little indignant about all the vicious slanders that certain people have been spreading about this keen judge of talent.

Before long I decided it would be in very poor taste to hit this man for anything more than the token $1,000 raise. But somehow, you know, Mr. Rickey kept waving all talk of money aside, as if

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Leo...and the numbers

—COMPILED BY ALLAN ROTH

PLAYER

	GAMES	AVERAGE
MINORS	452	.237
MAJORS	1637	.247
American League	210	.257
National League	1427	.245
WORLD SERIES (1928–1934)	11	.241
ALL-STAR GAMES (1936–1938)	2	.333

YEAR	TEAM	GAMES	AVG.
1925	HARTFORD	151	.220
1925	NEW YORK, A.L.	2	.000
1926	ATLANTA	130	.238
1927	ST. PAUL	171	.253
1928	NEW YORK, A.L.	102	.270
1929	NEW YORK, A.L.	106	.246
1930	CINCINNATI	119	.243
1931	CINCINNATI	121	.227
1932	CINCINNATI	143	.217
1933	CIN.-ST. L.	139	.253
1934	ST. LOUIS, N.L.	146	.260
1935	ST. LOUIS, N.L.	143	.265
1936	ST. LOUIS, N.L.	136	.286
1937	ST. LOUIS, N.L.	135	.203
1938	BROOKLYN	141	.219
1939	BROOKLYN	116	.277
1940	BROOKLYN	62	.231
1941	BROOKLYN	18	.286
1943	BROOKLYN	6	.222
1945	BROOKLYN	2	.200

He did not play in 1942 and 1944.

MAJOR LEAGUE TOTALS

GAMES	1637
AB	5350
RUNS	575
HITS	1320
2B	210
3B	56
HR	24
RBI	567
SB	31
AVG.	.247

FIELDING (SS & 2B)

PUTOUTS	3237
ASSISTS	4643
ERRORS	323
PCT.	.961

He led N.L. shortstops in fielding percentage in 1933, 1936 and 1938.

MANAGER

	GAMES	WON	LOST	PCT.
BROOKLYN DODGERS	739	565	.567	
NEW YORK GIANTS	647	523	.553	
TOTALS	1386	1088	.560	

WORLD SERIES	WON	LOST	PCT.
1941 vs. NEW YORK	1	4	.200
1951 vs. NEW YORK	2	4	.333
1954 vs. CLEVELAND	4	0	1.000
TOTALS	7	8	.467

FINISHES		BR.	N.Y.	
1st	3	1	2	(1941-51-54)
2nd	4	3	1	(1940-42-46-52)
3rd	5	3	2	(1939-43-45-50-55)
5th	3	0	3	(1948-49-53)
7th	1	1	0	(1944)

TEAMS

BROOKLYN DODGERS—1939 to July 15, 1948
(on suspended list in 1947)

NEW YORK GIANTS—July 16, 1948 thru 1955

COACH

LOS ANGELES DODGERS— 1961-62-63

Many forget that Durocher played baseball for two decades: Great field, little hit.

$1,000 was too insignificant to worry about with all that World Series money I was going to be collecting.

I know it doesn't sound possible that anyone could shower all that praise upon a man and then wiggle out of paying him an extra thousand dollars. And, of course, nobody *could*—except Mr. Rickey.

It should be clear by now that between Miller Huggins, Weil and Rickey I had more fathers than Shirley Temple used to have in those pictures of hers. Of course, Shirley always had an irascible but lovable father in her cast, a description that would have fitted Larry MacPhail perfectly—if only he had been lovable. (These are the jokes, folks; actually I loved the man except when he was firing me, which was whenever he saw me.)

Life with Larry MacPhail is impossible to describe to anyone who doesn't know him. Picture a brilliant man with a fiery temper, unlimited imagination, the persistence of a terrier and the consistency of a crouched tiger, and you have Larry MacPhail in one of his quieter moments.

To show how much sheer imagination he had, he gave me my first job as manager. Of course, I did hint I might be available by walking into his office—at the insistence of Burleigh Grimes—to apply for the job. MacPhail looked at me as if I had 22 heads. "What makes you think you can manage?" he roared.

"I can't prove it to you here," I told him. "There's only one way I can prove it, and that's on the ball field."

"You a manager?" Larry said. "That's the funniest thing I ever heard."

During the winter meeting in Chicago, a message came that MacPhail wanted to see me. As I entered his room, he turned to his brother Frank and said, "I want you to shake hands with the new manager of the Brooklyn Dodgers."

I like to fainted dead away.

It took me no time at all to discover that working for MacPhail might be aggravating, but it would never be dull. Before spring training began, we decided that I would take my pitchers and catchers to Hot Springs, Arkansas, for some preliminary conditioning with Artie McGovern, the most famous trainer of the day. After our first light workout, which was on a Saturday, I went to the Belvedere Country Club, which I had been told was the only decent place to eat in town.

After dinner they cleared the table, and the next thing I knew they were bringing Bingo cards around. The jackpot prize was $660. I quickly covered everything except one square, the caller hollered "I-seventeen"—I will never forget that combination—and from my lips came the happy cry, "That's *me!*"

Early Sunday morning the ringing of the phone sounded in my ear.

"Hello," I said, barely awake.

"You're fired!" came the voice of MacPhail. (I'm fired? I've been a calisthenics leader for one day, and this is the end of my career as a manager? What's the matter, I don't lead calisthenics good?)

"For what?" I yelled.

"You're a gambler!"

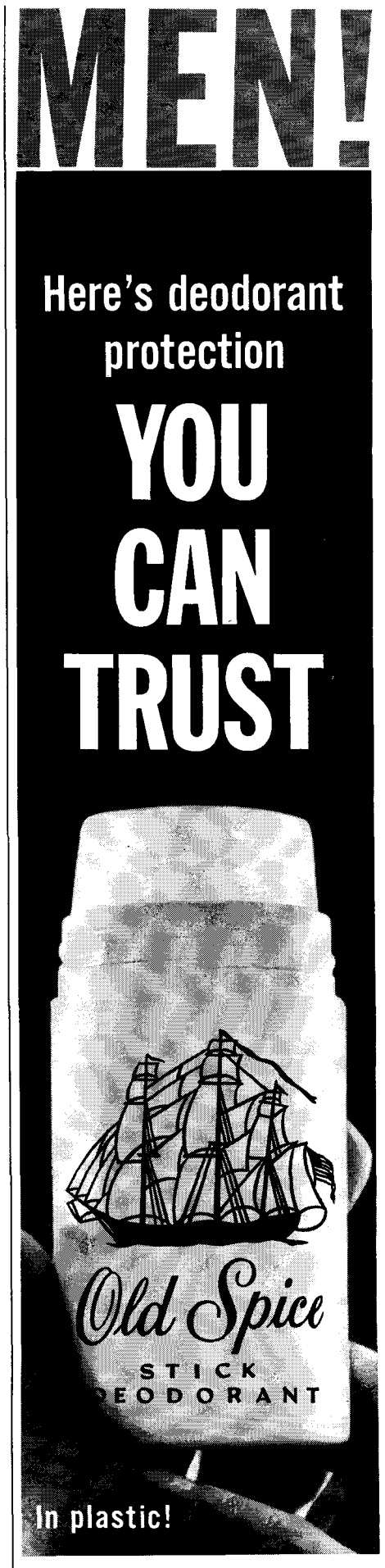
"What the hell are you talking about, Larry?"

"I just read it in this morning's paper. You won the big Bingo prize. Turn the club over to Andy High right now."

The next day I went right on managing. Never heard another word about my misadventures as a Bingo player.

MacPhail fired me 60 times, and I was still there when he left. He even fired me the night we won Brooklyn's first pennant in 21 years. Larry was furious because I hadn't stopped the train to pick him up at the 125th Street station so he could accompany us into Grand Central for our victory reception. The fact that I hadn't known he was there was, as far as Larry was concerned, completely irrelevant.

The philosophy on the field in those days was altogether different from what it is today. Baseball was warfare. Today a pitcher gets fined if the umpire *thinks* he threw at a batter. In those days the umpire didn't have to take any courses in mind-reading. The pitcher *told* you he was going to throw at you. Pat Malone of the Cubs used to get insulted if a hitter like me just took a good swing at the ball. Pat would come halfway down to the plate and snarl, "You're swinging *pretty good* for a humpty-dumpty. I think I'd just better knock your cap off." The next pitch would come at my head and—*boom*—down I'd go. "Throw at me again, you dumb Irishman," I'd bray. "I got a better



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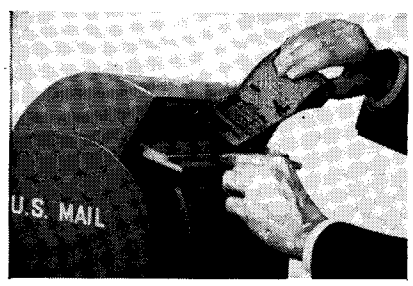

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chance getting on base by getting hit than by hitting the ball."

Usually Pat was happy to oblige.

One year in Cincinnati, I played with Edd Roush, a great hitter. Since Edd didn't have to get hit by a pitch to get on base, he took a very dim view of being flattened. If a pitcher knocked him down, he was going to take a piece out of somebody. I once saw him slice Charlie Grimm's leg completely down the back. Laid it open like a side of beef.

That's the way we played then. We fought and we yelled and we jockeyed. Everybody had a great time. Nobody ever squawked.

The fans, I have found, have a great misconception about the kind of thing that gets yelled back and forth in the bench jockeying. There has always been an unwritten rule that anything goes *just as long as you don't get into a man's personal life*. I think I can give you an illustration that will make it clear. There was an umpire, no longer in the league, who was careless enough to leave his shade up while he was entertaining a lady in a Chicago hotel room. Unhappily for him, a couple of visiting players, right across the court, were interested spectators. The first time he made a close call against them the next afternoon, they yelled, "Hey, why don't you pull the shades down?" For as long as that umpire remained in baseball, those were the magic words that were guaranteed to get you thrown out of the game, which seemed rather narrow-minded of him, since he was a footloose bachelor. The point I'm getting to, though, is that if it had been a player instead of an umpire who had been caught with his shades up, no other player would have said a word. That would have been stepping away over the line.

The fans are the ones who become personal. The fans will call players things they wouldn't think of calling an ax murderer. The only "fight" I've ever had with a fan came while I was managing the Dodgers. I know it was during a Saturday-afternoon game, because I was arrested Sunday morning.

My opponent was John Christian, a big 200-pounder with a voice that could be heard all over the park. But halfway through the game he began to yell, "Hey, Durocher, how much are they paying you to throw this game?"

I asked a special cop, Joe Moore, to bring the guy down to me. Joe brought him to the little cubicle behind the dugout and left immediately.

I told Christian I didn't object to anything he wanted to say about my ability as a manager, because that's what he paid his money to do. "But," I said, "when you call me a crook and yell that I am deliberately throwing the ball game, now you're getting personal. That I will not stand for. When I come to this ball field, every day of my life, I have one thing in mind, and that's to win."

Christian just stood there, and I couldn't tell whether I was getting through to him. So I said, "Any more than it gives me the right when this ball game is over to find out where you live, go to your house, press the doorbell, and when your mother opens the door, or your sister, call her a prostitute. You would have the right to come out and kill me.

"So," I said, "you go back up and yell that I can't manage up an alley or anything else like that, but don't you ever again accuse me of throwing a game."

The lecture over, I started up the stairs to go back to the dugout. As I reached the top, he hollered up. "Leo . . . it still goes."

Well, the words were hardly out of his mouth and—*boom*—I went down about eight steps and never hit one of them. As I testified in court, Christian turned and ran for the door but slipped on some wet cement and broke his jaw.

Only once did any baseball player ever go away out of bounds with me. I lost my head completely, answered in kind and—for the only time—went so far beyond the line that I was bitterly ashamed of myself afterward. The player at the other end of that exchange was Jackie Robinson.

My part in the signing of Jackie Robinson was zero. I never even saw him play until he came to spring training the following year, and even then Branch Rickey had him in the minor-league camp, attached to the Montreal roster. What happened was exactly the opposite. Early in the spring we went to Panama for a two-week series against the native players. The Montreal club, including Robinson and three other Negroes, came to Panama too. Just after we got there, one of my coaches, Clyde Sukeforth, reported he was picking up talk that the players were getting up a petition to warn us against bringing up Robinson.

Mr. Rickey being due to join us the following day, I decided to hold off and let him handle it. I was hardly convinced, understand, that the story was true. What did the damn fools think they were going to do—strike? To check it out, I spent the day praising Robinson to a select group of players. The total reaction, though somewhat guarded, was very discouraging.

Leo's system: get tough

As I lay in bed that night, unable to sleep, I suddenly asked myself why the hell I was playing it so coy. The thing to do, quite obviously, was to step on them hard *before* they had taken the irreversible step of putting their names on the petition. I jumped right out of bed, woke up my coaches and instructed them to round up all the players and bring them downstairs. Still in my pajamas, I scouted around for a meeting place and stumbled across the perfect spot, a huge kitchen right behind the mess hall.

In came the players, some in pajamas, some still buckling their trousers. They sat on the chopping blocks and on the counters; they leaned sleepily against the refrigerator and the stoves.

"Boys," I said, waking them up quick, "you know what you can do with your petition." I said, "I'll play an elephant if he can do the job, and to make room for him I'll send my own brother home. And here's something else to think about when you put your head back on the pillow. From everything I hear, he's only the first. Only the first, boys. There's many more coming right behind him and they have the talent and they come to play. They're going to come, boys, and they're going to come scratching and diving. Unless you fellows wake up, they're going to run you right out of the ball park.

"So," I said, "I don't want to see your petition and I don't want to hear anything more about it. The meeting is over; go back to bed."

That was that. I still couldn't tell you whether they'd ever got to the point of actually drawing the petition up. Mr. Rickey flew in the next morning, called the key players into his room, individually, and laid down the law.

Because I was never self-conscious about it, I told Robinson frankly that as the first Negro player he was bound to be the subject of a great deal of resentment. The best thing he could do if he was knocked down, I said, was to look upon it as a compliment. "They're afraid of you," I said, "or they wouldn't be trying to scare you. Just get up out of the dirt and let the rest of us handle it."

And we did protect him. One day in St. Louis, when Eddie Dyer was managing the Cards, they threw behind Jackie's back. Jackie bounced up so mad that he swelled up like a porpoise. I kept making zipping motions across my mouth from the coaching line and hollering, "Get to hitting, buddy. We'll take care of it."

Now let me make it clear that no manager has ever told a pitcher to throw at an opposing batter. He'd have to be crazy to. Suppose the pitcher hit the batter on the head and killed him. A firm suggestion is something else again. "Well," I said, walking back to the bench. "It looks as if they're taking out after our boy. . . ."

I wish I could remember who my pitcher was, because the next time Stan Musial came to bat he flattened him with the first pitch. His second pitch undressed him—everything went flying, bat, cap and all.

Musial is what I call a double professional. He knew this was part of the game and he wasn't going to complain. He just stopped off at the coaching line, and with that twinkle that is always in his eye, he said, "Man, I haven't got the ball out there. I didn't throw at your man."

"Stan, old boy," I said. "You'd better tell that man in there to let my man alone. As far as I know, I've got twenty-five players too. And Robinson is one of my best. You're the best player I know on the Cardinals, Stan. It looks to me like for every time they give my man one, you're gonna get two."

We never had any more trouble with the Cardinals as far as Mr. Robinson was concerned.

I had no way of knowing, of course, that Jackie was the kind of player who—like me—had to be diving and scratching and yelling to be at his best. I do know that when I went over to the Giants, Jackie and I were always needling each other. Because by that time he had become as bad as me. And the more I needled him, the more he killed me. Robinson not only hit a ton against us, he always seemed to be getting the hit that either tied the game or beat us. It got to be an obsession with me. I'd run out to the pitcher's box and say, "Don't let this man beat us again. Anybody but him."

Out of all the jockeying came this vicious exchange I referred to. I was coaching at third, Jackie was playing second base. We had spent the day exchanging our usual pleasantries, with Jackie yelling things like, "Hey, Leo, is that Laraine's perfume you're wearing?" At the end of one particularly rough observation about my "Hollywood friends," he shouted, ". . . and that goes for that Hollywood wife of yours too."

I lost my head completely and went charging out onto the field after him. Jackie, knowing he had stepped away out of bounds, was trying to laugh it off to show he hadn't really meant it. But by then it was too late; I could have killed him.

You have to believe me when I say that I have no race consciousness at all. Never. Still, I found myself calling him things that would have shamed the worst bigot. I found words coming out of my mouth that I would swear had never so much as passed through my mind before.

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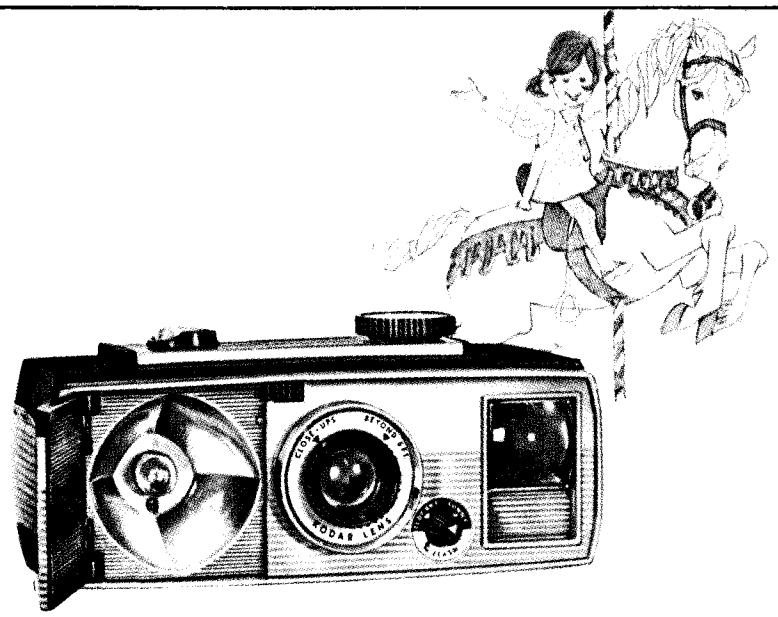

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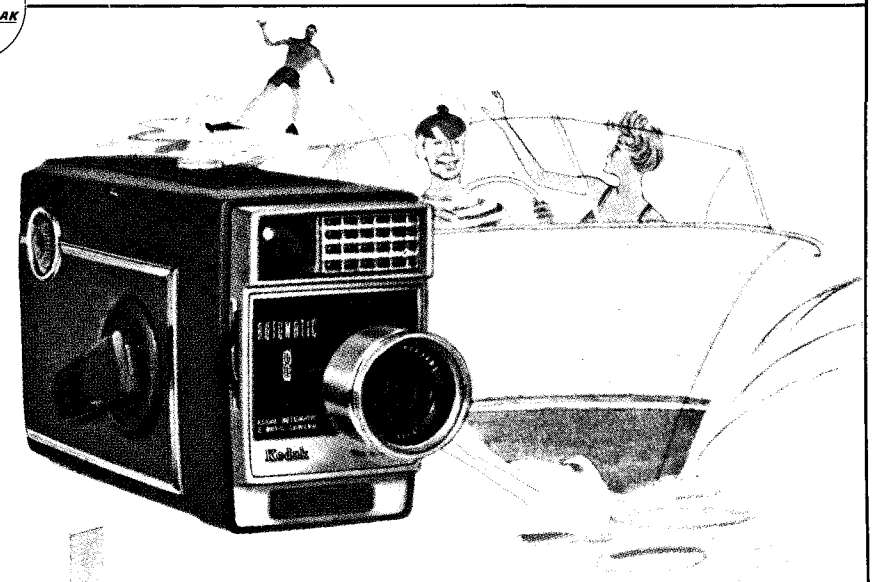

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LEO DUROCHER

In the back of my head a small voice was saying: *What are you saying, Leo? Get ahold of yourself.* But the words kept flowing out. Pee Wee Reese of the Dodgers had cut me off at shortstop and he kept jerking his head, very disturbed, and muttering, "Leo . . . Leo . . . don't you see? . . . Can't you see? . . ."

As soon as I got control of myself I could have bitten my tongue off. I had never been so ashamed of myself in my life. And then, to really make it a moment to remember, I looked around and there on second base and third base were Henry Thompson and Monte Irvin, my own two Negro players.

I just thought, *Please, God, let a hole open beneath me and swallow me up.* I walked back to the coach's box, hanging my head, unable to even look at Monte Irvin, a man for whom I've always had an enormous respect. Monte must have seen exactly how I felt. He said, "Go get him, Skip. He had no right to say that to you. Anything you say, goes double for me."

But whatever I might yell at him, Jackie Robinson always had a great psychological advantage over me. He knew that I admired him as a ballplayer and as a competitor. He was a Durocher with talent. We had something else in common too. Both of us owed a great deal to Branch Rickey.

Mr. Rickey and I had rejoined forces in 1943 when the Brooklyn Trust Company, which owned the club, brought him in to take Larry MacPhail's place, after Larry had gone into the Army. Then, as earlier, Mr. Rickey liked to tell in moments of stress: "Luke. Chapter 15, verse 11: 'A certain man had two sons . . .'" And, as I'd sit there, Mr. Rickey recited the parable of the Prodigal Son to me from beginning to end.

I am no student of the Bible, but I didn't go to school just to eat my lunch either. I'd have had to be a fool not to know that he was talking about me, not some Class-D pitcher. Through our years together, Mr. Rickey recited the Return of the Prodigal Son to me many, many times. Always in comment, ostensibly, about some other sinner, but always at a time when I knew he looked on me as something less than the leading candidate for secretary of the Y.M.C.A.

It got so that I could almost recite the Return of the Prodigal Son with him, right down to that most moving ending: "It was meet that we should make merry, and be glad: for this thy brother was dead, and is alive again; and was lost, and is found." I was so moved that I sometimes resolved to mend my ways.

It is well to keep this very special relationship between Mr. Rickey and myself in mind, as background to the most critical part of my life, the 18-month period in which I was married to Laraine Day, suspended from baseball and transferred—through Rickey's sleight of hand—to the Dodgers' mortal enemies, the New York Giants.

My romance with Laraine Day began, in faultless Class-B-movie style, with her hating my guts.

I first met Laraine when she came to New York on a War Bond tour with two old friends of mine, Allan Jones and Irene Hervey. I invited Allan and Irene, together with Laraine and her husband, Ray Hendricks, out to dinner. We all met at my penthouse apartment first for a drink. Laraine, who is a very strict Mormon, has never smoked a cigarette or drank an alcoholic beverage—or for that matter a cup of coffee—in her life. Allan and Ray were presumably drinking nothing stronger than beer, but every time they went into the kitchen, they'd take a good belt of Scotch. By the time we left for the Stork Club, they were both feeling pretty good. I was feeling uncomfortable because Laraine was glaring at me.

The next day I called to confirm a handball date. Laraine picked up the phone, told me coldly that the boys weren't there and slammed the receiver down.

Dissolve to the winter of 1946. I was taking my annual vacation in California, living at my good friend George Raft's house and playing golf at the Hillcrest Country Club. Mr. Rickey called to instruct me to meet him in Senator Bricker's office in Columbus, Ohio, to discuss my contract.

The first plane I could catch was a midnight flight to Chicago. From there, I was to grab a train to Columbus. I rushed to the airport, only to find that the flight was going to be delayed three hours.

While I was in the restaurant killing time, Laraine walked in with her twin brother Lamar, her mother and father, and her traveling companion, Ilene Germaine. A familiar face in an airport is like a familiar face overseas.

When we finally got aboard the plane, everybody else seemed to go right to sleep. Laraine and I whispered across the aisle through the whole flight, though, and she explained she had been annoyed with me in New York because she had been trying to cut down on her husband's drinking.

She was going to Minneapolis, it developed, to represent her studio at the premiere of *Sister Kenny*, because Rosalind Russell, the star of the picture, had been taken suddenly ill.

We also discovered that we both planned to return to Chicago on Saturday and catch the same early flight back to Los Angeles Sunday morning. I invited Laraine and Ilene to dinner Saturday night and took them—courtesy of her studio—to the play *Dream Girl.*

When we landed in Los Angeles, on Sunday, Laraine's mother, brother and her two adopted children, Michele, who was two, and Chris, who was a babe in arms, were waiting for her. By this time, we were all so friendly that they drove me back to George's house and invited me to drop over later for lunch.

A few days later, to reciprocate, I invited them all to dinner at Larue's. Ray Hendricks, who hadn't been in evidence previously, was with them. Laraine invited me to accompany them to a sneak preview of her upcoming picture the following week. This time, to my surprise, Ray wasn't in the car when they picked me up. Laraine told me he was going to join us at the theater.

Laraine saved the aisle seat, alongside her, but Ray didn't show. When the lights came up, though, there he stood, in a pair of dirty old white pants, glaring at her. He was badly in need of a shave and acted as if he'd had a few.

Laraine's mother nudged me with her elbow, and I quickly followed her out to the car. If a husband and wife were going to have a spat, I was happy to be somewhere else.

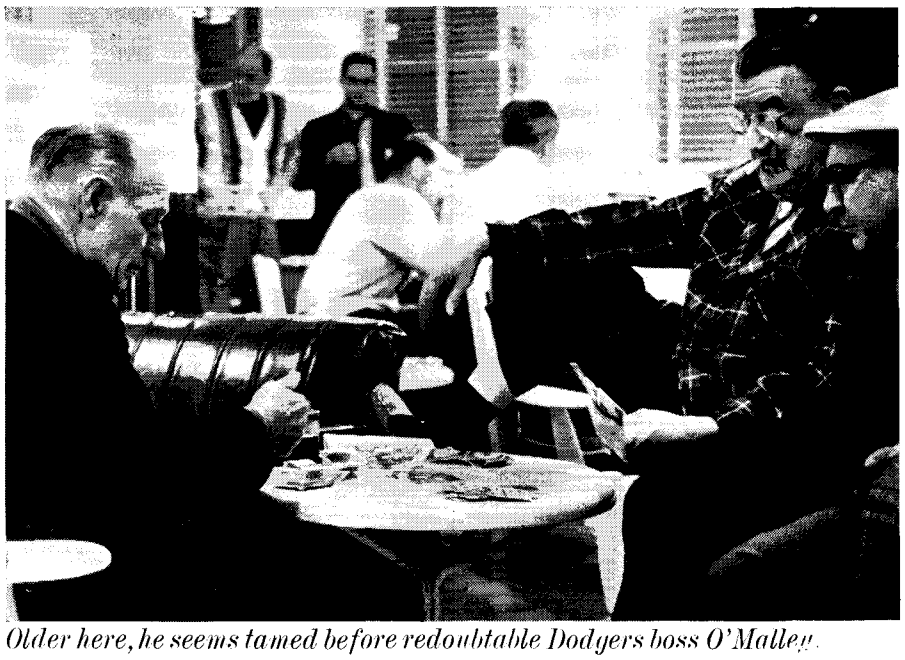
At 3:30 in the morning the phone woke me up. The first words—I will never forget them if I live to be a hundred—were, "Are you in love with my wife?"

Durocher and two ferocious friends: Boss MacPhail and Boss Rickey.

Leo and the front offices: Either it's love or hate

Leo hugs Giants Boss Stoneham.

Durocher and one ferocious enemy: ex-baseball czar Happy Chandler.


Older here, he seems tamed before redoubtable Dodgers boss O'Malley.

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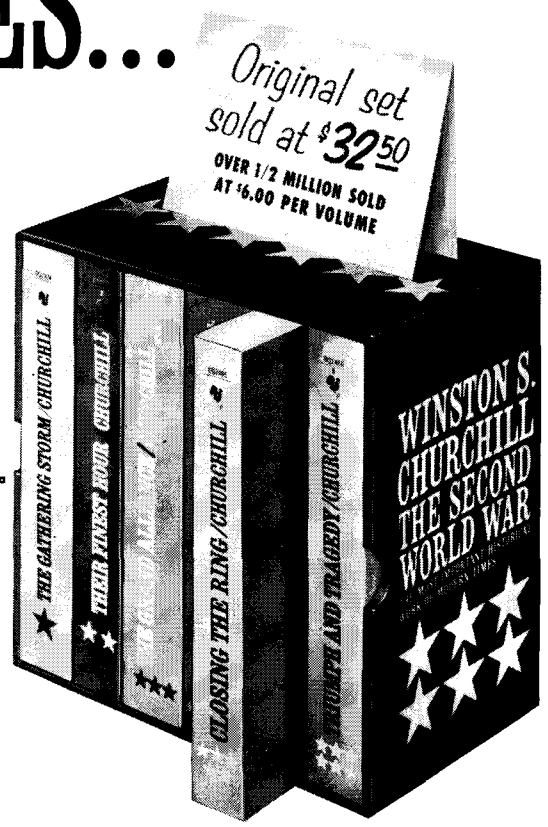
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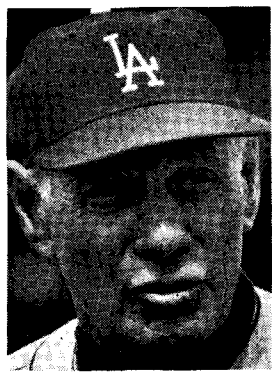

Leo, Laraine: a storm of a beginning

LEO DUROCHER

Well, I was half-asleep, but a question like that can clear your mind in a hurry. "Who is this?" I asked.

"You know who it is. I repeat, are you in love with my wife?" By now, I could recognize the somewhat slurred voice of Ray Hendricks. "Because if you are," he said, "you'd better get over here."

I said, "Is your wife there? If she is, put her on the phone. I'd like to speak to her."

Laraine was close to hysterics. I asked her whether she wanted me to come over, and she managed to tell me that she wished I would. I was there in a matter of perhaps 20 minutes. Ray let me in, and walked away without a word. Laraine was sitting very quietly on one of the divans. She was no longer crying; she just seemed stunned. As far as I can remember she didn't utter one word from beginning to end.

Ray was pacing around the room, bellowing, and, from everything he was saying, it was perfectly obvious she had told him they were through.

I sat myself down on a divan on the opposite side of the room from Laraine, and immediately jumped him to find out why he had called *me*.

"Because," he said, "you're in love with my wife."

"What are you talking about? What's the matter with you? Has that whiskey gone to your brain?"

But Ray just kept walking and bellowing. He had only one thought on his mind and it was impossible to shake it loose. "If she were free," he said, "would you marry her tomorrow morning?"

"That's a pretty quick question," I told him, "and you seem to expect a pretty quick answer. . . . I don't know."

"Are you in love with my wife?"

"That I don't know either."

"Durocher, I ought to punch you right in the nose."

I had remained slumped on the divan through it all, but, I tell you, underneath I was tensed and coiled and ready for almost anything. As quietly as possible, I said, "I think that would be a bad move on your part, Ray. For one thing, you've been drinking. For another, I don't think you could do it anyway."

A funny little grin came over his face. "You know something," he said, "I think you're right."

He resumed that nervous pacing again, but he was talking more softly now, first to himself and then to Laraine. He went off on a long and painful monologue about the setbacks he had had, both in his career—he had been a singer at one time—and in his marriage. He talked about how he had fallen asleep with a cigarette in his hand and almost burned the house down and how he had a small job at an aircraft company, and he talked of his other problems. It was as if I weren't there at all.

By the time he had talked himself out, he had also calmed somewhat. "You've always wanted a divorce," he said to Laraine, quietly and rationally. "Well, that's all right with me."

OK, everything was settled. I got up to leave. Ray walked me to the door, quite friendly now. "I'll tell you one thing," he said. "If you do marry her, you're getting yourself a hell of a fine girl."

"Ray," I said, "the unfortunate part of this whole thing is that it was all unnecessary. Number one, your wife and I have never been alone together for five seconds. More important still, you have two adopted children here and, as I understand it, the final papers haven't come through on Michele yet. This can turn out to be very unpleasant for them."

Now, this may sound strange, in the light of everything that had gone before but Ray reached for my hand. Laraine had followed us to the door and, at the mention of the children, the three of us—Laraine, Ray and myself—found ourselves standing there with our hands clasped together. "There will be no trouble about that," Ray said firmly. "Laraine can have her divorce, and there'll be no publicity. Above all, there'll be no unpleasantness for the sake of the kids. Because that's the way *I* want it."

The next morning I was in the headlines. Ray Hendricks had accused Leo Durocher of breaking up his home. If I'd had a double-barreled shotgun in my hands at that moment, and he had been standing in front of me, I swear to God I'd have killed him.

He even filed divorce papers naming me as corespondent, although that suit was dropped quickly enough when his lawyers discovered that Laraine and I had never so much as been alone together.

Laraine then filed for a divorce herself, and he didn't contest it. Well, there's nothing like being named corespondent to start a romance, I always say. After the first newspaper story, I was naturally invited to the house to discuss what we were going to do about it. Before long Laraine and I became very good friends.

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By the time Laraine went into court for the divorce trial, two months after she left Hendricks, we had decided we would eventually be married. Laraine was granted an interlocutory decree, which would become final in a year.

The night of the divorce, we were all sitting around the house, Laraine, her family and myself, and now that she was free, a year began to seem like an awfully ong time. As we talked about it, we all decided, by some common impulse, that the logical thing to do was to fly right down to Juarez, Mexico, which has no residency requirement for a divorce action, then cross over into El Paso, Texas, and be married at once.

By the time we crossed back to El Paso, there were newspapermen and photographers jammed outside the office of the justice of the peace. We ducked the photographers all right, but that turned out to be the least of our troubles. When we got back to the hotel, Laraine phoned her lawyer to let him know we had been married. He warned her that the judge who had granted the California decree, Judge George Dockweiler, might not be too happy about it. I called Judge Dockweiler immediately. My memory is that he had already heard about our marriage but whether he had or not, he was very upset. As far as he was concerned, he said, the marriage was illegal and he was going to see that it was annulled. If we lived under the same roof in Californ'a, he said, we would be committing adultery.

I kept trying to explain that we understood that we couldn't live in California but that he must certainly understand that we were legally married in every other state in the country. I couldn't seem to get that point across, though, because ıe kept yelling "adultery." So finally I said, "The least you can do, your honor, is give me the courtesy of letting me come to your office and explain."

He gave us an appointment for the following day, and that was the end of our honeymoon.

A judge of dignity

When we met in his office—just Laraine, I, the judge and the stenotype operator—I explained that I was living at the Miramar Hotel in Santa Monica (having moved out of George Raft's house for reasons I will go into shortly) and that I intended to stay there until I left for spring training in a few weeks. By the time the baseball season was over, I said, the year would almost be up. In any case, he had our word, absolutely, that we had no intention of living in California until the decree was final.

"Let me ask you something, your honor," I said. "Would you be making such a fuss about this if our names were Zilch and Blow, walking along the street? Would you make this kind of commotion?"

"No," he said. "I certainly wouldn't. I can't watch everybody. But there's one thing I can do. I can make an example of you two."

"Ohhhh," I told him. "In other words, vou would *condone* what you consider dultery by two other people, but you're *not going to condone* it by us, is that what you're telling me?"

And the good judge told us, sitting right across the table from us, that he was concerned only with upholding the dignity of his court. It would be a simple matter, he said, for us to restore the dignity of the court by setting aside the Mexican divorce. "Once that's done," he said, "I don't care what you do."

"Let me tell you something, your honor," I said. "This is my *wife* you are talking about. I am *married* to this girl. You can do anything you want but I am going to *stay* married to her." And with that, Laraine and I got up and walked out of his office. A year later, Laraine and I were remarried in California. The marriage lasted 13 years.

By the time of our California marriage, I had been suspended from baseball. To this day, if you ask me *why* I was suspended I could not say. Neither could any writer who followed the case.

A couple of days after that first unexpected blast by Ray Hendricks, I had received a call from Happy Chandler, who had become commissioner of baseball.

Happy ordered me to meet him at the Claremont Golf Club in Berkeley. His tone did not suggest he was interested in a friendly round of golf. We had lunch together at the golf club, and then he walked three holes with me in the misty rain before I gave it up. Once we were out on the course, Chandler pulled out a slip of paper, containing the names of a number of people he did not look upon as forces for good within the community—or even, possibly, as worthy contributors to a senator's campaign fund.

The reason Chandler was concerned about my friends and associates was reasonably clear on the surface. The basketball point-shaving scandals had previously been uncovered, and warnings about the influence of gamblers in other sports filled the newspapers, much as they do right now.

Chandler's first question was: "Do you know Joe Adonis?"

I had a nodding acquaintance with Joe Adonis. I used to see him around the ball park, always with two or three guys around him. Whenever he caught my eye, he'd say hello, and I would nod. He looked far more like a banker than like a man who was supposed to be high up in Murder Incorporated.

Bugsy Siegel was on the list. I had been introduced to him once in a barbershop.

Two of the other names were Memphis Engleberg and Connie Immerman. Engleberg was a close friend of Charlie Dressen and a good friend of mine. He was probably the best horse handicapper I've seen. Immerman had run the Cotton Club back in my early days in New York. I had known him through the years, seen him occasionally and always liked him.

There were others on the list, some of whom I knew and some of whom I didn't. I agreed to stop speaking, nodding to or associating with them all.

Once the list had been taken care of, the commissioner told me that for my own good he was ordering me to move out of George Raft's home.

Now, that didn't come as a complete shock. Back in 1941, just before Brooklyn was to play in the World Series, Judge Landis had ordered me to get back the four tickets I had given George to my private box. Landis claimed he had evidence that George had won $100,000 betting baseball games, and when it came to gambling the judge was an absolute fanatic. Just by the way he pronounced the word you knew the judge thought it was a couple of gamblers who had started all that trouble in Sodom and Gomorrah.

MacPhail gave Raft four seats in his own box, right next to mine, but George had been so mad that, for a while there, he was going to sue the judge.

The Dodgers were training in Havana in 1947, the year of my suspension. By the time I got there, Westbrook Pegler had written a column, filled with untruths and innuendos, picturing me as an intimate friend of gangsters. Worse yet, just as spring training was getting under way, the head of the Brooklyn chapter of the Catholic Youth Organization pulled his 50,000 boys out of the Dodgers Knothole Club on the grounds that I was "a powerful force for undermining the moral and spiritual training of our young boys." I have never claimed to be in any danger of sprouting wings, but I have never considered myself a corrupter of the young. From a very casual observation, I had every confidence that the young men of Brooklyn were quite capable of corrupting themselves without any help from me.

But do you think I was worried? Do you think I was running scared? You bet your sweet life I was.

Luciano—what a pal

Throughout spring training, I beat a narrow path from my hotel to the ball park and back to the hotel room. I had my meals sent up to the room, where I'd be in no danger of shaking the wrong hand or talking to the wrong person. Until Laraine finally came to Havana, after finishing her pictures and tying up the loose ends of the divorce proceedings, I didn't even have anybody to talk to.

And then one day I came home from a workout dead tired and decided we would give ourselves a real treat by going back out into the civilized world and relaxing around the pool. While Branch Rickey Jr., Laraine and I were lounging around in front of the cabana, a stranger walked over, pointed to a group playing cards on the other side of the pool and told me he had a friend who was just dying to meet me. "He's a great fan," he said, "and he's always admired you."

At this point, the President of the United States would have needed a security clearance in order to get a curt nod from me. This guy was persistent, though, and to get him off my back, Branch Jr. went over to find out who my devoted admirer was.

When he came back, he was grinning from ear to ear. "Who do you think wants to shake your hand, Leo?" he said. "Only Lucky Luciano."

I grabbed Laraine's hand instead, and we ran upstairs.

After all that care and caution, two incidents, both so minor that I scarcely gave them a second thought, did me in. We were scheduled to play exhibition series against the Yankees in both Caracas and Havana. When we returned from the Caracas trip, Walter O'Malley informed me that MacPhail was furious about a column I had written for the Brooklyn *Eagle*. More accurately, my name was on a column, *Durocher Says*, which Harold Parrott, our traveling secretary, was writing for me. Between you and me, since I didn't write it, I didn't read it either, which seemed to balance the whole thing off nicely. I knew Harold would never write anything I couldn't stand behind—and he never did.

If MacPhail was that angry, I decided it might be amusing to find out what I had said. Hell, all the column did was needle him a little about having hired Charlie Dressen away from us. The key lines went: "Dressen's only out as far as his Brooklyn contract was concerned was that he could sign to manage a major-league club elsewhere. Has MacPhail promised Charlie this? What does this mean to Bucky Harris [the Yankee manager]? Be sure I will ask these questions when we meet in Caracas tomorrow."

It was nothing.

Before the first Havana game, I looked up behind the Yankee dugout and there in one of the Yankee boxes, sitting right alongside MacPhail, were Engleberg and Immerman. It burned me up to think that while I had to run away from them like a scared rabbit, it was perfectly all right for MacPhail not only to socialize with them but also to give them free seats.

The next day they were there again. This time, as I was crossing the field, Dick Young, a reporter, stopped me. Rickey, he said, had blown his top in the hotel the previous day, bellowing that there seemed to be one set of rules for Durocher and another for everybody else.

Did I agree? he asked. Well, you know me. Ask me a question and you get an answer. You're damn right I agreed. "Where does MacPhail come off flaunting his company with a known gambler right in the players' faces?" I said. "If I even said 'hello' to one of those guys, I'd be called up before Commissioner Chandler and probably barred."

Nothing inflammatory about that. That's what Chandler himself had implied in our talk on the golf course.

Rickey's statement and mine hit the papers like a bomb, the first time we had taken the offensive from MacPhail in months. A week later MacPhail counterattacked by demanding that the commissioner call a hearing "to determine responsibility of the statements and then whether they are true or not." If false, he wanted a ruling on whether they constituted "conduct detrimental to baseball."

Just to set this straight right now, there is no doubt whatsoever that the statements were true: Engleberg and Immerman were in MacPhail's box. Their tickets had been left at the box office, in the name of Larry MacPhail, by Red Patterson, then the Yankee publicity man.

For good measure, MacPhail also objected to my column. Even here, though, Larry seemed to have his sights set on Rickey, not me. Knowing darn well that Parrott was writing the column, Larry was protesting on the grounds that they were "authorized by officials of the Brooklyn Baseball Club."

The commissioner, who, as everybody knew, owed his job to MacPhail, scheduled a hearing in Sarasota. The Brooklyn contingent, gathered for a prehearing conference in Rickey's apartment, treated the whole thing as a joke. Everybody except me. "I'm telling you now," I said. "There's been too much talk. When all the smoke clears away, the building is going to fall on me."

Everybody hooted. Our lawyer, former U.S. Senator George Williams of Missouri, hadn't even bothered to set up a defense. Based on the charges, he said, there was nothing to defend.

"I've got a hunch," I said, "that the commissioner is laying for me." And then something happened to make me surer. Two days before the hearing, Branch's brother-in-law died. Before he left for the funeral, Branch asked the commissioner for a postponement. The commissioner refused. Well, if Rickey wasn't going to be there, who was left? I looked all around me, and I couldn't see anybody but little Leo.

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"You are hereby dismissed and hereby silenced"

Laraine Day as Leo's loyal rooter.

LEO DUROCHER

The hearing room at the Sarasota Terrace Hotel was set up like a courtroom. The commissioner was sitting there like a judge. The Yankees, represented only by MacPhail and Dan Topping, were on one side of the room, the Dodger officials were on the other. I was put in the witness chair.

At the direction of the commissioner MacPhail stood up and read the *Durocher Says* column from beginning to end.

The moment he had finished, I said, "Well, Larry, as far as I'm concerned that's all baseball jargon. That's baseball talk, Larry. That's the way you and I have always talked."

I said, "Look, Larry, I didn't mean anything derogatory about you. I worked for you, and you fired me—how many times? You must have fired me sixty times and we were always friends. Maybe I have needled you a little bit in there, but to me it was nothing personal. If you think I should, I will publicly apologize. I don't want you as an enemy of mine. We've been friends too long."

MacPhail just took the clipping he had been reading from, ripped it up into little pieces and let the pieces drift to the floor. He came over to the witness chair and put his arm around me. "You've always been a great guy with me, and you always will be a great guy," he said. "Forget it, buddy, it's over."

I sat down. I'd been worried about nothing, as everybody said all along.

Only it wasn't over. The commissioner turned to me and said, "Now let me ask some questions here."

And he took me off in another direction entirely. He took me down a road I had never heard about. The commissioner said, "Is there any crap shooting on your club?"

What? I just stared at him.

"Do you shoot craps on the ball club? Do you carry dice on your ball club?"

"No, sir. There has never been a pair of dice in my clubhouse. There has never been any boys shooting craps on my club, in the clubhouse or, as far as I know, on the train, in a hotel room, anywhere."

"Well," he said, "that isn't the way I hear it."

"I don't care how you hear it. You're hearing it wrong. There has never been a pair of dice in my clubhouse."

"Do you have any card playing on your ball club?"

Card playing? I explained that before Mr. Rickey ordered me to put a stop to it, we'd had some very interesting poker games. "We play a little gin now," I said. "A little fan-tan."

"That's not what I'm talking about. Do you play for high stakes with any of your players yourself?"

I knew now where he was leading me. I played gin rummy regularly with Kirby Higbe, one of my pitchers, and always managed to have him about $600 or $800 in debt to me. Of course, that wasn't saying too much for my game, because Kirby couldn't beat your aunt from Duluth. Every time he won a ball game, I'd leave a note on his locker, telling him to deduct $200 from the bill. It was a great system. It kept Kirby from losing real money, and it gave him an extra incentive when he was out there pitching.

But, as I explained to Chandler, I had never taken 10 cents in actual cash from Higbe in my life.

With all that inside information of his blown to hell, there was nothing left for Chandler to do but take up my quote about the gamblers in MacPhail's box. I told him I had been quoted correctly and started to remind him that these were two of the men he himself had specifically warned me against associating with at the meeting at Claremont.

Before I could finish, the commissioner cut me off. "All right," he said. "You are hereby dismissed and you are hereby silenced."

I was half out of the witness chair when that last word hit me. I turned back to him, bewildered.

"That means," he said, "you cannot discuss one word of this with anyone. When you walk out this door you are forever silenced."

I went downstairs to the lobby, and the first person I saw was Mrs. Chandler, a beautiful and affable and charming woman. "What's the matter with your old man?" I asked her. "Is he crazy or something?"

"Aahhhh," she said. "A little publicity, Leo. Nothing. Forget it. You going to buy me a drink?"

We went into the bar. She had a couple of drinks, and I had a couple of Cokes. "Relax, Leo," she said. "You know MacPhail. You know my husband. You should know better by now than to worry about those two."

Brooklyn backed me

The day before the season was to open, we were all gathered in the Brooklyn office at Montague Street to discuss our playing personnel. The phone rang, and the minute Rickey picked it up, the whole room went silent. Just by his attitude we knew what it was about. His bushy eyebrows shot up the way they do when he is shocked; he ran his hand through his hair the way he does when he's upset. When he lit his cigar, the scratching of his match seemed to rip through the air. I remember very distinctly what his first words were. "You can't *do* that!" he said.

After he hung up the receiver, it seemed like four days before he said a word. Then he said to Harold Parrott, "You have been fined $500."

Another hour seemed to go by. "The Brooklyn club has been fined $2,000."

Again silence, and I couldn't stand to wait. "What happened to *me*?" I asked. "I know *I* didn't get away."

Very softly, Mr. Rickey said, "You have been suspended for one year."

I can still hear my next two words: "For *what*?"

Mr. Rickey, still running his hand through his hair, shook his head back and forth and said, almost blankly, "I . . . don't . . . know."

One thing I must say. The Brooklyn club did not walk away from me. On the contrary, the whole organization gathered around me. George V. McLaughlin, president of the Brooklyn Trust Company, appointed himself my legal adviser. A meeting was held at the Hotel Pierre that same night to decide what we were going to do. John L. Smith, the strong man among the new split ownership, was there, with a couple of judges, including New York State Supreme Court Justice Henry L. Ughetta, a director of the club, and a scattering of lawyers.

The first point they debated, to my astonishment, was whether I should sue the commissioner. "You'll win any suit," I was told. "There's no question of that. But when you win, you'll lose." The word "blackball" was never used, but in my nonlegal mind I could see that little black ball bouncing all around the room. Their final advice was: Go back to California. Sit tight. Don't sue.

Back to California we went. I spent the whole year playing golf and clearing the ground for a new home Laraine and I were building.

While I was chopping down trees, I was also taking a swing or two at the commissioner. Even though he could silence me publicly, he could not silence me, man to man. My opinion of Chandler, already rock bottom, kept hitting new lows daily.

Four days after the Sarasota hearing there had been a second hearing, this time in St. Petersburg, to take Branch Rickey's testimony. When he came back to camp, Branch told me that Chandler had kept pointing to his breast pocket where, presumably, he had a letter from Justice Frank Murphy of the U.S. Supreme Court, a leading Catholic layman. Justice Murphy, Chandler told him, was demanding that I be expelled from baseball. Rickey assured me Happy had just been fishing for his reaction but, still, I tell you, it put me in a spin. The Supreme Court was worried about Leo Durocher, baseball manager?

As soon as we got back to New York, I called Steve Hannegan, a good friend of mine and, I knew, an old friend of Justice Murphy. "I don't believe one word of it," Steve said.

"Can you find out for sure?" I asked him.

Both Justice Murphy and Steve Hannegan are dead, but I will swear on a stack of Bibles that what I tell you here is exactly what Hannegan told me. Justice Murphy denied he had written a letter to Chandler, demanding that I be expelled. Even more than that, it was Murphy's opinion, based on what he had read in the papers, that the commissioner did not have the right to suspend me for one minute, let alone one year. As a judge, he felt I had been deprived of about five basic protections of the Bill of Rights, including due process of law and freedom of speech.

I have no way of knowing whether Justice Murphy ever spoke to Happy about using his name in vain. I do know that during the winter Harold Parrott went to the commissioner's office to protest the penalties. "You fined the club $2,000," Harold said. "That's like patting an elephant on the behind. But you fined me $500 and I'm trying to raise a family. And you suspended Durocher for a year."

The commissioner told Harold, "I made a mistake, but there's nothing I can do about it now."

"You made a mistake?" Harold said. "What good does it do me you telling me you made a mistake?"

"You just be quiet and you'll get your $500 back," Happy told him. Shortly thereafter Harold received a check for $500.

Happy wasn't telling the whole wide world he made any mistake. Oh, no. Just the opposite. There were two men he didn't silence. One was Larry MacPhail, the most unsilenceable man who ever lived. The other man the commissioner didn't silence was, of course, himself.

The commissioner, under some attack himself, defended himself by doing the worst thing one man can do to another man. He said nothing and implied everything. He talked first about "my confidential and undisclosed file on Durocher." He said, "If I ever opened my private files on Durocher, the American people would say I acted too leniently." In short, my offenses were so shocking, shameful and vile that Chandler, having led the chaste life of a politician, had not been able to bring himself to make them public.

The first time I read about his "confidential file," I phoned the commissioner and called him everything that one man can call another man. "What things can't we talk about?" I asked him. "There's nothing in my record we can't talk about. I challenge you to open your file. I challenge you to make your reasons for suspending me public. You have none."

Happy kept reminding me, angrily, that I was silenced and that he had the power to suspend me permanently. "Not to you I'm not silenced, you dirty so-and-so," I said. "Any time you make that kind of a statement, you're going to get a call from me."

And any time I saw as much as a line in the paper, his phone was ringing. Oh, we had some long, intimate talks for a while, Happy and I. Happy has a smooth, silken politician's voice, not unlike a faith healer's, but I'm afraid I tended to hog the conversation.

The last time I called I told him, "One more pop-off by you and, I'm warning you now, I'm going to pop off too. I'm going to challenge you to release the transcript of that hearing or, better still, to hold a new hearing publicly. I challenge you to a public debate anywhere in the country you want to hold it. You haven't got the guts."

He made no more statements, and I was back the next year. The following spring, immediately after I had come back, Branch Rickey was opening his new minor-league training school at Vero Beach. The commissioner, that great lover of baseball and free speech, was out at home plate, along with the governor of Florida and assorted dignitaries, to lend his presence to the dedication ceremonies.

I wasn't about to join them. I was sitting on a little wooden bench against a wire fence opposite third base. The ceremonies over, Mr. Rickey and the commissioner strolled down the baseline and stopped right at the coach's box. Mr. Rickey kept calling to me, louder and

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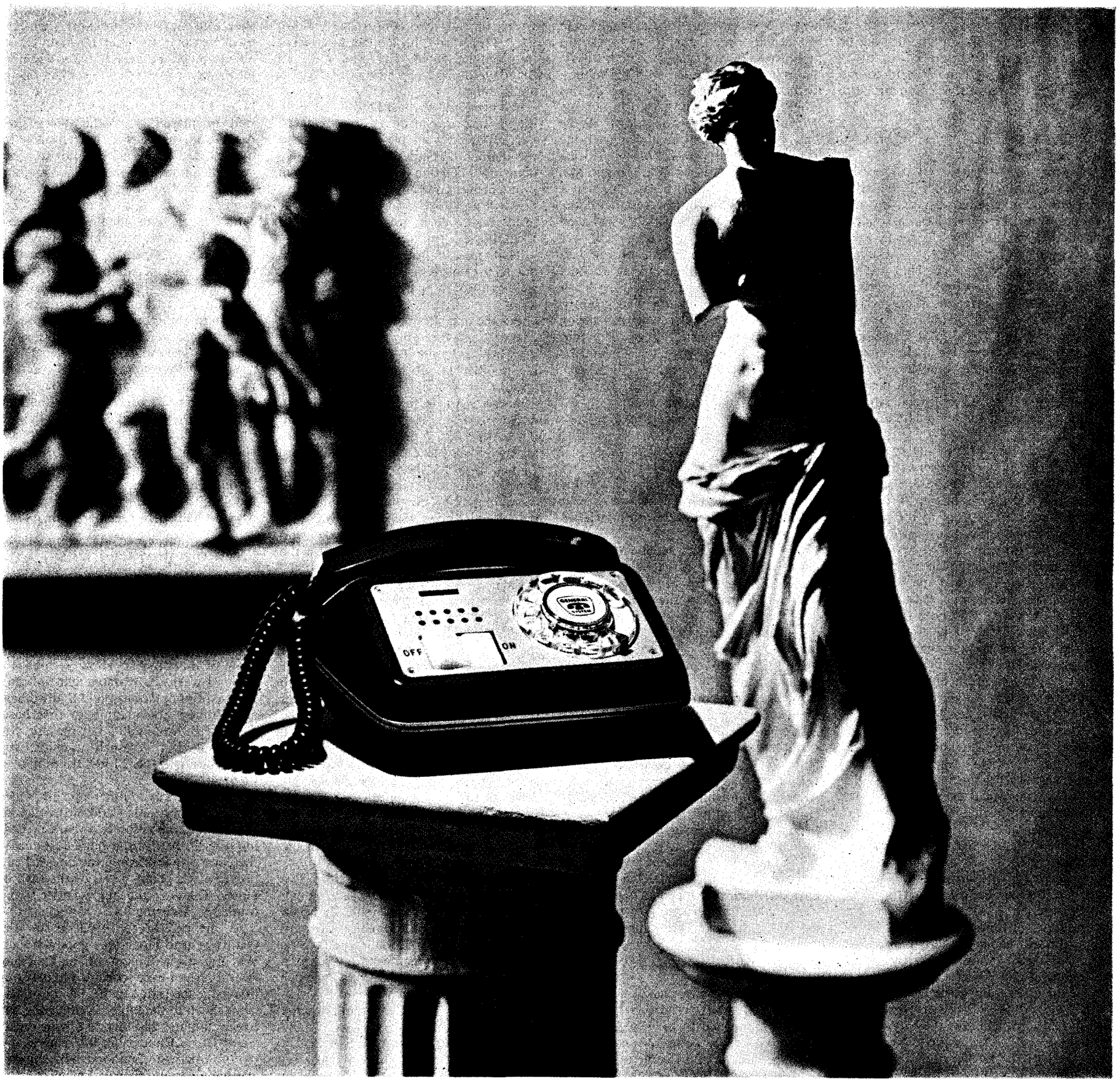

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louder. I didn't budge until he sent one of our coaches over to get me.

The first thing Chandler said to me was, "You didn't want to come out here, did you?"

I said, "No, sir."

"You don't want to let bygones be bygones, then?"

Let bygones be bygones! That was the worst insult of all. I was not fit to associate with decent human beings; my sins were too terrible to be spread across the public records. But let's forget it, Leo? Just campaign oratory, Leo? Not *today*, commissioner! No chance! That was my life he was kicking around like a football.

From what they told me afterward, I'd have loved to be in Chandler's room at the Pennsylvania Hotel in St. Petersburg when a special committee of club owners came in to tell him they were going to buy up his contract and kiss him off. Because from what I was told, he practically got down on his knees and begged for another chance.

The beginning of the end with the Dodgers came not long afterward.

Ten days before the All-Star game, we were playing the Giants in Brooklyn. Having been thrown out of the game, I was in the middle of shaving when Harold Parrott came into the clubhouse and made my day complete by telling me that Mr. Rickey wanted me to resign. I said, "See that phone right there on my desk, Harold? That goes right up to Mr. Rickey's office. If he wants to fire me, let him pick up that phone and send for me. You and I are old friends, so take this the way I mean it, but you tell him I am not going to resign, and I refuse to be fired by a messenger."

A couple of days later, in Philadelphia, Harold came in with another message. This time Mr. Rickey wanted me to pay him a visit at his farm on Chesapeake Bay. "You tell Mr. Rickey," I said, "that I'm not going all the way to Maryland to get fired."

Because the Dodgers had won the pennant while I was chopping trees, I inherited the job of managing the National League All-Stars in St. Louis. The morning of the game, Mr. Rickey called me to his suite. To fire me? Nope. The whole thing, he said, had been a terrible mistake. He had never seriously thought about firing me at all.

He told me I could go to Toronto right after the All-Star game to scout our Montreal farm team for the extra pitching needed. We were going to forget the first half of the season and start fresh.

I listened to it all and I didn't believe a word he was saying. When he had finished, I told him it was his privilege to fire me any time he wanted, but that I was not going to be forced into the position of deserting a sinking ship. "As far as I'm concerned," I told him, "I'm through at the end of this season anyway. After everything that's happened, I wouldn't work for you another day."

I flew to Toronto to scout Montreal. The only trouble was that Montreal wasn't playing in Toronto. Montreal was playing, strangely enough, in Montreal. When I flew to Montreal, Buzzy Bavasi, who was their general manager, was waiting at the airport to pass me the word that Mr. Rickey wanted me to catch the next plane to New York.

Mr. Rickey was waiting at the airport in a limousine. By the time we arrived at the Montague Street office, late at night, it was pitch black outside. There was nobody else in the building. There were no lights in any of the windows in the neighborhood. Mr. Rickey sat in his upholstered swivel chair behind his desk. He put the usual cigar into his mouth, without lighting it now, because by this time he had been told to stop smoking. He just chewed the stubs down to the end. From the time I had been given the message to fly to New York, I had assumed I was fired. I didn't think Mr. Rickey had called me because he had a fatted calf waiting on the banquet table.

Strange and wondrous things had been happening while I was flying all over Canada. Mr. Stoneham, Rickey said, had asked him for permission to talk to Burt Shotton about managing the New York Giants. Branch, of course, had given it. "And then," Mr. Rickey said, measuring me with those penetrating eyes, "I told him he could have his choice. I said he could have either Shotton or Durocher."

Stoneham, given a choice, had immediately asked for Durocher.

"Two questions, Mr. Rickey! One: Am I the manager of *this* ball club? *Now?*"

"Yes, *sir*."

"Two: Will I be the manager of this ball club tomorrow, next week, next month and until the close of the 1948 season?"

Mr. Rickey swiveled around and stared out the window into the blackness. He chewed his cigar. He said not one word.

"I don't know what the hell you expect to see out there!" I said, leaping out of my chair. "Where is Mr. Stoneham's number?"

I told Mr. Stoneham I'd meet him at my apartment at 46 East 61st Street just as quickly as I could get there. Then I phoned Laraine, telling her only that a gentleman would come to the door. I asked her to make him a drink and keep him company until I arrived.

Laraine had never met Stoneham. After he had introduced himself and Carl Hubbell, he told her, "We're waiting for Leo to get here. He may be managing our ball club tomorrow."

The Dodgers were playing in Cincinnati that night, and, in the background, Laraine had the radio turned to the game. "Then what am I listening to this for?" she said, and clicked the radio off.

Profits from trouble

I have a philosophy, such as it is, about trouble and adversity. Everything that has ever happened to me has, I believe, happened for the best. I would change nothing. Laraine and I came under fire? It brought us closer together. Chandler picked me out as his private whipping boy? It only helped to lose him his job and rally people around us. The Giants fans refused to accept me in the beginning? I didn't say, "To hell with them; let 'em eat cake." I stiffened my neck and vowed that, like me or not, I was going to give them a ball club so exciting to watch that they'd come out in spite of me and in spite of themselves.

I had to fight Horace Stoneham to get "my kind of team"? That only made the ultimate victory sweeter. And in three years we won the pennant by tying the Dodgers with the greatest stretch run in the history of baseball—37 wins in our final 44 games—and ending the playoff series with the most dramatic single moment in the history of sports—Bobby Thomson's home run.

People are always telling me what a thrill it must have been to see Thomson's home run go into the bleachers. They are wrong on only two counts: (1) I didn't see it. (2) I wasn't thrilled, because I went into complete shock. The mind, I learned that day, can be a very strange and frightening thing.

We went into the last half of the ninth inning that day, trailing the Dodgers, 4–1. I waited for my players to come into the dugout. "Fellows," I said, "you've done just a hell of a job all year long. I'm proud of every one of you. Now let's leave this ball field, every one of us, with our heads high. We've got three whacks at them, boys, it's not over yet."

That doesn't mean that when I went out to the coaching lines, I didn't think we'd lost it. I'm an optimist, but I'm not a nut.

But the first two men singled, and now I became goose-pimply all over and, boy, my wheels are spinning. Man. I got to get me another knock here. But I'm way ahead of it. If Irvin singles, I have a run in and a man on first and second with nobody out and Whitey Lockman coming to bat. Am I going to play it conservatively and let Lockman bunt or am I going to go for the whole ball of wax? Irvin immediately takes that decision out of my hands by popping up, but Lockman doubles down the left-field line, and all of a sudden I've got the tying runs on base. Thomson is at the plate, and the Dodgers are bringing in Branca.

I'm not thinking of a home run; a home run never occurred to me. This is the last inning, we've got to get that tying run in, that's all I'm thinking about. Now, when the ball left Thomson's bat I knew it was going to hit the wall, but it didn't occur to me that it was going over. There were very few home runs hit into the lower deck at the Polo Grounds, because of the overhang from the upper deck. Only a line shot—a rising line drive—ever went in there. This one was far too low to hit the overhang, and it was a *sinking* line drive. I can't remember any ball hit like that ever going in before. (The fans out there told me later that it got over the fence by no more than the width of the baseball.)

Remember, I'm coaching at third. I've got work to do. As soon as I saw the ball was up in the air, I automatically yelled for the man on third to tag up. A second later, I could see the ball wouldn't be caught and I'm screaming for Lockman *not* to tag up. I'm screaming: "Come on! Come on! You're the tying run!"

Lockman came on, and that's when I turned to pick up the ball again . . . and all of a sudden there was no ball.

And that's the last thing I really remember. I would have bet every dollar in the national debt that I would have kept my head in any kind of crisis, but I didn't. I blanked out. The last picture I have in my mind is the sight of the fans reaching and jumping in the left-field bleachers, frozen and unmoving, like a still photo. Lockman is halfway down the line, caught in full stride and—as improbable as it sounds—Pee Wee Reese is still in his normal position at shortstop, his hands on his knees, looking back over his head, his mouth open in surprise. All of it frozen, you understand, like a picture. Like one huge mural.

Now, I knew that couldn't be right. Logic told me that Pee Wee had to have run out to take a possible relay. Still, that's what I saw then, and that's the picture that is still stamped indelibly into my mind.

That same fall I went to a big dinner for Pee Wee in Louisville and I asked him about it. To my utter astonishment, Pee Wee told me I was probably right. His own memory was that he hadn't been able to move. Because Pee Wee had gone into shock too. "When I walked off the field," he said, "and we were in the clubhouse I just sat in front of my locker and said to myself"—and his voice grew dazed and very soft as he relived it for me—"I said to myself, 'It's not so. They just called time for a minute. We're going to go back out and play. They . . . can't . . . do . . . this . . . to . . . us. They can't beat us with one swing of the bat like that after we were in front by thirteen and a half games.'" And Pee Wee told me, "I sat there in front of my locker for I don't know how long, stunned . . . 'It's not over. I don't believe it. It's not so. We're going out in a few minutes to finish the game. They just called time for a minute. They've called time. . . .'"

When Pee Wee told me that, I could remember one other thing that surprised me. In that one frozen moment I had felt sorry for Pee Wee and Gil and all the rest of my old boys. Not that I wouldn't have cursed them if they had beaten us, but, still, I knew what they were going through, and I shed a couple of drops of blood with them in memory of the old days we had spent together in Brooklyn.

"What a genius I was"

That was "The Miracle of Coogan's Bluff," and after it was over I was being widely proclaimed as all the great managers rolled into one. At the risk of ruining my reputation with an unaccustomed show of humility, I'll show you what a genius I was. The team caught fire after I moved Bobby Thomson in to third base and Whitey Lockman in to first base. Brilliant moves, right? Let me ask you something. If I was such a genius, why didn't I do it earlier? I was tripping over them all year.

In 1954 we won another pennant. Once again I was a genius—and in the nick of time too, because for two years preceding that I'd been just a bum. Just in case there are any scoffers in the house, I can prove what a genius I was by the saga of Dusty Rhodes, the night rider from Mathews, Alabama.

At the end of the 1953 season the Giants went to Japan on a goodwill tour. We arrived in Tokyo on a Thursday afternoon and were scheduled to play our first game the next day. Friday morning I came down to the lobby to catch our bus to the stadium, and there, in living color, stood Dusty Rhodes, an inspiring example of American manhood. His shirttail was hanging out, his hair was all mussed up, he was just barely able to stand. If the Japanese had any kind of sobriety test, Dusty was a mortal cinch to flunk.

"Are you coming," I said, "or going? Where the hell have you been?"

"Was over to shee my shishter."

"Now I've heard it all," I said. "I know ballplayers have a lot of sisters in a lot of cities, but I didn't know you could find one so quick in Japan."

I said, "The bus leaves in a couple of minutes. You be on it."

Goodwill tour, huh? Not today, Dusty. I put him right into the starting lineup and sat back to watch him suffer. To really infuriate me, he wobbled up to the plate and hit . . . I don't remember whether it was two or three home runs.

I couldn't wait until the game was over, so that I could run down to Mr. Stoneham's suite and demand that he get rid of Rhodes.

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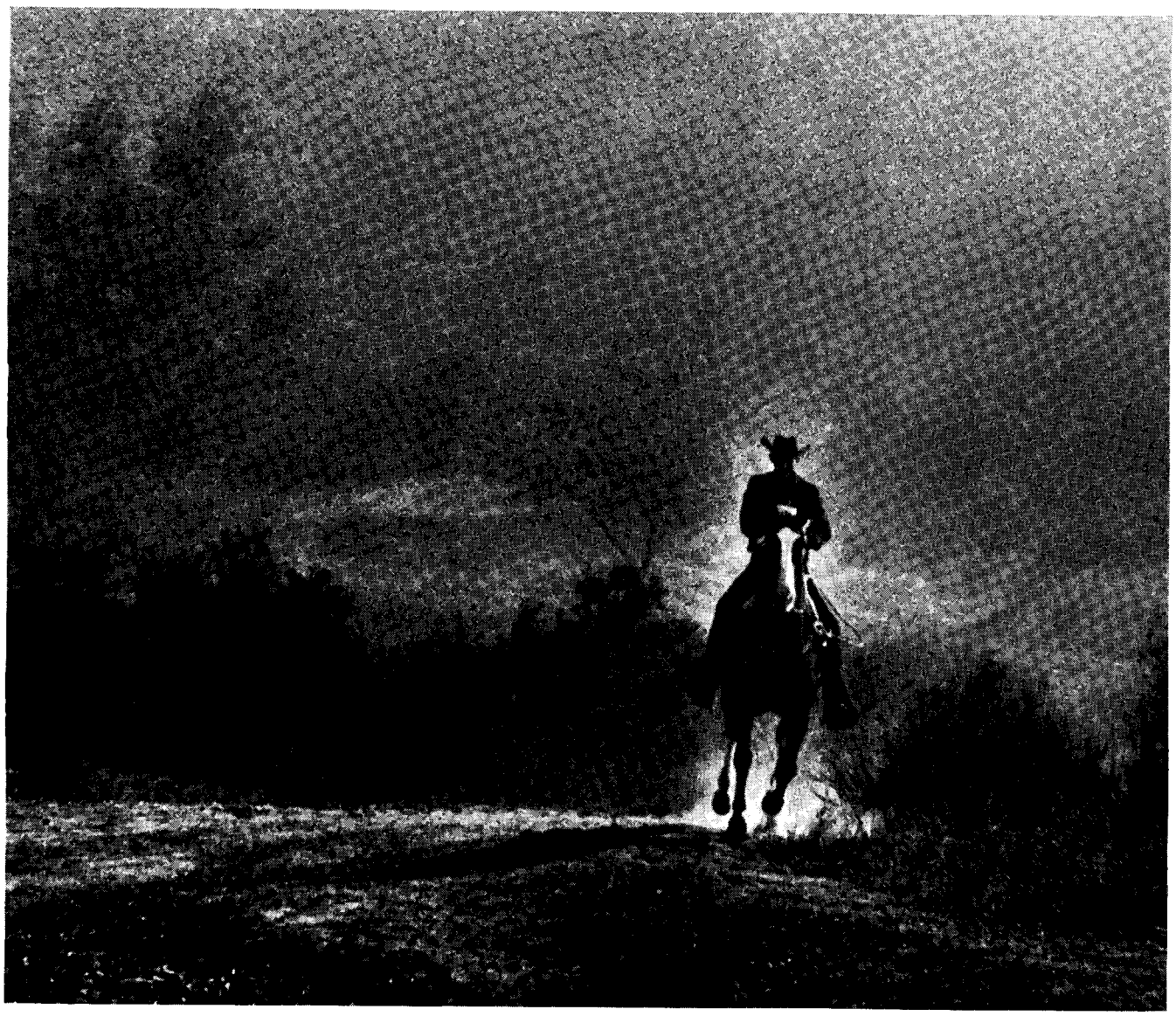
There's a man's world of flavor



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Leo with his actress wife Laraine Day: thirteen years together.

Since she's not near third, Leo doesn't trip Mom. He kisses her.

Adopted son Chris, in midget Giants uniform, studies action.

Ladies in Leo's life, and a son

LEO DUROCHER

Who do you think opened the door for me? Right, Dusty Rhodes.

What was he holding in his hand? Right, a drink. Dusty was in there drinking with the boss.

I started to scream, "Get this guy out of here, Horace," but Horace just stood there laughing away—possibly because Dusty had poured me a drink and was trying to force it on me.

By the time I pushed Dusty out of there—a matter of no more than 20 minutes—I was so mad you could have heard me back in the States. "Get rid of that bum! He's a drunk!"

In due time I calmed down enough to realize that wasn't exactly the most damning indictment that could be made to Mr. Stoneham, who has been known to take a drink or ten himself. "Horace," I said, "we've got a good ball club here. We might win the whole ball of wax this year. But I can't win it with this man on the club. He's a rotten apple, Horace. I want him *out*. O-U-T, *out*."

From that moment on, we tried to trade him, and we couldn't even get a nibble. Everybody else had heard about Mr. Rhodes too. We couldn't give him away. No one would take him. *And thank the Lord for that.*

In 1951, as I said at the time, the Giants caught lightning in a Coca-Cola bottle. In 1954 Dusty Rhodes caught lightning in a bottle of bourbon. Every time we needed a pinch hit to win a ball game, there was Dusty Rhodes to deliver it for us. Confident? The average fan may think a manager has to fight his men off when he's looking for a pinch hitter. Don't kid yourself. You look down the bench and, more often than not, every eye is averted. Not Dusty Rhodes's. Dusty would be up on his feet, at the far end of the dugout, hefting a bat. "Ah'm your man," he'd call down. "What you waiting on, Skip? *Ah'm* your man!"

He thought he was the greatest hitter in the whole world, and for that one year he was. How I loved the guy. Before the summer was out I was leading him around the bars and buying his whiskey. Training rules? They were forgotten where Dusty Rhodes was concerned.

In addition to everything else, he was the kind of clown who kept a club confident and happy. Between Willie Mays and Dusty Rhodes there was nothing but laughter in our clubhouse all through the season.

The Dodgers came to the Polo Grounds late in the season at a time when they were making a strong run at us. Dusty slowed them down to a walk by winning two consecutive games with pinch singles. The first was in the last of the ninth, the second in the last of the 13th. Both came with the bases loaded and two out. Both times we were trailing by a run.

Naturally I felt Dusty deserved some kind of token reward. The Giants always had a plentiful supply of liquor in my clubhouse office to keep the newspapermen happy while they were interviewing me. Also on hand was the world's biggest paper cup, which had somehow been kicking around the office for weeks. I filled it almost to the top with straight bourbon and then added just enough Coke to color it.

Dusty turned away in disgust. "Soft drink," he said, appalled. "Poison ya . . . poison ya . . . ruin a man's stomach."

I signaled my coaches to keep after him and just as he was turning into the shower room, he apparently took a sip. Because suddenly Dusty came leaping back into the clubhouse, holding the paper cup aloft and screaming, "*The Greatest Coke Ever Ma-a-a-a-a-ade!*"

And that, friends, is how managers become geniuses.

It does your reputation no great harm to have Willie Mays on your side either. I've said it a thousand times, and I'll say it again. Players make the manager. If you haven't got the talent, go home.

What can I say about Willie Mays after I say he's the greatest player any of us has ever seen? Well, I can say plenty. A baseball team is a fairly haphazard collection of 25 individual players, of varying—and if you don't watch out—conflicting personalities, habits and temperaments. Before you can even begin to appreciate Willie Mays I have to give you some idea of what Willie did for the club not only on the ballfield but in the clubhouse, on the bus, in the plane, in the hotel lobby.

Willie laughs and weeps

Willie was not only the star of the team, he was everybody's pet poodle. He'd take out his pocketbook in the bus and, in his high, piping voice, he'd say, "Man, I'm empty." Then he'd hand it to the guy behind him and say, "Boys, put a little somp'n in." Well, they'd spit in it and put cigarette butts in it and by the time it came back around to him there'd be three pennies and an indescribable mess. Willie would look in happily, and with that big, glowing smile of his he'd say, "Ev'y little bit helps."

Just to have him on the club gave you 40 percent the best of it before the ball game started. In each generation there are one or two players like that, men who are winning players because of their own ability and their own—what?—no, luck isn't the word. The word is *magnetism.*

From the first moment I saw Willie, he was my boy. After all the fathers I'd had watching over me in my own career, I had finally got me a son. Not that he got off to any booming start. I was able to talk the Giants into bringing Willie up from Minneapolis, where he was hitting .477, only because we had just lost 11 straight games. Willie promptly went 24 straight times without a hit. After the last of the hitless games, which we lost, 1–0, I went back into my office, kicked off my shoes and contemplated the various ways of committing suicide.

While I was wondering whether it was really so painful to slit your wrists, my two coaches, Fred Fitzsimmons and Herman Frank, came in looking somewhat embarrassed. "You better do something about your boy," Fitz said.

"What's the matter?" First things first.

"Well, Leo, he's in front of his locker, crying."

I rushed out there and, sure enough, there was Mays sitting in front of his locker, just sobbing away. Crouching down alongside him, I put my arm around his shoulder and asked, "What's the matter, son?"

Willie has a high tenor voice. When he first came up, he'd get so excited that he'd begin to talk faster and faster, and his voice would go up, up, up, until he was just chirping away like a canary. He said, "Mis-a-Leo, I can't help you. I can't even get a hit. I know I can't play up here, and you're gonna send me back to Minneapolis. That's where I belong. I don't belong

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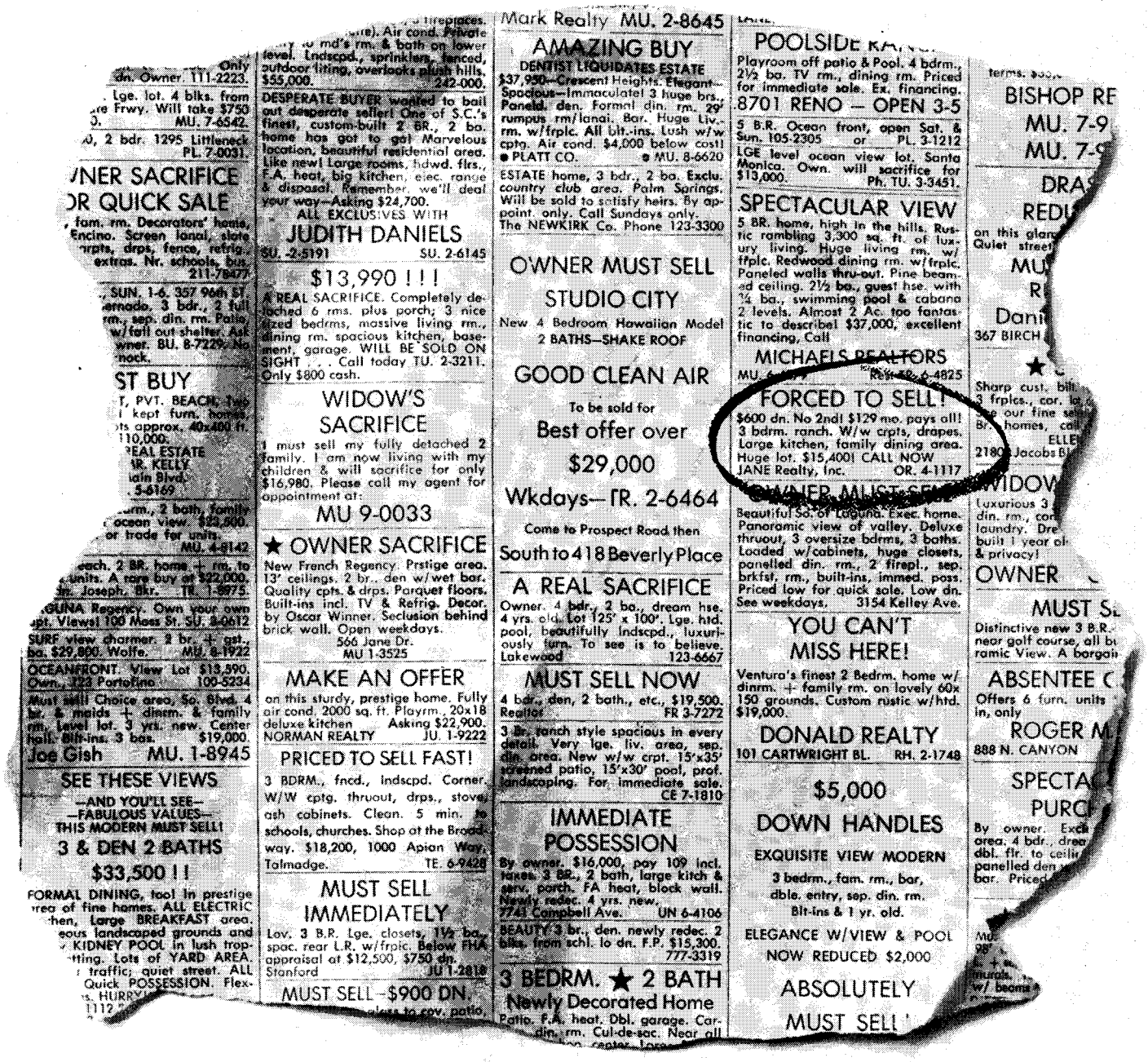
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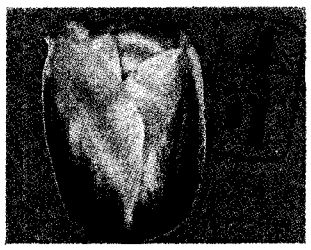

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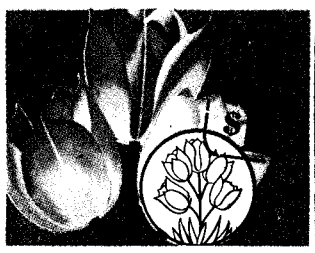

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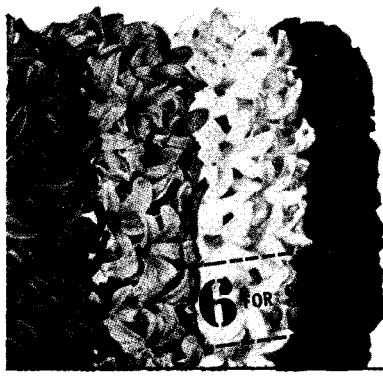

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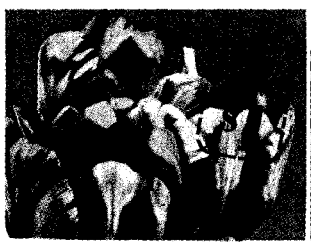

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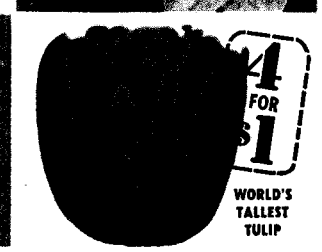

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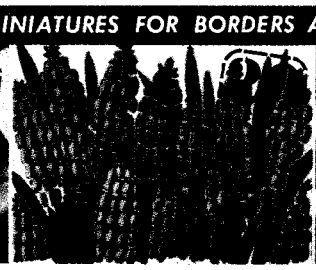

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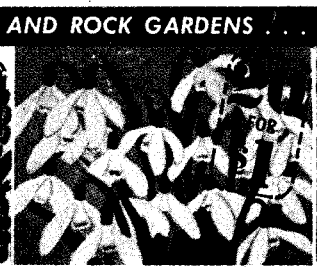

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up here. I can't play up here . . ." And his voice went right up the scale and clear out of sight.

I just patted him on the back. "Look, son," I said. "I brought you up here to do one thing. That's to play center field. You're the best center fielder I've seen since Joe DiMaggio. As long as I'm here, Willie, you're going to play center field. Tomorrow, next week, next month. As long as Durocher is on this ball club you will be on this ball club, because you are the best ballplayer I've ever seen. Forget it. Go home and get a good night's sleep. Tomorrow is another day."

The next day, he hit the first ball Warren Spahn threw him over the lights.

With Willie, you have to just keep patting him, just keep rubbing him. That's what a manager can do. Bring out the best in the talent he has. A manager, you know, is a combination father image and house mother. If a player doesn't respect you, if he doesn't think you're treating him fairly, he won't put out for you.

Whether my players liked me or not, they always knew that Durocher would fight for them, right or wrong, on the field or off. There was only one exception in my entire career. On one club I learned I had a pervert. *He* was gone, literally, within the hour.

Each player has to be taken on his own terms. That was something I learned from Miller Huggins. Willie, you just kept rubbing. There are players, like Alvin Dark, you never had to speak to at all. Sal Maglie, you had to stay after, you had to needle him, you had to make him mad. In 1954 we had a chance to clinch the pennant by beating Brooklyn in Ebbets Field. Maglie went out to the mound and—pitching easy, not bending his back—walked the first two men. Well, I'm not strapped to the bench, I came bouncing right out there. "Get a pitcher ready! Let's go! You're through, Maglie! Out!"

Oh no, he shouted, I wasn't taking *him* out of that kind of game after two batters.

"Like hell I'm not. Out!"

"Get back in that dugout, Durocher! You manage! I'll pitch!"

"You will, huh? I'll tell you what you'll do. You'll bear down on this next one, or you're through."

I hadn't the slightest intention of taking him out, of course. He got the next man, and then Snider hit into a doubleplay and we're out of the inning. Sal marched right to the water fountain, filled his mouth, stopped right in front of me and spat the water out all over my shoe. "How do you *like* it?" he scowled.

I liked it just fine, but I didn't let *him* know.

I learned something else from Huggins. I can say the same thing to two different players and by my tone and my inflection and my attitude have it mean entirely different things.

Watch: I'm talking to Mays because he's pulled a boner. My attitude is one of bafflement and disappointment. My tone is wheedling. My inflections are soft and my voice subdued. A question mark hangs over every word I say; I can't understand what's happening:

"You play like my *kid*. What the hell's the *matter* with you? *Bear* down out there. How the hell can *you* make a mistake like that?"

Same words with Maglie. My attitude is that he's dogging it so bad I can barely stand to talk to him. My tone is gruff and disgusted. My voice is cutting and domineering; my inflections harsh:

"You play like *my kid*. What the *hell's* the matter with *you? Bear down out there*. How the hell can you *make* a mistake like that?"

In both cases, they'll be so keyed up to get out onto the field that they'll make a new door for you.

Halfway through my last game as manager of the New York Giants, I motioned for Willie to come into the little toilet we had at the far end of the dugout. Two men could barely squeeze in, so we were standing nose to nose. "Now, son," I said. "I want to tell you something. You're just great. You're the best ballplayer I've ever looked at."

I said, "Willie, you know I love you, so I'm prejudiced. There are other great ballplayers, there have been some fine ballplayers in our time. But to me you're just the best, the *coup de grace*. Having you on my team has made everything worthwhile."

I went on to tell him to take care of himself and to listen to his new manager. "You know I'll always be looking out for you," I said. "If there's anything you ever want or ever need, all you have to do is call on me."

Willie put both hands on my shoulders and, with tears in his eyes, he said, "Yeah, Mis-a-Leo. But you won't be here to help me."

"You don't need any help, Willie. You've forgotten more than all those other fellows will ever learn. Because with you, Willie, it's God-given."

And Willie leaned over and gave me a big kiss on the cheek. I had to get out of there before I started to bawl myself.

There is some question as to whether I quit the Giants or was fired, although it is hardly one of the more burning issues of the times. The answer is that Stoneham fired me because he knew I was quitting.

In spite of anything I may say here, I want to make it clear that working for Mr. Stoneham was a ball. I like Horace personally and enjoyed our years of association very much.

Sober, Mr. Stoneham is the nicest man alive. When drinking, he can become unmanageable. To say that Stoneham can drink is like saying that Sinatra can sing. We are dealing here with royalty. Horace can drink for three days and three nights and still remain standing while all around him are nothing but the fallen bodies.

There are two things that make it difficult to work for Stoneham when he's drinking: (1) Sometimes you can't find him. (2) Sometimes you can.

Not being able to find him for two days in the middle of trade negotiations can make the whole thing not only difficult but silly, because Horace runs his own team and makes all final decisions himself. But, you know, I wouldn't be surprised if Horace does it deliberately. Unlike MacPhail, he will never make a trade at the snap of a finger. He likes to sit on it, to think it out, let it brew in his mind and settle out. And say what you want, Stoneham does not make bad trades. He is a shrewd, shrewd baseball operator. If you have any doubts, take another look at last year's standings.

There are other times when Horace, far from disappearing, longs for the warmth of human companionship. Put

George Raft: They shared apartments and a love for cards

Jackie Robinson, bench jockey nonpareil.

Some Hollywood and baseball men in Leo's life

Willie Mays and Danny Kaye: funny, but in different ways.

The young Sinatra, bussed by a fan, more than matches Leo's wide grin.

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in a slightly different way, that means Houdini couldn't get away from him.

Many times, I've sat with him into the morning hours, watching the clock. Every time I'd make a break for it, Horace would say, "Sitsee."

"Sitsee, hell, I got to get up and manage the ball club in a few hours, Horace. You can lay in bed and watch it on television."

"You work for me, don't you?"

"Yeah."

"Then sitsee."

I was ready to quit baseball after we swept the 1954 World Series from the Cleveland Indians in four straight games. My good friend, the late, great Mannie Sachs, who was vice president at NBC, had been offering me a job almost from the moment I was bounced out of Brooklyn. Mannie knew I had a lot of friends in show business, and he wanted me to work for him as a sort of public-relations and goodwill man.

But from the time I was a kid I had five ambitions. I wanted to be a big-league baseball player, I wanted to play on a World Championship team, I wanted to manage, I wanted to manage a pennant winner, and I wanted to manage a World's Champion. Four of those ambitions were in the trophy case, I told Mannie, and I was just stubborn—or egotistical—enough to hold out for a clean sweep.

Before the Series ended, word had leaked out that I was going with NBC. During our victory party, Stoneham called me over to his table to ask me about it. Since Horace had been known to fire me when he was in one of his moods, I said, just as a joke, "Quitting or getting fired, Horace, what difference does it make?"

He reminded me, angrily and forcefully, that my contract with the Giants ran for another year. All right, I haven't walked out on a contract yet. If he wanted me, I told him, he had me. "But," I said, "let me tell you something before you get too many drinks in you. This club isn't as good as you think it is. Everything went our way this year, Horace. Next year, we're going to have to fill four big holes."

That wasn't quite what Mr. Stoneham wanted to hear in the middle of a victory celebration, and the conversation became rather heated.

Victory celebrations continued apace. The boys at the Hillcrest Country Club, in a fit of pride, decided they would honor me with a stag dinner. The place was jammed to absolute capacity. George Jessel was the emcee. The dais was the most glittering I have ever seen: Danny Kaye, Frank Sinatra, Bob Hope, Danny Thomas, George Burns, Milton Berle, Groucho and Harpo Marx, Dean Martin . . . you name him, he was there. Ten million dollars' worth of talent.

Danny Kaye was scheduled to be the last speaker before me, and I noticed that he had been gathering a lot of empty bottles and dishes on the table in front of him. Jessel brought him on by saying, "We now give you the sole owner of the New York Giants, Mr. Horace Stoneham."

Danny stood up, his shirt pulled out, his pants unzipped, his hair all dishevelled—and immediately went sprawling across the table, sending all that crockery flying. He drew himself up, wavered back and forth, screwed up his face with forced dignity and, as his opening remark, requested, shall we say—to keep this readable—directions to the nearest men's room.

Danny's imitation of Stoneham was so funny that *Variety* gave it a review, and Stoneham got mad all over again. "You and your Hollywood friends," he growled at me.

With my contract running out next year, I had told Mannie Sachs I'd be happy to accept his offer to go to NBC. Shortly after I arrived at the ball park on the last day of the season, I was called up to Mr. Stoneham's office. "Leo," he said, "we're going to make a change next year. Bill Rigney's going to be the manager."

I didn't tell Horace; he told me. In my book, that means I was fired.

I have always been a fan of entertainers. I like being around celebrities. I find the people of show business exciting, and the world of show business glamorous. Most of my close friendships date back to my playing days with the Yankees and the early years as manager of the Dodgers. When Danny Kaye was in his first supporting role on Broadway, I used to bring gloves and baseballs to the theater so that Danny, Nanette Fabray and I could go out in the alley between acts and play catch.

Sinatra before Dorsey

One of my closest friends through the years has been Frank Sinatra. I remember Frank *before* he was with the Dorsey band. I remember when Frank would run out to Jersey—may I move to Kentucky and vote for Chandler if this isn't true—to sing for his supper.

I can also remember when Frank was playing the Paramount, after he had made it so big that the police had to put up barricades to hold the customers off. Playing across the street to empty houses was a fat comedian named Jackie Gleason. One night when I was in Frank's dressing room, Gleason called across to ask: "Am I hurting you, fellow? Am I hurting your business?" He was kind of a funny fellow, that Gleason. I wonder whatever became of him.

Frank was a Dodger rooter when I was with Brooklyn, he became a Giant rooter when I went to New York and he is a Dodger rooter again now that I'm back with them in Los Angeles. I'm not a member of The Clan. I'm not even sure I know what it is. If it's a crime to have a group of friends you enjoy going out with, then there'd be nobody on this side of the prison walls except hermits. Actually, I've been to many dinner parties at Frank's home when there wasn't another performer in sight.

If The Clan is supposed to consist of the delegates to the Summit Conference—Frank, Dean Martin, Joey Bishop, Sammy Davis Jr. and Peter Lawford—maybe I'm a baptized member at that. While they were appearing at the Fontainebleau in Miami Beach a couple of years ago, Frank graciously called me to the stage, with fulsome introduction, to introduce some of the ballplayers in the audience. While I was trying to oblige him, he and Dean kept graciously pouring water in my coat pockets.

You can hear almost anything you want to about Frank Sinatra, I suppose, but I can tell you, as one who knows, that I have never seen him go looking for trouble. I have often seen him go to almost superhuman lengths to avoid it. I don't think people realize what a man of Frank's stature has to go through every time he goes out. And not only with drunks. I don't know whether people really feel belligerent or whether they're so startled to see him that they feel called upon to say something. Nine times out of ten they'll say the same thing. "So you're the great Sinatra? You don't look like so much to me." Frank just says, "Sure, buddy. Whatever you say, you're right." And he will always try to walk away.

There is this about Frank. Whether he is cold sober or has had quite a bit to drink, he is always in complete command of himself. The only way you can tell he has been drinking—and this man can drink—is that he becomes as straight as a steel girder.

And the only way you can tell when he is upset or angry is that he will start drumming the fingers of both hands on the table or bar. His eyes will be impassive, and he will go absolutely silent, but when those fingers start drumming; brother, look out. Because it doesn't matter whether there are six guys or 60, this skinny little fellow isn't afraid of anyone who walks or breathes.

Last year Frank invited me and a few other friends on a two-month tour of the Pacific, a tour which was bracketed around a long-standing four-day engagement in Australia. In addition to Frank and myself, there was Jilly, a New York nightclub owner, and his wife, and Mike Romanoff and his wife.

One night in Hong Kong we stopped off at a nightclub where Frank had made a reservation. No sooner did we walk into the foyer than we were in the same old trouble. Six young guys—all of them seemed to be either American or English—were standing at the entrance to the lobby. One of them, obviously a boyish prankster, was holding a small plastic sign proclaiming the homely and humble device—GENTS ROOM—which he had apparently yanked off the indicated door.

"So you're the great Sinatra, huh?" he said, walking over. "Well," he said, trying to hang the sign on the button of Frank's coat, "This is where this belongs."

"Yeah, buddy, sure," Frank said, and pushed him away. Jilly, Romanoff and I moved between them very quickly to screen the creep off. His five friends just stood by the door, laughing.

Upstairs in the club, Frank sat at the head of our table with his back to the dance floor. The six guys from downstairs were on the other side of the floor. As soon as the band took a break and the dance floor cleared, our friend, the prankster, crossed over toward us, still carrying his sign. "What's the matter, Frankie-boy," he said, stopping right behind him. "You pouting? Did I hurt your feelings?" And flinging the sign on the table, right in front of Frank, he said, "I still say that's where this belongs. And that's where you belong. In the toilet."

Frank never looked up, because in these situations he never does. He stares straight down at the table, as if he is saying to himself, "If I don't notice this, it will pass." Before the guy left, though, he had to say it again, loud enough so that everyone would hear him, "That's right, in the toilet, that's where you belong, Frankie-boy." And now, Frank's fingers were drumming. I made a motion to Jilly: "Oh, oh." Jilly murmured back, "Here we go."

Frank picked the sign up off the table and headed back across the dance floor. Holding the plastic sign at both corners, he snapped it against the guy's forehead so hard that—*boom*—the sign broke in half right in Frank's hands. Then he threw the two pieces on the table and he said, "You dirty creep. You think you can come over and insult me and just walk away, laughing? Get up on your feet, you gutless so-and-so."

Frank called him everything he could think of, and the guy never moved a muscle or said a word. Neither did anybody else at the table. Jilly and I had followed him over, just in case there was a brawl, but Frank didn't know that. He didn't care either. He was ready to take them all on himself.

All Frank Sinatra wants is to be left alone to live his own life, and if you lived his life that's all you'd want too. This is a man who really knows how to enjoy life. Traveling with Sinatra isn't exactly like taking a trolley car up Telegraph Hill. It's an experience in the good and luxurious life.

Rap Mr. Sinatra if you want to, buddy, but don't tell me you're not rapping him more out of envy than disapproval.

If you're his friend, you're his friend. Period. When I was at NBC, Dinah Shore wanted him to guest-star in her first show. At that time Frank had absolutely refused to appear on television at any price, and so I was assigned the iob of getting him. It wasn't an assignment I particularly relished, because the show, which had a relatively small budget in those days, couldn't afford his price even if he had been available.

Frank asked me only one question: "Is this for you, buddy?"

"Well," I said. "I guess you could say that. I was asked to get you, and it would be a feather in my cap if I could."

"All right," he said. "Done."

There was a game last year in San Francisco, where I took over as manager after Walter Alston had been thrown out. Frank has an apartment in San Francisco and he had brought a large party to the game. We pulled it out in the eighth inning with a four-run rally, and he was so pleased with me that he sent two very special Cantonese dishes to my hotel room. I like Cantonese food as well as anybody, but two orders was one order too many. Typical Sinatra extravagance.

Well, he had done something a little more lavish before that. To get me back into baseball he was prepared to put up half a million dollars.

"I'll work for nothing"

After I left NBC, following the death of Mannie Sachs, I loafed around for a year. I was an unemployed amateur golfer, and I don't know how much more purposelessly a man can live. A month before the 1961 baseball season ended I was in New York. Toots Shor, a close friend of Horace Stoneham, told me The Boss was at the Hampshire House and wanted me to call him. I didn't.

A couple of days later Mr. Stoneham called me at my home to ask whether I was committed, either verbally or in writing, to manage any other team. I answered, quite honestly, that I didn't have so much as a nibble. Putting my hat in my hand, I said, "Horace, if you think I can do you any good, all you have to do is ask me. Don't let salary worry you. All you have to do is tell me you want me and I'll work for nothing."

As we were saying good-bye, I put it to him plainly again. "I'm not very happy playing golf every day, Horace. I feel that I'd like to get back into baseball, where I belong. So if you think I can help you, I'm as close to you as the telephone."

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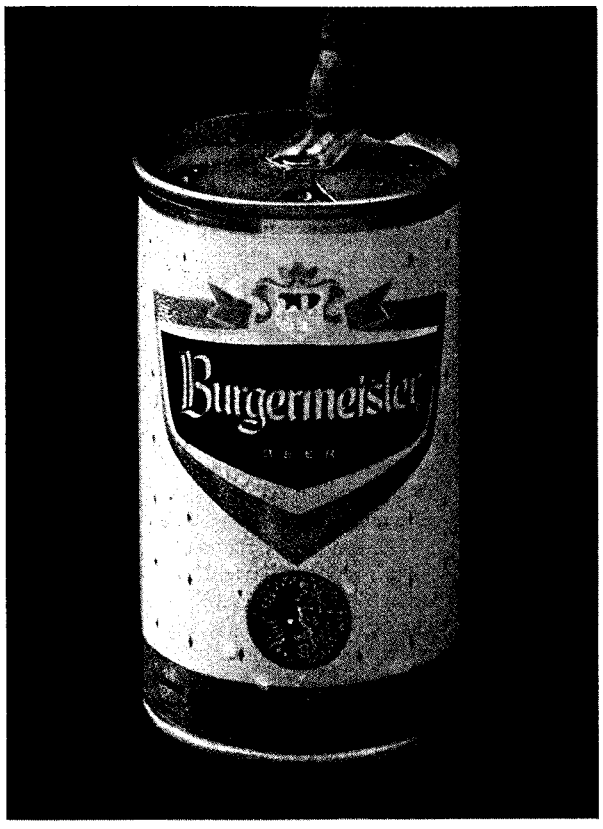

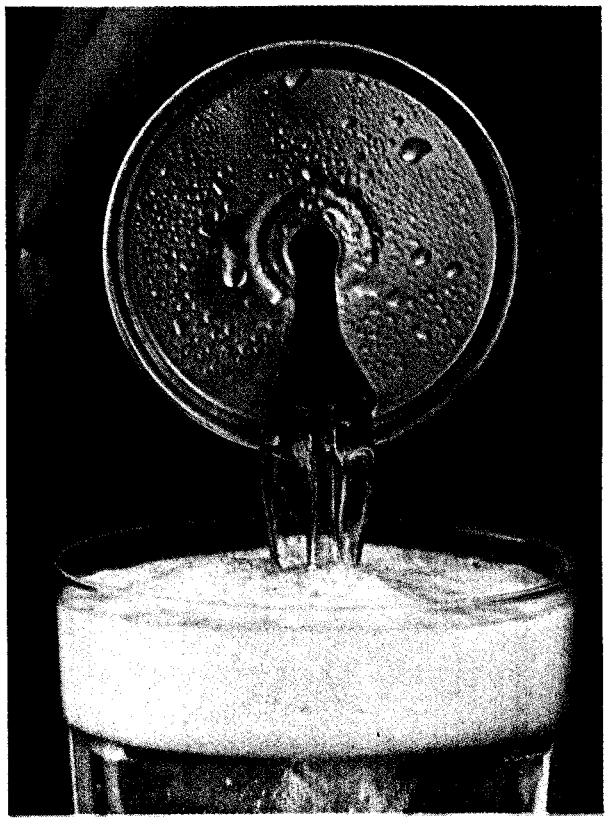

the tab's on top It's a "built-in" opener, angled for easy opening. Set the can on a table, and...

just pull It's the easiest! Lift the tab on top, and it peels right off, leaving a neat, clean opening.

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"If the papers call, say you aren't interested in a manager's job"

In action at first base, "the Lip" coaches Dodger giant Frank Howard.

LEO DUROCHER

Hat in hand? I did everything but crawl for the job.

Horace assured me he'd get in touch with me. And he did. At the end of the season, just before the Giants were leaving for an exhibition tour through Japan, he called to instruct me not to do a thing while he was away. "I'll call you," he said, "the minute I get back."

In Japan he announced that Alvin Dark had been made manager. Fine. Alvin is one of my boys. I didn't think Horace could have made a better choice. I did feel he had owed me the courtesy of sending me a cablegram before the announcement was made. He obviously hadn't thought it necessary. OK.

What really griped me was what happened later. The newspapers had been reporting all along that I was the leading candidate for the job, and when Horace returned, he was asked whether he had considered me. Horace was quoted as saying, "Sure, I was interested in Durocher, but if he was interested in the job, why didn't he apply for it?"

Didn't apply for it! What the hell did he think those small whimpering sounds coming over the phone had been?

A month later Los Angeles was officially granted one of the new franchises in the American League. Fred Haney, a close friend of mine through the years, became general manager. From the first moment the franchise became more than a possibility, the Los Angeles writers had been touting me as the logical and perfect choice for manager.

As soon as the Autry group was voted the franchise, Frank Sinatra came to me and said, "Whatever you do, don't let salary interfere with this. Because, first of all, I'd like to see you back in baseball. But, more than that, I keep reading where they need a little more financing there. You got yourself half a million dollars in the bank right now, buddy, to buy yourself half a million dollars' worth of stock."

A few days before the new clubs were to draft their players, Fred Haney called. He wanted to see me.

I said, "I'm a busy man, Fred. Is five minutes from now too soon for you?"

He made an appointment to meet me at my penthouse the following morning.

What would you have thought? The players were about to be picked. The papers were saying the manager was going to be named momentarily. And my old friend, Fred Haney, couldn't wait to talk to me.

I sat with him for a couple of hours, giving him my opinions on the players I was familiar with. When we got to the end of the list I sat back with my tongue hanging out, confidently waiting to be offered the job.

Haney said, "I just want you to know that we have decided on our manager. We're going to announce that Bill Rigney has been signed."

Again, fine. Rigney is another of my boys. It was Fred's club; he was entitled to name whomever he wanted. On the way out to the elevator, Fred told me he was flying right down to Palm Springs to set up a training site. As he pressed the button he said, "Look, Leo. If any newspaperman calls you or anything, why just tell him that, you know, that yes, I did come here to see you, but that you weren't at all interested in the job."

Before I could utter a word, the door opened, Fred stepped into the elevator, and he was on his way down.

Well, I went back into my penthouse, and I just sat there and looked at the four walls. What do you mean I'm not interested in the job, Fred? You sat right over there and watched me drool.

In the afternoon I went out to Hillcrest. The moment I put my head into the locker room, after completing my round of golf, 50 members jumped me.

"What's the matter, you think you're too good to manage the Angels?"

"Why didn't you take the job when Haney offered it to you?"

"What do you expect them to give you, the world with a fence around it?"

"Has everybody here gone crazy?" I said. "Did I say I've talked to Fred Haney?"

I hadn't, no. But Fred had. Just before I walked in there, Fred had been on television from Palm Springs, telling everybody that I hadn't been interested in the job. Now he wasn't only deciding what I should say, he was taking it upon himself to say it for me.

Between the two of them, Stoneham and Haney had fouled me up good. Since it was now established beyond doubt that I didn't want to manage in either San Francisco or Los Angeles—the clubs closest to my home—every other baseball operator had to assume that I didn't want to manage anywhere. My chances of getting any offers now were just about nil.

They had fouled me up even worse with my friends. I had been telling the fellows at Hillcrest how eager I was to manage the Angels, and now they were sure I had been conning them along. My good friend Frank Sinatra had committed himself to put up half a million bucks for me, and it looked as if I were telling him to go jump.

What right did Stoneham and Haney have to put me in that kind of a spot? I hadn't contacted either of them. They had contacted me.

When Mel Durslag of the Los Angeles *Examiner* asked me about it, I popped off good. I gave him the rough details of what had happened with both Stoneham and Haney, and to make sure it didn't get lost among the racing results, I told him that I thought it possible I was being blackballed. If nothing else, my friends would know what had really happened, and baseball would know I was available.

I didn't have to wait long for the phone to ring. Out of the blue I got a call from Buzzie Bavasi. "This is doing you no good," he said. "Don't say anything. I want to see you; can I come right up?"

To my amazement, he asked if I would be interested in a coaching job with the Dodgers. He had talked to both Walter O'Malley and Walter Alston, he said, and they would both love to have me aboard.

I was more than interested. I was genuinely touched that Buzzie was that concerned about me. Lord knows, nobody else seemed to be. He warned me that a coach's salary would hardly be up in the figures I had grown accustomed to. "I don't even want to discuss salary with you," I told him. "I'll leave that entirely up to Mr. O'Malley."

Let me say one thing. The salary Mr. O'Malley gave me is larger than anyone has ever estimated and certainly larger than any coach has ever been given in the history of the game.

I wasn't back a week when I was suspended for three days for engaging in a

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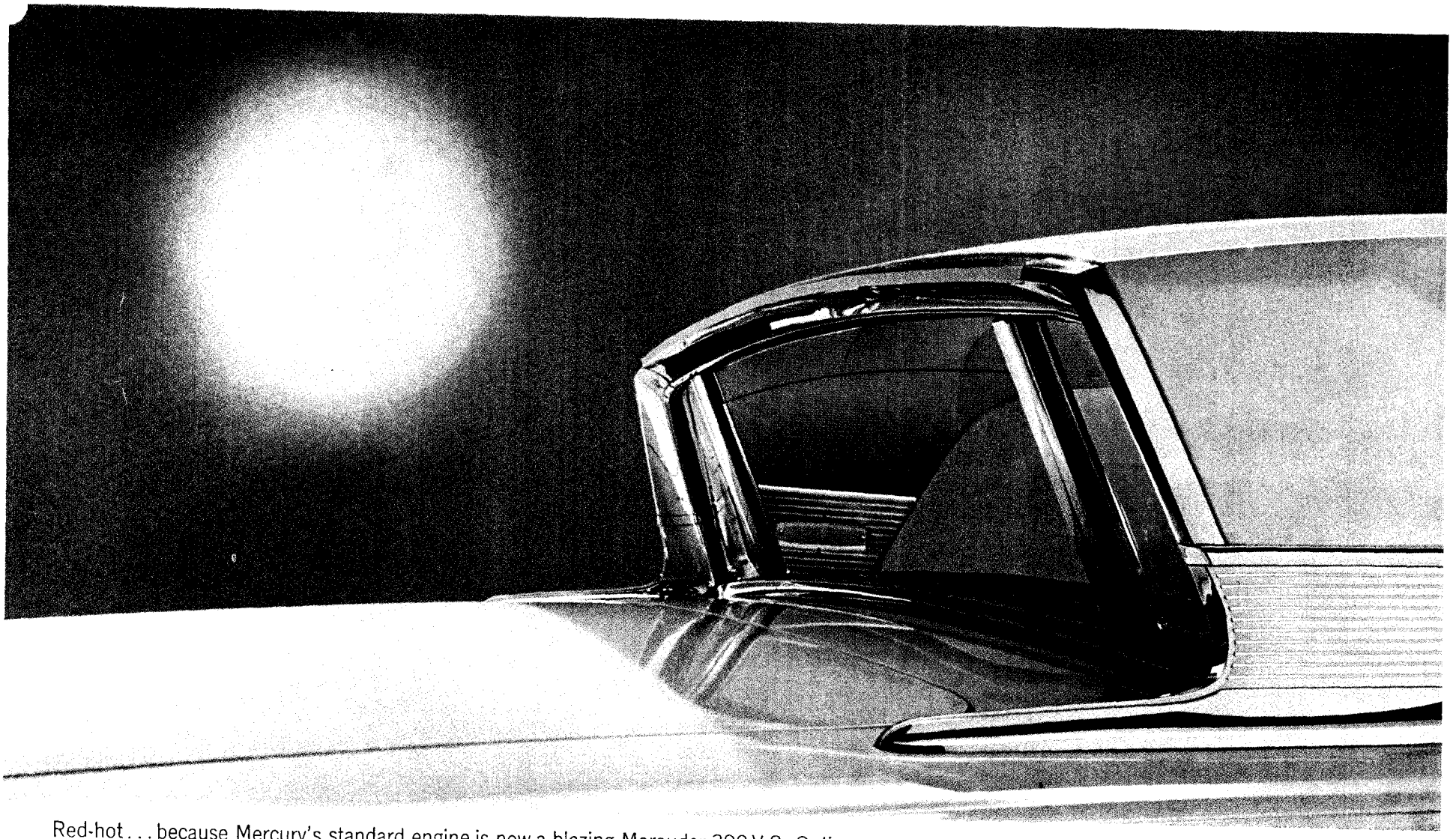

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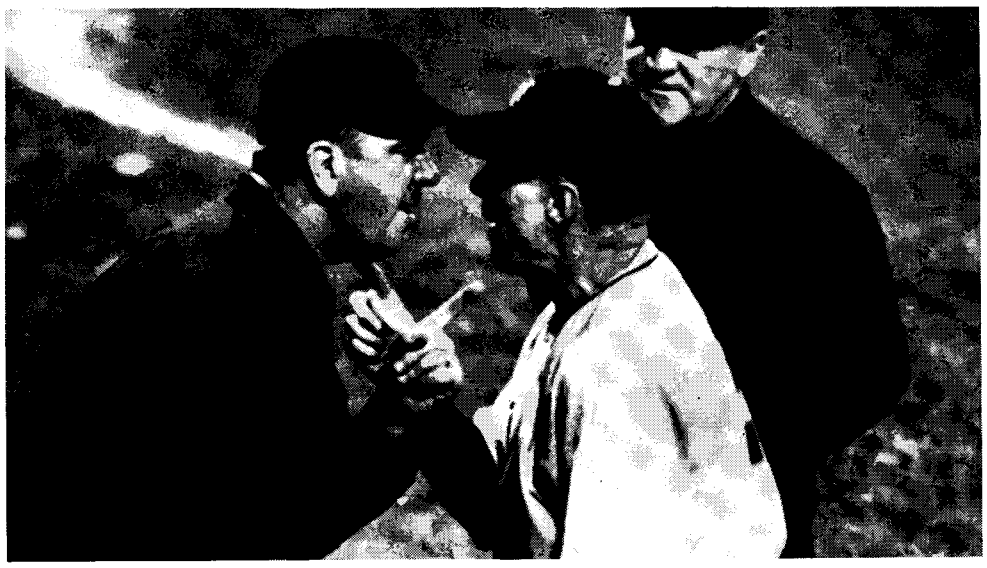
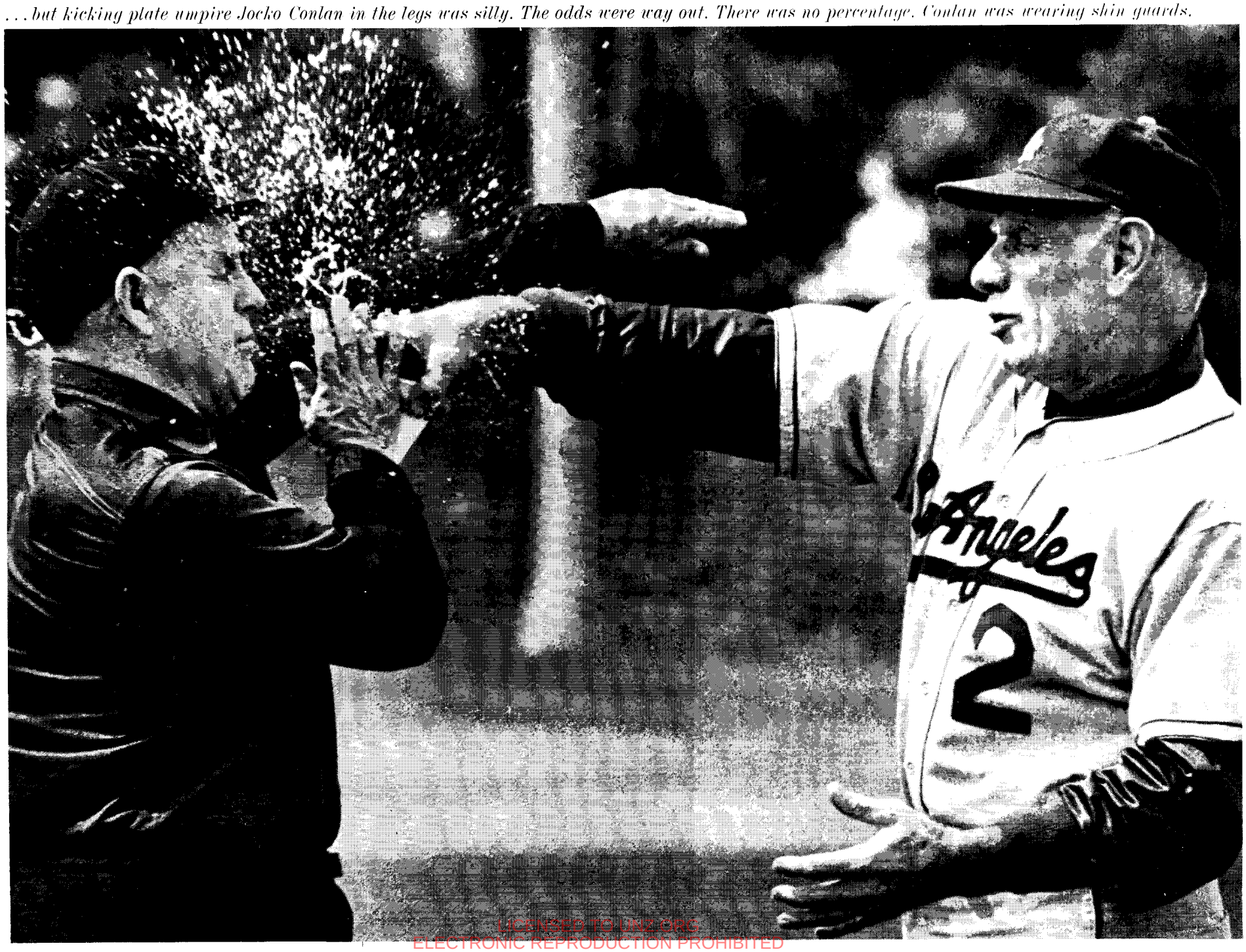
"You never get into a man's personal life, unless he is an umpire"



Leo believes that part of his job is jawing at umpires or splashing water at . . .

. . . them to liven the spring-training squad games (below) . . .

. . . but kicking plate umpire Jocko Conlan in the legs was silly. The odds were way out. There was no percentage. Conlan was wearing shin guards.



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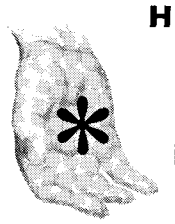

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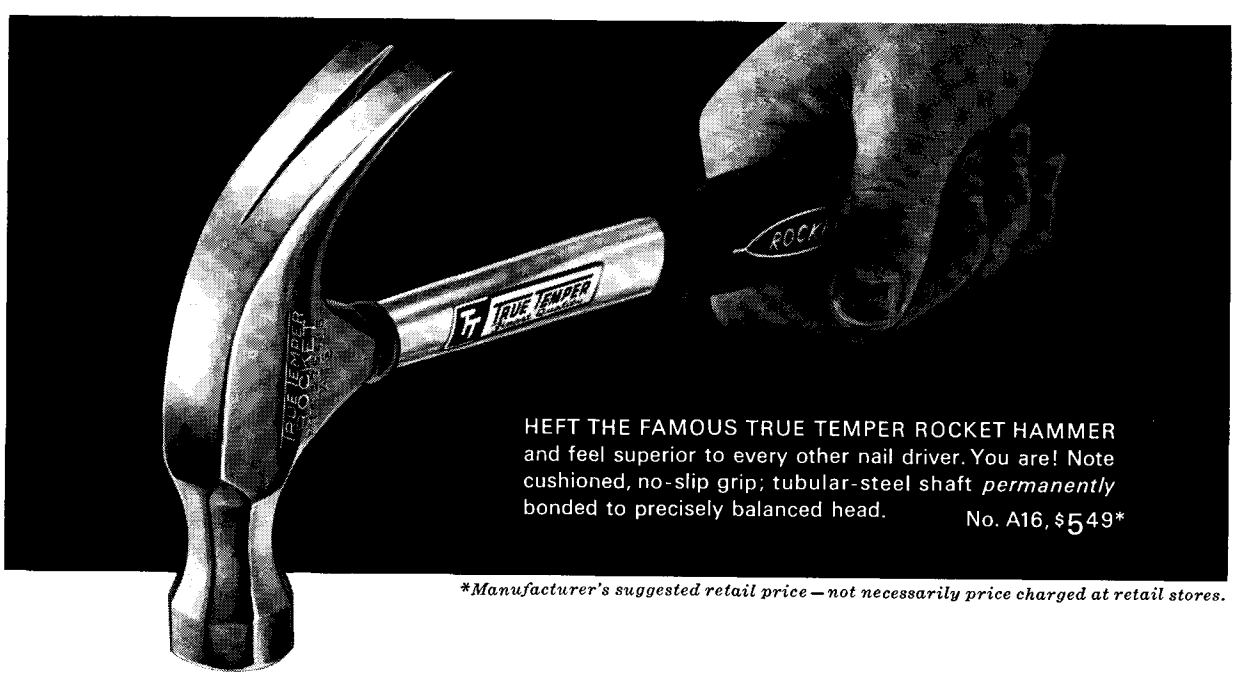

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LEO DUROCHER

Once field boss, Leo wears number two

thrilling kicking match with umpire Jocko Conlan. Jocko had already thrown me out of the game, and, as I was taking my leisurely departure, I thought it might be nice to kick dirt all over the bottom of his trousers. Jocko, unhappy at the thought of the cleaning bill, tried to kick some dirt back at me. Since umpires don't wear spikes, his shoe skidded off the ground and he kicked me right in the shin. Oooooooh, that hurt. I kicked him back. He kicked me back. I kicked him back. And the band played on. Umpires, however, wear little shin guards underneath their pants to protect them from foul balls. They also have iron plates attached to the toes of their shoes. Every time Jocko kicked me, he raised a lump on my shins; every time I kicked him, I bruised my toes. All at once it occurred to me that these were the lousiest odds I'd ever been up against. Still and all, I had come home.

As for Walter Alston, he is a very decent man, and I like him. When I uttered the words, "Nice guys finish last"—hardly aware that I was immortalizing myself—I didn't mean that decent men can't win. What I meant—and it was in a very specific context—was that if you have a core of nice, easygoing, high-priced players, who go home after a loss, enjoy a nice big steak and sleep the sleep of the innocent—in other words if it doesn't bother them to lose—you are going to finish last. Because that's where those guys finish: last. They finish *last.*

Alston and I have had a few arguments. What's the matter with that? Arguments are great for a ball club. I'm willing to lose an argument any time if it will help me to win a game.

During my early years as a manager some guy got up at a banquet, after I had spoken, and kept after me to tell him how badly I wanted to win. Nothing I said seemed to satisfy him until finally the perfect illustration flashed into my mind. "If I were playing third base, and my mother was rounding third with the run that was going to beat us," I told him, "I would trip her. I'd pick her up and I'd brush her off, and then I'd say, 'Sorry, Mom. But nobody beats me!'"

I was on my way home for a visit and, just my luck, they wrote that part of it up in the paper. My mother was a little woman, and while she knew nothing at all about baseball, she knew enough not to relish the idea of being tripped by her youngest son. She was ready for me as soon as I walked through the door. "You said that about your own mother? You'd trip me, son, your own mother?"

I tried to explain that it had only been a manner of speaking, that it was just an illustration I had picked out of the air as a way of showing this man how far I would go to win.

She looked at me, and her eyes bugged out. "Then you *would* have tripped me," she screamed. "You would have *tripped* me. You *would!* You *would!*"

For the rest of my visit she walked around with an injured air. And I guess she had a right to. God rest your soul, Mom, I'm afraid I would. THE END

Pocket crammed with baseballs, Durocher stands ready to tangle with the traumas of a new long season.

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THE

He'd heard it all before in Hollywood, and it never changed

OLDEST STORY

Illustration by Joe Cleary

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ut there was something different about this girl . . .

By WILLIAM SAROYAN

A long time ago in 1933 when America was supreme and innocent a young writer named Jack Lanahan went to Hollywood from San Francisco to take a movie-writing job at three hundred a week, in order to get out of debt.

For three weeks, however, he did nothing but meet people, eat, drink, talk, laugh, and lose his week's wages at the Clover Club every Saturday night (in about twenty minutes): no writing, no thinking, no planning, just plain ordinary fun, adventure, loneliness and boredom.

One Saturday night in November in the driveway outside the Clover Club, waiting for Bragger Bailey, he stood beside Bragger's car when a Rolls limousine drew up. The chauffeur got out, ran around to the door and opened it, and Jack Lanahan saw a dazzling girl step out.

At that moment Bragger Bailey came running out of the club, almost knocked the girl down, shouted, "Oh, you beautiful thing," jumped into the car with Lanahan, and they drove off.

"Who was that?"

"How should I know?" Lanahan said. "*You're* the original city slicker among the rubes, so you tell *me*."

"I think I met her at a party a couple of weeks ago, but I'm not sure, so we'll go right back, because I want to find out. How much did you lose?"

"Everything, as usual."

"You're finished," Bragger said. "You'll be here in faraway Hollywood the rest of your life, and it'll be a short one. So move in and see about getting a thousand a week instead of three hundred."

"How do I do that?"

"Talk fast at the story conferences, the way I do. You've had one book published, at any rate. I get twenty-five hundred a week, and all I ever had published was a notice of bankruptcy before I came here nine years ago. Haberdashery. Times Square."

"How'd you get a job—as a writer, I mean?"

"I know what you mean. I didn't get a job as a writer at first. My name—well, you know my name isn't Bragger—it's Daniel. Anyhow, my nickname seemed to mean something big and bright to the people out here. I fooled around in casting a year, loafing with everybody in town. Moeller was with a couple of his writers in the back bar at Musso and Frank's one night. I got to drinking with them, and the next thing I knew I was working with them. Talking, I mean. Talking story—but fast. Because I didn't know what I was talking about. Moeller called me to his office the next day; we talked about things in general, and then all of a sudden he hired me at a hundred a week, on a week-to-week basis. *That's* how I got to be a writer. I know a good story the minute somebody else writes one, or talks one, or shoots one. At the end of every horse race I know the winner too. That filly I just saw. She's a winner—by six lengths, breezing. If she's not tied up, I want to tie her up."

"For pictures?"

"For Bragger. I want her for myself, whoever she is. Did you ever see a mouth like that?"

As a matter of fact, Lanahan hadn't, and he was astonished that Bragger had in a fleeting glance recognized the feature that most deeply identified the girl. The lips were parted, as if they couldn't be brought together, because of pain or delight, or both at the same time. The teeth were square and very white, and the two front uppers were separated. It wasn't a small separation; it was a large one. The girl's whole head, the pale skin, the narrow skull, the heavy black hair, the small eyes—like the teeth, they were much farther apart than eyes generally are—had a startling effect, apparently the same on every man who saw her.

"No, I never saw a mouth like that," he said.

"I'm going after that mouth," Bragger said. "Even money, a hundred bucks or three hundred—that's a week's wages for you—she's all mine by midnight next Saturday."

"Bet," Lanahan said.

"One or three?"

"Three."

"You sound pretty confident," Bragger said.

"Want to make it six hundred? Two weeks' wages?"

"Make it nine. Three weeks'."

"Tell you what," Lanahan said. "Make it a thousand. Three weeks and a couple of days."

"Bet," Bragger said.

"No tricks," Lanahan said. "You could call her to your office, give her a line and take her to dinner a couple of times, but that wouldn't make her all yours, and so you wouldn't win the bet."

"I said all mine by midnight next Saturday, and it won't *be* a trick."

They came to the Beverly Wilshire, and Bragger told the car boy to leave the car in the driveway: "We'll only be a minute."

Moeller was at a corner table. When he saw Bragger he looked at his watch.

Bragger said, "Here's your five hundred, paid back in less than an hour, like I said. I won a thousand. It's easier than working. On top of that, coming out of the joint, I ran into a girl who has the most beautiful mouth in America."

"Who is she?" Moeller said. He put his money away and got up.

"We're going back to see if we can find out. Want to come along?"

"Has she got anything to go with the mouth?"

"She's got everything to go with it."

"What kind of a mouth is it?"

"Baby mouth," Bragger said. "Baby head, baby hair, baby hands, baby legs. All of it saying, 'Come and get it.' Well, *you* can have her for pictures. I want her for the stuff pictures are *about*. The stuff they're supposed to be about, at any rate."

Moeller turned to Lanahan. "How about it? Is she like he says?"

"Something like," Lanahan said. "Better see for yourself. She arrived in a limousine. Alone."

Moeller stopped walking. "Listen," he said to Bragger. "I'm going home to bed. If she arrived alone in a limousine, that's all I need to know."

"Suppose it's her own lousy limousine?"

"No girl that beautiful is born rich. See you boys at the laundry Monday morning."

"You'll be sorry," Bragger said. "Was I ever wrong?"

"He's betting me a thousand she's his girl by midnight next Saturday," Lanahan said. "It was *his* idea."

"Come on," Bragger said. "It'll do your heart good just to see her. Besides, I'd like to watch you lose two or three thousand dollars."

"I never gamble," Moeller said. "But I'll come for a nightcap. If you find her, bring her to the bar. Tell her I asked you to."

"I don't need your help. But I'll get her to the bar all right; don't worry about that. You may not know it, but my name's better known than yours is. Everybody's heard of Bragger Bailey. Who the hell's heard of Felix Moeller?"

"You have," Moeller said. "Don't forget I'm the colorful character who made *you* into a colorful Hollywood character. I'll see you at the bar."

It was twenty after one when they got back to the Clover Club. The boy who parked the cars said, "We got raided a few minutes ago. Everybody's still in there, but something's being worked out. We'll be closed a couple of days, I guess."

This made Lanahan's bet look pretty good, but at the same time he was a little let-down because he wanted to have another look at the girl. He had even permitted himself to imagine that next to a loudmouth like Bragger he might not seem so bad to the girl, and he might even be able to ask her to dinner some night.

When Moeller drove up Bragger said, "She's on her way out. Let the boy park your car."

The boy gave Bragger a funny look, got in the car and put it away, leaving Bragger's car where it was.

"Let's meet her inside," Moeller said.

"She's on her way out," Bragger said.

"So what? I want a nightcap. I'll see her some other time."

The door was opened by a young cop who said, "Who're you?"

"Felix Moeller. Are the police operating this joint now?"

The cop stepped out of his way, and Moeller walked in. Bragger ran to the door and said, "We're with him."

"Stand back," the cop said.

"I'll report you for this."

"Get away from the door."

Bragger came back and said, "I don't know how Moeller does it. He acts like the ambassador from Abyssinia, and the boobs believe him. She'll be out in a minute."

"Let's see if her limousine's still here," Lanahan said.

He found the Rolls with the driver half asleep at the wheel. "The place's been raided," he said, because if he could start a conversation maybe he could get the chauffeur to tell him who she was.

"I know. I was here when it happened."

The chauffeur didn't want to talk, so Lanahan went back to Bragger.

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OLDEST STORY

"Her car's still here. Over there."

He watched Bragger loiter over to the car, expecting him to be turned away by the chauffeur, but Bragger stayed a long time.

When he came back he said, "Her name's Martha Koenig. She's from New York. She's eighteen. Her mother brought her out to put her in pictures. They've got an apartment. The limousine's Clay Tooker's. He sent for her to join him here. I guess you've got a pretty good bet."

"Why?"

"I said Clay Tooker, didn't I?"

"So what?"

"Any time *he* sends his limousine for a girl in the middle of the night you know it's going to take longer than a week to get to know her."

"That girl?" Lanahan said. "She's a baby."

"Well, her mother's *not* a baby. She wants her daughter to be famous and rich, doesn't she? She's already latched the girl onto just about the most famous leading man in the business, hasn't she? How much will you settle for? In cash. Now."

"Ah, I was only kidding," Lanahan said.

"No," Bragger said. "A bet's a bet. If I'd won I'd expect you to pay. You've as good as won. How about seven-fifty?"

"That's too much. Why don't you wait awhile? Maybe Clay Tooker's interested in her as an actress."

"Don't be silly. I want to forget the whole thing. Take five hundred, and we'll call it square." Bragger peeled off the money and pushed it into Lanahan's hand.

"O.K. And thanks. I need the money badly."

"If you need money so badly, maybe we'd better drive out to Santa Monica. There's a pretty good joint out there too."

"My luck stinks."

"Not at writing. I'd like to see you get out of town. I know you came here to pay some debts and go home. How much do you need?"

"If I could get hold of two thousand I wouldn't show up Monday morning. I'd have a hundred or two left over and go back to San Francisco."

"Let's get out to Santa Monica then."

They were at the joint in Santa Monica until half past five. At that time Bragger had a profit of a little less than a hundred, and that was about what Lanahan had too.

They drove to the Hollywood Brown Derby for breakfast.

"Well," Bragger said, "I guess you'll have to stay another week at least."

II

He stayed six months and worked at three studios.

One night at Lucey's he saw her at the next table having dinner with another actor. Either Clay Tooker hadn't wanted more than a few months of her, or she'd decided that he wasn't getting her anywhere fast enough, or her mother had revised her plans. The new leading man wasn't as famous as Tooker, but he was famous enough, and perhaps there was a plan in the works between the mother and the daughter, and this star.

"There's that girl," Lanahan said.

"What girl?" Moeller said.

"With the mouth. That you were supposed to meet at the Clover Club the night it got raided. Bragger told me her name, but I've forgotten it. Martha something. That must be her mother with her. They look alike. What do you think of her?"

Moeller waited a moment, turned and glanced beyond the other table, waving to a waiter. At the same time he took a good look at the girl. The waiter came running up.

"Two more of these," Moeller said, and the waiter hurried away. "What about her?"

"You tell me."

"She's young," Moeller said. "All girls are beautiful when they're young. They can be made to seem ravishing by their mothers if their mothers want to peddle them. Clothes and cosmetics and a smart mother can do a lot for *any* girl."

"Don't you think she ought to be seen by the people who go to movies?"

"Not necessarily. Get a load of that silly actor."

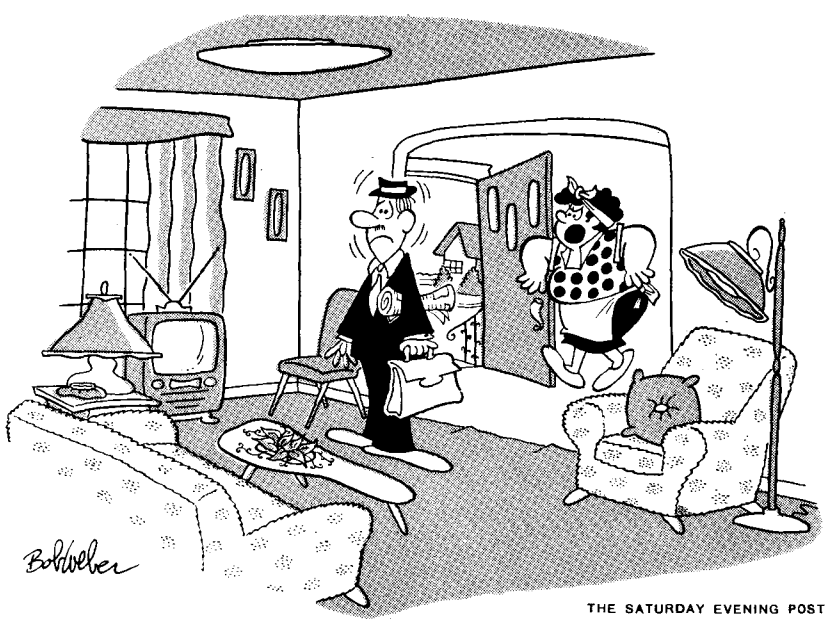
"What have you got against him?"

"He *encourages* peddlers."

"Don't you?"

"I've never bargained to get a girl in my life. The first thing I establish is that I will *not* put them in a picture, I will *not* send them to somebody who will, and I will *not* marry them."

"And what is the result?"



"I have not rearranged the furniture again! You're in the wrong house, Buster!"

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"They don't believe me."

"So they peddle to you, too, after all."

"I can't help it if they insist. But I don't encourage them."

Lanahan watched the girl all during dinner. If anything, it kind of hurt him more now to behold her than when he had first seen her. She had been dazzling in her make-believe then, something you couldn't possibly fail to be moved to see, and now she was even more dazzling—a kind of glittering parody of the proper role for the female in the fable of the human race.

"Edge your chair over a little," he said, "so you can keep an eye on her. She's born out of a hard town, out of hard streets, and she's got it all in her face, but especially in the mouth. When she speaks you have the feeling a miracle's taking place."

"She'll never be in pictures."

"She's a star already. She's always been a star. Before her mother started peddling her she was a star. Watch that mouth shape words. Watch it when she listens. Watch it when she thinks, or remembers, or just sits. Do you see?"

"I'll find out who she is and how she's making out," Moeller said. "I may be able to give her a small part."

They met by accident three nights later, and Moeller said, "Her name's Martha Harper."

"It wasn't Martha Harper a few months ago."

"What was it?"

"I've forgotten, but not Harper."

"Well, I guess they changed it."

"Are you going to give her a part?"

"You really think she's got something, don't you?"

"Give her a small part, and find out for yourself."

"Maybe I will, but I don't like peddlers."

"Do you know anybody in Hollywood who isn't a peddler?"

"No, but I don't like them just the same."

Two months later, though, Moeller still hadn't given her a part, and Martha had a new friend. Another actor, of course.

III

Moeller could *talk* about every writer in the world, but at best he had just read around in their books. He had hired a lot of the good American ones, though. If he didn't know their books, he had a great deal to say about the writers themselves, as he had come to know them.

"They're a sad lot," he said to Lanahan one night. "What makes them such a sad lot?"

"Caring, I guess. You said you'd give her a part. Why didn't you?"

"I'm forty years old. I say a lot of things. Who are you talking about?"

"Martha Harper."

"I'm going to *have* to give that girl a part," Moeller said, "just to find out what it is about her that makes you talk about her every time we meet. Have you met her yet?"

"No, I haven't met her. I saw her at the Brown Derby about an hour ago. She came in with somebody I don't know. Why not call her in and put her to work, as if it were nothing? You do that every day anyway. Why not make another little mistake and let her appear in a picture? Just turn the camera on her and see what happens."

"Tell Mike Springer. *He's* your producer now. Tell *him*."

"He'd only think I had a girl I wanted to impress."

"What about all the other girls in town? I've seen you at dinner with two or three of them. Why not ask me to give one of *them* a part? They all want to be famous, too, don't they?"

"They do. The difference is, she *is* famous. Some people are famous and some aren't. She is; that's all. That's why I don't ask you to give anybody else a part. You don't have to give *her* a part, either. What difference does it make to me? It's just that if you *do* give her a part, some day when I'm back in San Francisco and I happen to plunk down thirty-five cents at a neighborhood movie I might look up and see her."

"She's a peddler," Moeller said. "Let's ride out to Santa Monica. Give the dice a roll."

Lanahan had a little luck for a change, won more than five hundred, stopped, went to the bar and stood there drinking, waiting for Moeller, who was doing so well he didn't want to stop. She came into the bar with the actor he had seen her with at the Derby, and after a moment the actor was called to the telephone.

Lanahan went to the table where the girl sat. "I just want you to know that someday—not now—I'm going to know you, but don't misunderstand the way I mean. I mean another way, and I want you to know we've got a date; that's all."

It was stupid. He was actually talking like some idiot in a movie, even though what he meant wasn't stupid. He turned and went back to the room where the gambling was. Moeller was still going strong. Lanahan stood at the other end of the table and began to make small bets, and before Moeller lost the dice he had won two hundred dollars more.

They cashed in their chips, and Moeller said, "I'll tell you what. I'll put her to work in the gangster picture I'm shooting. I'll do it for you. The part's got no lines. She wanders around with this hood who grunts and shoots everybody. She's his girl. He's got to take her with him wherever he goes. All she does is go with him and wait. In the end, he shoots *her*. Is the part O.K.?"

"Perfect," Lanahan said.

"No lines. Not one word."

"Perfect."

"How about a drink?"

"Some other place."

He didn't want to see the girl again. He didn't want Moeller to see her, either. They drove back to town, to Mike Lyman's restaurant. There they ran into two girls who were still hoping for a crack at fame after ten years in Hollywood.

One night a couple of weeks later Lanahan and Bragger were having dinner at Musso and Frank's with Stanley Rose from the bookstore next door when Moeller came in and sat with them. Moeller didn't say anything about the girl, so Lanahan knew he'd forgotten all about her again.

Soon after that, with all his debts paid, Lanahan quit his job and went back to San Francisco.

One night almost a year later he saw her in a movie at last. The part was nothing at all, but it was impossible not to notice her.

IV

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OLDEST STORY

She married the son of the owner of one of the big studios, divorced him, won an enormous settlement, and then married a man of sixty from Texas who was said to be worth thirty million dollars. Several months later the Texan was killed in an airplane crash. It was front-page news that he left his bride twenty dollars, as if with a wink to the world.

She was courted for a year by a rather freakish-looking prince from one of the half-oriental countries, but in the end she let him go, along with his diamonds. The year had been rewarding in publicity; her fame was greater than ever; her pictures had improved; her premieres had grown more and more fantastic.

Felix Moeller visited San Francisco late in 1939. Lanahan met him at the Fairmont bar.

"Well," Moeller said, "I came to get the kick in the pants I deserve for not listening to you about Martha Harper. Why didn't you keep after me about her?"

"I got tired of being a nuisance. How are things?"

"Great. Absolutely great. I want to do a San Francisco story, get the real flavor of the town. After all, it *is* one of the three great cities of America—New York, New Orleans and San Francisco.

"It's no different from Pittsburgh, Memphis or Bakersfield," Lanahan said.

"I want you to write a great San Francisco story."

"How's Bragger? Is he working?"

"He hasn't worked in a year. He's got a fortune stashed away though. He must have, because he's gambling all the time—and losing, too. Moving pictures are growing up, and I think it's about time writers like you respected the medium. Give me a great story about San Francisco, and we'll both get rich again."

Again? Lanahan thought.

"How's Sam Lundy these days?" he said.

"Who wants to talk about agents?" Moeller said. "A bunch of thieves. The only thing they think about is money. I've read every book you've ever written. Well, they're great, but they're not film stuff. Films are for everybody. A great story about San Francisco will appeal to everybody."

"I'll think about it," Lanahan said. "If I hit on something I'll send it to you. How's Stanley Rose?"

"Same as ever; same as ever. Now when can I expect the San Francisco story?"

"A month maybe, maybe two. It won't be a short story; it won't be a novel; it'll be a story for a *film*, nothing else, and it may be no more than two or three thousand words."

"Just what I want," Moeller said. "I'll be waiting for it. I'll phone you the minute I get it. We'll make a fortune."

Three years later Lanahan was in New York for the opening of his first play, which surprised him by being a hit.

He was at a corner table in one of the velvet-rope restaurants when she came in with a friend. She was still going strong, but a little something had happened to her mouth. It was still possible, though, to remember the way it had been.

A year later he was in New York again, having another book published and another play produced. At three o'clock one morning, at the desk of his hotel, he was handed a batch of phone messages. He saw that one of them was from Martha Harper and called her from his room.

"I hear you've got a new play, and I want to talk to you about it," she said.

It was more than eight long years of youth since he had told her that he would know her someday.

Well, *would* he, though? Or had it been only part of youth's confidence and exaggeration?

In any case, would *she* know him?

He went to her hotel.

"I love your plays," she said. "I've got to fly back to Hollywood tomorrow for a couple of days of retakes, but then I'll be back in good old New York for at least three months. I insisted on it. I want to do a play. I never have, you know, and it's something I've always wanted to do. What's your new one about?"

"People again. I'm in a rut, I guess."

"What's the girl like?"

"The girl's an old woman. She's ugly, rude and a grocery thief. She steals an egg every time she goes to the store."

She gave her hoarse laugh. "She's wonderful. I'd almost be willing to play *her*."

"Why?" Lanahan said.

"I believe in coming clean. They're letting my contract go. I've been getting too much money. It's nothing serious, but I don't want to go to another studio and take less. It would be the beginning of the end. I'm desperate to do something different, something more. I must do a play, a real play. I called you because I want you to write a play for me."

"What do you want to *be* in the play?"

"Wonderful."

The telephone rang. She almost answered it, and then suddenly didn't, and it rang five times. She went to the phone and told the operator not to ring again, no matter who it was.

"I want to be wonderful. *Always.*"

"But you *are* wonderful—always. So what's the panic all about? The end?"

"There isn't going to be any end. I'm going to study. I'm going to keep going. I'm not going to stop. The theater's next. I may make a picture now and then, but what I really want to do is *act*. I've already had some talks with the English lady—what's her name? She's going to coach me every day."

She went into her bedroom and spoke from there.

"I've got half a dozen plays here that my agent's rounded up for me. I don't like any of them. I can't even *read* them. Do you know any of these writers? I don't seem to have heard of any of them, and every play is the same. Phony, I mean."

He went into the room to find out who the writers were. She was sitting on the bed with several manuscripts on her lap.

"Who are these awful writers, anyway?" she said.

He sat down beside her. "I'm one of them," he said.

"Write a play for me. Please."

"I'd like to. In a kind of crazy way that I can't explain, for more and better reasons than I really understand, more than anything in the world, I'd really like to, because *somebody* has got to, before it's too late."

"What did he say?" And then she laughed and said, "Anybody ever tell you you're crazy?"

They talked until morning, and then he kept an appointment at his New York draft board on 36th Street.

V

After the war he went back to San Francisco, bought a small tract house on a streetcar line not far from the zoo, and went to work on a new play. It was a play that might not even find a producer, but he finished it just the same, sent it to a producer he had never met, and found that the producer wanted to put it into production right away. He flew to New York.

"Who do you see as the girl?" the producer said.

"I don't know. I've been away from the theater for three years."

"I'm going to mention somebody you may feel is wrong, but think about it a moment. She's thirty plus, and your girl's eighteen. She *has* been famous, but she's not any more. The last work she did was in a U.S.O. show with harmonica players and tap dancers. All the same she's still got something, and I know we could get her for not much more than a couple of hundred a week. Martha Harper."

"O.K."

"Well, let's think about it," the producer said.

A week before the play was to open she telephoned him at his hotel late one night.

"I've read your new play," she said. "Don't ask me how I got a copy. I hear Prembley doesn't care very much for the girl who's trying to do the part. I know that character inside out. Why not let me do it?"

"Why not talk to Prembley about it?"

"He wouldn't put me in unless you told him to. Tell him to."

"I told him to, long ago. The fact is he wanted you in the first place, and then he decided an unknown girl would bring something special to the play. I think she's very good."

"Not as good as I am. Come and let me read for you."

"Prembley's at the Sherry-Netherland. I left him there half an hour ago."

"Don't you want me to read for *you?*"

"I'm a little bored with the play. I'm sure it's going to be a flop."

"It'll run forever if I do the part."

"Tell Prembley."

She called back ten minutes later.

"Let's forget the part," she said. "Come and have a drink, anyway."

"What did Prembley say?"

"He said it's too late. He said he might think of me for the Chicago company, if there is one. Come and have a drink."

She named a hotel he knew had a top rate of four dollars. He had an unopened bottle of Scotch and another of bourbon. He took them along.

She wore a housecoat over a negligee. The place smelled. It wasn't untidy; it was dirty. She looked sick, and she was drunk. Something seemed to be the matter with her teeth. They seemed false, although he knew they weren't. Her lips were thin now, and held together except when she spoke or laughed, both of which she did whenever she felt she must try a little harder to pretend that she was O.K. He opened the Scotch and poured drinks, and she told lies about the years since he had seen her last.

She began to cough suddenly. Her face got red, and she went to the bathroom. She came back with two pills in one hand and a glass of water in the other. She swallowed the pills and got into bed, asking him to sit and talk to her.

He saw her every day after that, but she was drunk every time he saw her.

The night before the play opened she asked him to take her to the opening. He gave her two tickets and urged her to go with her mother.

"My mother! I don't talk to her. I haven't talked to her in years. Please go with me. I don't want to go with anybody else."

"I never go to openings. Besides, I'm going back to San Francisco."

"I love San Francisco. I always have. I'm sick of this dirty town. Take me with you."

"You don't want to go to San Francisco."

The following evening he had a drink at her hotel.

"I've had them up here all day," she said. "A masseuse, the best hairdresser in New York, a makeup man I knew in Hollywood, and two dress designers. This hairdo is something I had cooked up especially for tonight. Do you like it?"

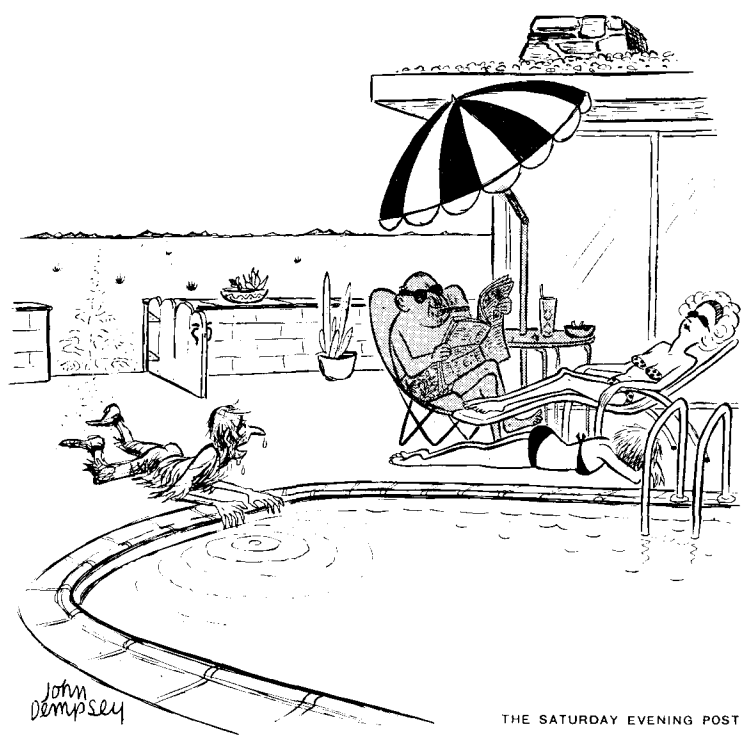
"You look great."

"Do I *really?*"

"Yes, you do."

"I wish you really thought so, because then I'd know it was the truth." She lifted her glass. "Good luck to the play."

"It's a flop," he said.



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OLDEST STORY

"I'll phone you as soon as I get home," she said. "I'm going with a general I met in Italy who happens to be in town. He phoned early this afternoon. I've told him I want to come straight home after the show and go to bed. You'll come and talk to me, won't you?"

At curtain time he went to the 57th Street Automat for coffee and doughnuts. He sat for a long time, going back for another cup every fifteen minutes or so until he had been there an hour, and then he went around the corner and walked down Sixth Avenue. He paid a man a dime for a look at the moon through a telescope, then walked along 42nd to Third Avenue, stepped into a bar there for two drinks, then walked back to his hotel. It was a quarter after eleven when he got to his room. In a few minutes the telephone rang, and she said, "Oh, what a play! I've been bawling all night. I'm still bawling. How did you ever write a play like *that?* It's killed everybody. Where did you ever get the idea for that girl? But don't tell me now. Come over here and tell me."

At three o'clock she insisted that they take a taxi to Times Square to get the morning papers and read the reviews.

"Take me to Reuben's. We'll read them there."

"No," he said. "Let's go to my place."

The *Times'* was the first review she read. The critic liked it. She then read the *Herald Tribune's* review. This critic liked it, too. He wasn't able to throw fancy phrases around the way the *Times* man had, but he liked it just the same. She then read the reviews in the *Mirror* and the *News*. They were good reviews, too, and she was as thrilled as he had been when he first saw her in a movie.

"Oh, how I could do that part," she said. "I *understand* that girl. I understand her better than anybody else in the world could ever understand her. Aren't you thrilled? You'll be rich. You'll make money *for years* on this one. You can get anything you want from Hollywood. They were all there, you know. They'd heard it was something they'd soon be fighting to get, and they were all there. You're not going to San Francisco *now*, are you?"

"I'm leaving tonight."

"Why?"

"I live there."

He took her back to her hotel at daybreak, had breakfast at the Plaza with Prembley, and that night flew back to San Francisco.

A few months later he smiled when he read about her appearance in the Chicago company of the play: the writer said she was better than the girl in New York.

VI

The play should have been a flop. Prembley had spent very little money producing it. There wasn't a star in it, but the unknown girl, twenty-one years old, with a background of only one season in summer stock, soon became a star. She called herself Lily Larue. It was interesting how swiftly she was transformed from a shy, eager, hopeful young girl with moments of true beauty and dignity into what the show's publicity agent called a dynamic personality, a student of life and letters, one of the greatest actresses of all time, and eight or nine other superlative things.

Every character in the play was a peddler of one sort or another, helpless, foolish, and a little mad.

Felix Moeller wired from Hollywood and then flew up to San Francisco to invite Lanahan to become his partner in a special company to make a movie of it. He phoned from the Fairmont Hotel.

"Drive down and let me go over the papers with you," he said.

"What papers?"

"The agreement. I'm in the bar. Drive right down."

"I haven't got a car."

"Do you mean to say you don't *own* a car?"

"That's right."

"Why not?"

"I live on a streetcar line, and I like to walk."

"Well, listen. Take a taxi and come on down. It won't take more than ten minutes to go over the papers."

"I'm working. I'll be finished in four or five hours. Will you be there?"

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OLDEST STORY

"I've got to fly back in two hours. Tell you what. I'll take a taxi out, we'll go over the papers, you sign them, and I'll take a taxi to the airport."

"Come on out if you want to, but I'm not going to sign any papers."

"I'll be right out," Moeller said.

When Moeller saw the house he couldn't believe his eyes. When he saw the inside of the house he was even more astonished. There was almost no furniture in the place. There were no rugs anywhere.

"You're one of the most successful writers in America. What's all this?"

"What do you mean?"

"This house. This street, this neighborhood. You can afford something better than this."

"No, I can't. Anything better than this, and I might not want to work."

"You can work and live comfortably at the same time, can't you?"

"I *am* comfortable."

Moeller poured himself a big drink, swallowed half of it and brought the papers out of his briefcase. "This deal is the best deal anybody has ever offered a writer. It'll make you rich."

"I told you I don't want to fool with any papers. I just want to take a little time out from my work to hear the news about Stanley Rose and Bragger Bailey and the others I knew when I was in Hollywood."

"Bragger's been finished for years. He never had anything anyway. What was he? A haberdasher. Except for his name he never had a thing. He should never have stopped selling ties. Stanley Rose lost his bookshop a couple of months ago."

"What's he doing?"

"I don't know. I never see him. I haven't got time for has-beens."

Moeller didn't mention the story about San Francisco he had asked Lanahan to write, the story Lanahan *had* written and had sent him years ago. He talked swiftly for an hour, called a taxi and left, leaving the papers for Lanahan to examine at his leisure.

For a whole year there were telephone calls about the play, telegrams, letters, and visits from agents, but in spite of the time wasted he managed to finish a new novel.

On his way to New York a month before the novel was published he stopped in Chicago to see her in the play.

He had gotten the idea for the girl from her, and there she was on the stage, playing the part, a woman past thirty playing herself when she was eighteen. She wasn't bad at it, either, and the fact that she was so much older than the part, so much older than she *had* been, made her all the more touching. The house was jammed. She got six or seven curtain calls, and he could tell that they made her very happy, perhaps happier than anything else had ever made her or could ever make her.

He didn't go backstage after the performance, and he didn't call her. She was a star on the stage, too, at last—in Chicago, if not in New York—and that was all that really mattered.

After the run in Chicago finally ended, he read in *Variety* that she was back in New York reading plays, and a month or two after that he read that she was singing in a small nightclub.

The New York run finally ended, too, and Lily Larue, the new girl, went to Hollywood. *Life* did a story about Lily, and so did half a dozen other magazines.

They were no longer doing stories about Martha Harper. The new girls had come along. She was one of the old girls now.

VII

In February of 1950 he was in New York again, for only a week, before sailing for Europe. Late one night during that visit he found himself in a place called Koenig's Karnival. The place was downstairs under a large third-rate hotel. He sat at the back of the room.

He was not especially surprised that the girl singing and strolling across the small stage was Martha Harper. It figured.

He looked around the room, his eye returning again and again to a fat woman with dyed red hair, sitting alone. Who was she? At last he remembered: her mother. And then he remembered Bragger Bailey coming back from Clay Tooker's limousine and saying, "Her name's Martha Koenig."

After her number he saw her sit at a table with four sailors; he saw her mother direct a waiter to the table; he saw the waiter go off and come back a minute later with four drinks for the sailors and a bottle of champagne for her.

She had put on a lot of weight and looked a good deal like her mother now. Her mouth was almost gone. The lips were almost shapeless.

When she moved to a second table full of men he got up and left the place.

He came back from Europe in June and remained in New York only five days, but the day after he arrived the *Times* mentioned that he was in town.

He was surprised when she telephoned, because by now he believed she might have become resigned to having had her time, but she hadn't.

"When do we go into rehearsal?" she said.

"I don't have a new play, Martha."

"Well, write one then. I've got a great idea for a play. It happened to me. I've never told anybody about it. It's the kind of thing you write best of all. I know you'll fall in love with the idea the minute you hear it."

"I'd like to see you, but I don't think I want to write another play just now."

"Come and hear the idea. You'll love it."

"Where are you?"

"I've got this little apartment of my own. Four flights up, but it's home. It's where I live with my baby."

"Baby?"

"My daughter. She's seventeen."

"Seventeen? I didn't know you *had* a daughter."

"Very few people do. It's only since the end of the Chicago run two years ago that I've gotten to know her myself."

"Three years."

"Has it been that long? She's been with relatives and at schools. She's a beauty." She gave him the address, and then said, "It's almost one now. I work until two. I'll be home ten minutes after two. But go there now and let my baby make you some coffee."

"I'll come by after two."

"No," she said. "She's heard so much about you. She's read everything you ever wrote. She's dying to meet you. Go on over. I'll phone her and tell her you're coming. She'll make you some coffee, and I'll be there before you know it. She's a hero-worshiper. Make her happy. I'll be there a few minutes after two. Now don't say no. You'll be crazy about her, and you'll be crazy about my idea, too."

He expected to see a seventeen-year-old girl who looked like a seventeen-year-old girl, but what he saw was what he had seen when Martha Koenig stepped out of Clay Tooker's limousine at the Clover Club almost eighteen years ago. He certainly saw Martha's mouth again. It was young and open. The teeth and eyes were the same, too.

"Martha told me you were coming," the girl said quickly, "and I nearly dropped dead. I've been racing around like mad getting dressed, putting on Martha's best clothes, so I'd look like something. It's silly being seventeen. I could *die* of shame. Just think of the ignorance of a girl of seventeen. I don't know anything. And I mean *anything*. Let me take your hat."

He dropped his hat on the table by the door and handed her the package he'd brought.

"For your mother."

"Just in time, too. We're all out. How do you like it?"

"Over ice."

"That's the way I like it, too. I take a drink once in a while to look sophisticated. I'm so inexperienced I've just got to hide it *some* way."

He opened a bottle and got a tray of ice out of the small refrigerator.

When the drinks were ready she stared at him and said, "Just wait till I tell my friends. Do you know how popular you are with the girls at school? I can't believe I'm seeing you in person at last." She lifted her glass and said, "Here's to your next play."

"Here's to you and Martha."

They drank, and he noticed that she drank deep.

"But I don't know your name," he said.

"Maud. Isn't it awful?" She laughed, and for the first time he heard the hoarseness. He had hoped she would tell him the full name, but he let it go.

"It's a nice name. I've always liked it."

She led him out of the kitchen into the living room, but neither of them sat.

"What a dump. But we love it. I think artists *should* live simply, don't you? Have you ever known a girl like me?"

"No, I haven't."

"Well, I wish you would. It would do me so much good. I hate young men. I hate boys. They're such bores. They don't know anything. They can't *do* anything. I'm sick and tired of them. I thought you were handsome in your pictures, but you're ten times handsomer than your pictures. Do you like to dance?"

"No."

"I loathe dancing. That's all boys want to do. Dance, dance, dance. I'm sick and tired of it. They never take you to real places where there's *atmosphere*. I know a place with the most wonderful atmosphere. It's not more than twenty minutes by taxi. Would you like to take me?"

"I'd love to."

"Well, let's go. Or shall we have another drink first?"

He noticed that her drink was finished.

"It's almost two. Your mother'll be home in a few minutes."

"Oh, she'll understand. Martha and I are *friends*. We tell each other everything. I mean *everything*. We've been in heaven the three years we've been together. She's the greatest woman I know. I love Martha. Martha understands me. She loves me. You can talk to Martha anytime. Would you rather go somewhere else? Do you have a phonograph? I love classical music."

"Let's wait for Martha. We'll all go somewhere."

"She won't be home for hours."

"She *said* she'd be here a few minutes after two."

"She tells me that *every* night, and then she gets in around five or six or seven, sometimes eight or nine. The next night she tells me exactly what kept her—and I mean *exactly*—and then she says, 'But tonight I'm coming straight home. I'm dead tired.' But she doesn't. She won't be here for hours. Do you like my figure? I always think I'm such a flop. I think my figure must be awful. Nobody likes me." She held her arms out to show her figure. "Am I as awful as all that? Look at my waist. It's very narrow. But look how broad my shoulders are."

"All right, Maud. Telephone your mother and tell her I'm here, waiting."

"Do you *really* want to see her?"

"Of course."

"But you've *seen* her. I told you Martha tells me everything. Well, it's true. You've seen her, but you've never seen me. Martha's so old now. And the men she goes out with—ugh! *Do* you have a

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"I'm five and one-half years old, adore pizza pie, love to play games, draw and go to the zoo, and I sleep in the raw."

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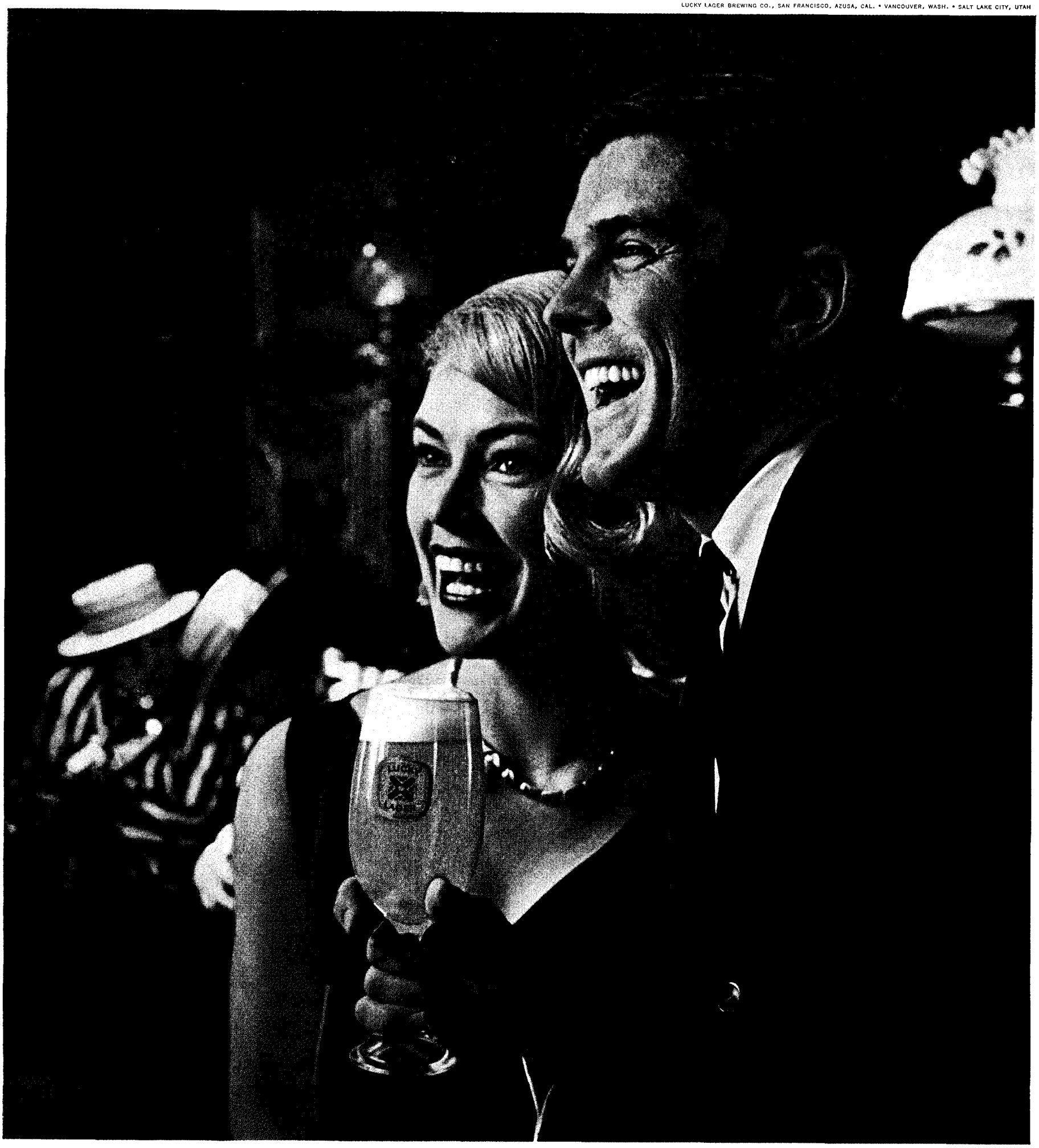

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phonograph? I love to sit for hours listening to classical music. Ours is broken."

She telephoned at last, and a little after three Martha came home, accompanied by a short, thick man of sixty or so.

"Max," she said, "this is Joe Wilson." She winked at Lanahan.

"Pleased to meet you, Joe," Max said.

"Max can only stay a minute—isn't that so, darling?"

"Yeah," Max said. "I got to go. Hello, sugar," he said to Maud. "You look like a million. I never saw you looking so good. You're pretty tough competition for this old bag, honey." Martha puckered her lips and pushed her head at him, and he kissed her lightly, then said, "So long, Joe. Watch out for sugar over there. She's dynamite."

Max left, and Martha said, "He's my cousin. Second or third or fourth or whatever the hell it is. How about a drink for *me?*"

Lanahan fixed three drinks.

While they were drinking the telephone rang and Maud answered it. She spoke in a cooing voice, low and soft. She was on the phone not more than fifteen seconds. Then she ran into another room and came running back in an enormous fur coat.

"I've got to go someplace for a little while," she said to Lanahan. "If you're not here when I get back I'll be mad at you for life." She turned to her mother. "Oh, what a handsome man. But what do you have to do to thaw him out?" She hugged and kissed him, then whispered in his ear, "Wait for me." She then hugged her mother, and he noticed that she whispered something in her ear, too, and then she ran out.

"My baby," Martha said. "Oh, how I love her." She took a swig of the Scotch. "What have you been doing? Why do you live in San Francisco? Why don't you stay here where everything's happening?"

"San Francisco's my home."

"Well, couldn't you make New York your home?"

He asked her to tell him about herself.

"Oh, you know me," she said. "Anything for a laugh. After the Chicago run I took singing lessons and sang in half a dozen chichi joints around town. I met a lot of exciting people, but I managed not to marry any of them for a change. That reminds me," she said suddenly. "This is the story, the idea I told you about. It's a true story. I know it'll make a great play. If you write it you've got to promise I can play the girl. I *am* the girl, so I ought to be able to play her. Do you promise?"

"Sure," he said. "If I write it you can play the girl. I mean if anybody wants to produce it."

"Oh, they'll want to produce it, don't worry about that." She took another swig of whiskey. "Let's get the ice and stuff out here where we can get to it."

Lanahan brought the stuff out, freshened her drink, then his own. He stood at the dingy window waiting for her to tell the story.

"Well," she said, and he knew she was going to tell a few lies along with the truth, as she *imagined* it. "Where do I start? Well, anyway, my mother was very poor. But I mean, *poor*. She liked fun, and she got into trouble easily. My father left her a couple of months before I was born. He came back a year later, but she wouldn't have him. She divorced him. Arthur Harper. [*Lie.*] He was English. [*Lie.*] In stocks and bonds. [*Lie.*] She never forgave him for leaving her. She was just a kid, but she did have pride. She did her best without him, but I had to be boarded out sometimes, and I was awful lonesome. I missed my father all the time. I didn't remember him, didn't know who he was even, but I missed him all the time just the same. I missed my mother, too. Act One. O.K.?"

"O.K."

"Well, the years went by. I was thirteen. My mother took me out of school to live with her in a great big beautiful place. There were parties two or three times a week. Exciting people. Two years. Then my mother took me on a trip to Europe. Six months. Everywhere. We met all kinds of people. My mother was beautiful. She could have married any of them, but she lived for me. She really did. She knew I wanted to act, so we decided to go to Hollywood. We didn't know what to expect. I was almost seventeen by then but I *felt* like a hundred. It was exciting, only I was always lonesome. I wouldn't tell this to anybody but you because after being in that play of yours for so long I know you'll understand. I can't say it the way you can say it, but I can give you the facts. I missed my father all the time, whoever he was. But I had a lot of fun at the same time, too. I met a lot of men in Hollywood. They all liked me. They all wanted to take me out and be romantic. It was exciting, but it really didn't mean anything to me. It meant going around to nice places; it meant expensive gifts; it even meant money. Act Two. O.K.?"

"O.K."

"Is it a play?"

"It *could* be."

"Do you like it?"

"Very much."

"You're not kidding, are you?"

"Of course not."

"Well, anyway, I'm coming to the payoff. One of the men I knew was very famous, very rich, but married. He had three kids. Now he was going to have another one, but not with his wife. With *me!* That had happened once before, but my mother had stopped it. You know what I mean. It happens every day. Sometimes it's absolutely necessary, that's all. Well, I was scared to death, because in the first place he was married; in the second place I wasn't in love with him; and in the third place I wanted to get a job in pictures. I told my mother about it, so she could help me, but she called him in. My mother told him she wasn't going to let anything endanger my career or my health. Either he got divorced and married me or he paid her so much a year. He paid her, but he didn't like the idea of paying her so much a year, so he paid her cash. He wanted to forget all about it. He paid plenty. I had to go away for three months. I did a lot of thinking during those three months. The night it happened I decided what I really wanted was a man to be my husband, to really love me.

"My mother took the baby and turned it over to some people who took care of it. We went back to Hollywood and started all over again. Nobody knew anything, except him, and of course we knew he'd never tell. I met more men. They all liked me. They wanted to be romantic, but it didn't mean anything to me.

"This is the payoff. One night I was having dinner with a man my mother thought could get me started in pictures. He invited me to go gambling with him. He said anything he won would be mine, and he said he gambled high. There was only one place open then. It was a place in Santa Monica. We went in and took a table in the bar, but he had to go to the men's room or make a phone call or something. When he was gone I was so lonesome I wanted to get up and run out of the place and see if I could find a man who could really love me, give me a life, give me kids. There was a boy drinking at the bar. He wasn't good-looking or anything. He was just angry and astonished, I guess. I know you will understand a thing like this. I wanted to stop him from being angry, and I wanted him to stop me from being lonesome. I wanted him to come and take me out of there and marry me. It's been years, but I haven't forgotten any of it. I swear it's true. I damn near dropped dead when he *did* come across the room straight to me. I don't think anything has ever excited me as much as that. I forget exactly what he said, but it was something like this: 'Listen, you, whoever you are. Some day I'm going to know you. But not the way anybody around here knows you.' That's all. He just said that and went away. I never saw him again. End of play. O.K.?"

"O.K."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Erh, madam . . ."

"Do you understand the play?"

"I understand it."

"I mean I haven't the faintest idea who he was or what happened to him, but he must have been *somebody*, or he couldn't have been so angry and astonished. About me, I mean. And I know he loved me. Without knowing anything about me, he loved me. I've forgotten most of the others, but I know I'll never forget *him*. That might seem silly to a lot of people, but I know it won't seem silly to you. Does it?"

"No, it doesn't."

"Will you write it? Will you make a play out of it, so I can do the part?"

"Aren't you fed up with the theater by now?"

"Yes, I am. But listen to this. As God's my witness, I want to do this play for one reason. I'm hoping *he'll* see it and remember what he said. I don't care what's happened to him. I want to see him again. I just want to see him. I want to see if he stopped being angry and astonished. I've got to see him again. Will you write it?"

"He may have been drunk," Lanahan said. "He may have forgotten all about it three minutes later. He may have said the same thing to somebody else an hour later."

"Anyway, will you write it?"

"I'll try."

"What'll you call it?"

"'The Peddlers.'"

"'The Peddlers'? What's peddling got to do with it?"

"Well, perhaps I'll think of a better title later on. What would *you* call it?"

"Oh, I'm no good at things like that, but wouldn't 'The Wedding' be a good name for it? 'The Secret Wedding,' or something like that?"

"I don't know, but I'll think about it."

She freshened her drink and drank until she passed out. She was all right, though, just tired.

He carried her into her bedroom and put her down on her bed. He sat beside her, staring at the girl she had been when he spoke to her so long ago.

When her daughter came in, it was after six. The girl was drunk, her lips were swollen, and her face was sickly pale. She took off her coat, and he saw a black and blue mark on her arm the size of an egg.

"Am I glad to see you?" she said. "I was at my girl friend's, sleeping. Let me just take a shower, then please take me to listen to classical music."

He took the girl by the shoulders.

"Oh, no," she said. "Please don't look at me until I take a shower. Do you like me?"

"Martha's very tired. Get her into bed. And you better get to bed, too."

He went toward the hall. She ran after him and threw her arms around him, saying in a cooing voice, "Please don't go. I'm so lonesome. Please wait until I take a shower."

He opened the door.

"Will I see you tomorrow?" she said. "I'll be beautiful tomorrow. Martha's bought me a new dress. You'll love me tomorrow."

"I'm flying to San Francisco in a few hours," he said. "Please look after Martha. Look after yourself, too. You're a very beautiful girl, Maud."

He walked down the four flights of rickety, creaking stairs, unable not to smile, but at the same time still astonished, and still angry about the oldest story, the story of the peddlers and their secret weddings. THE END

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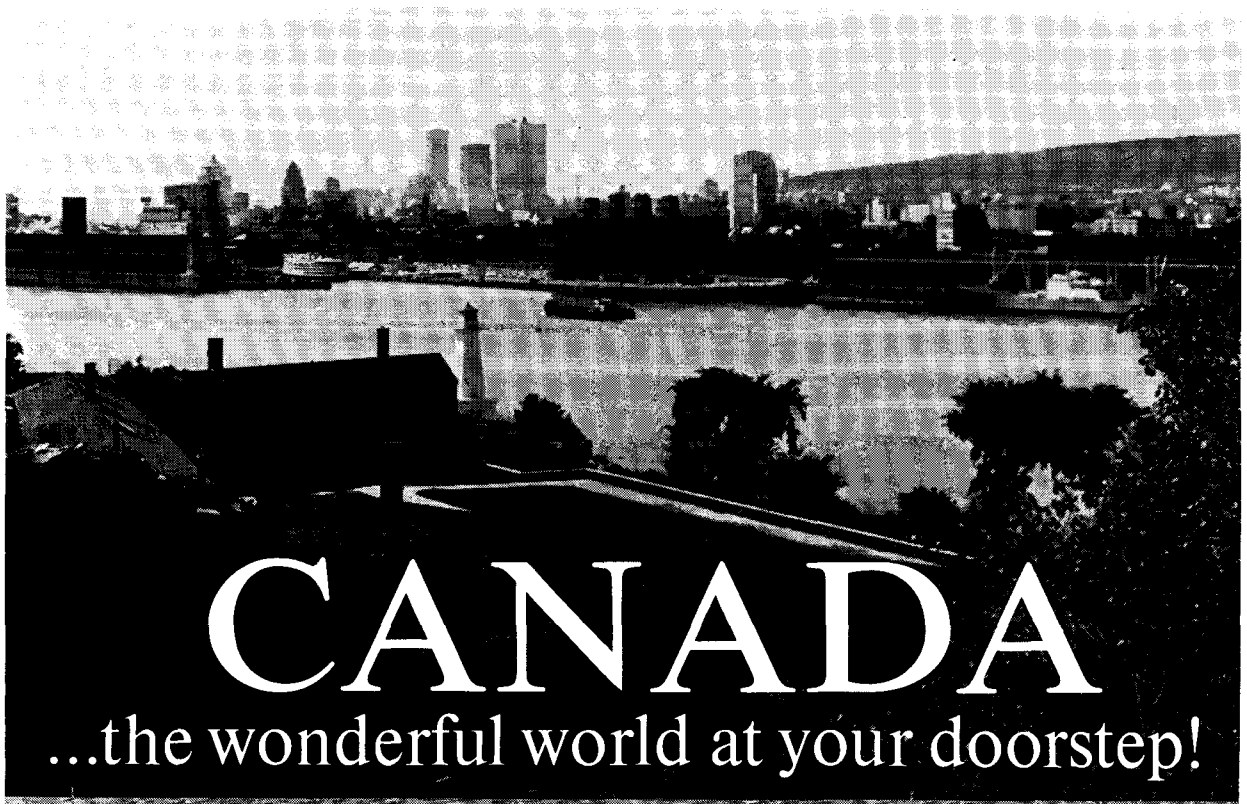

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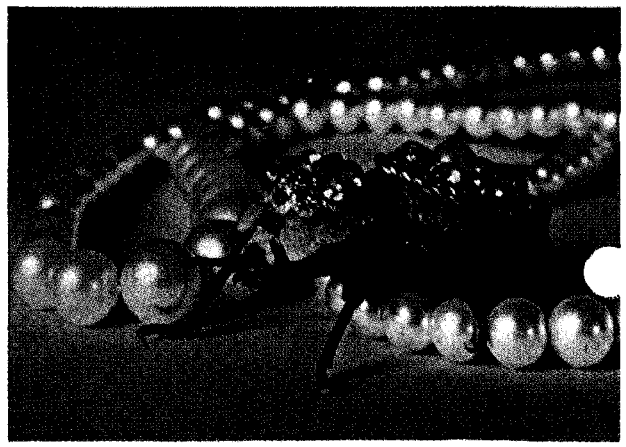
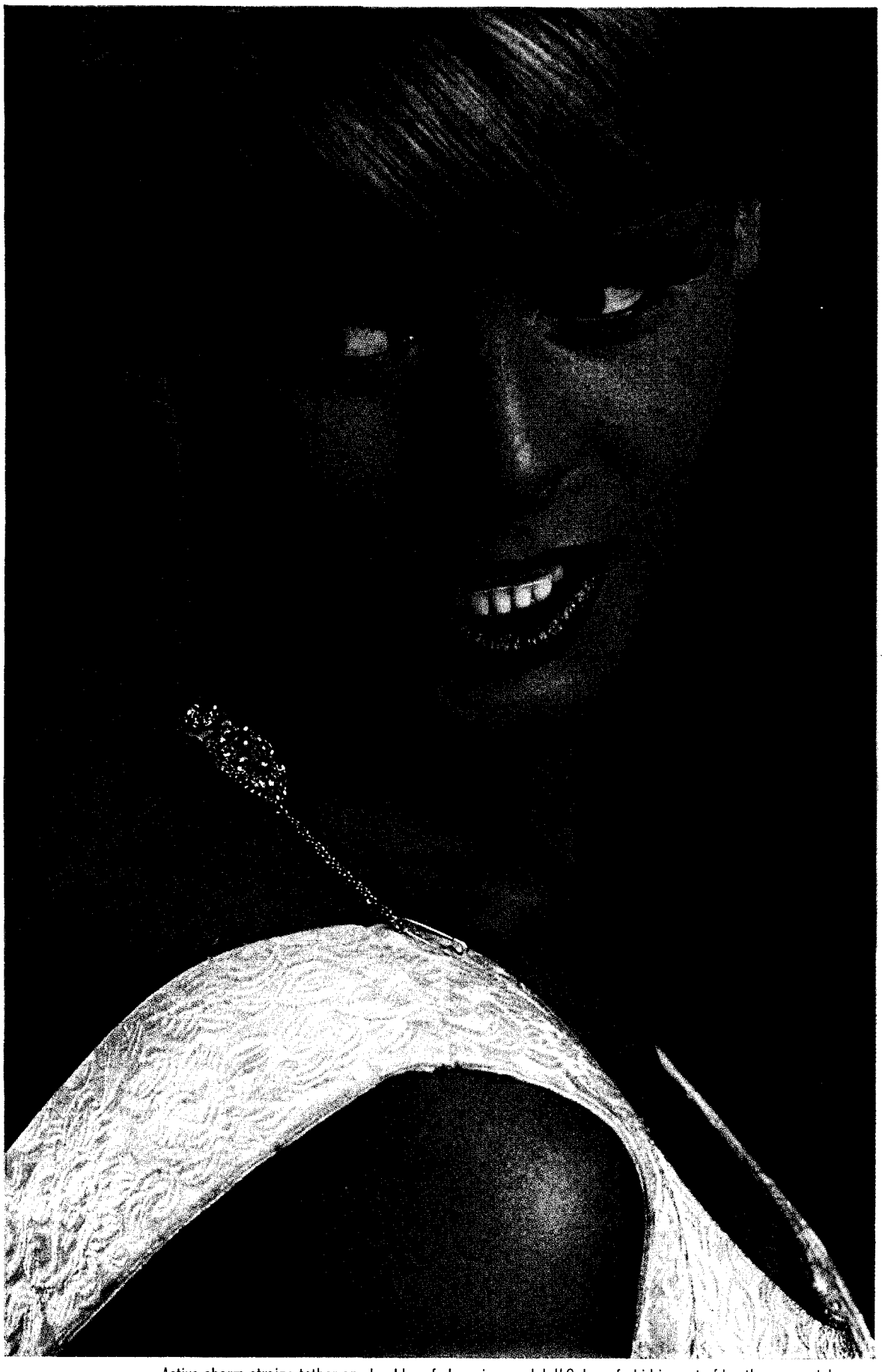
An encrusted Makech beetle, smuggled live from Mexico, crawls over pearls.



•*If pins bug you, try* JEWELS THAT CRAWL

By Walter Ian Fischman



Active charm strains tether on shoulder of charming model. U.S. laws forbid import of beetles, even rich ones.

Case-hardened U.S. Customs agents are getting bug-eyed trying to stop an offbeat smuggling operation from Mexico. Recently, for instance, a well-dressed woman, just returned from a Yucatan vacation, was picked up by agents at Idlewild Airport when they spotted a jewel-encrusted brooch attached to her lapel. Was she smuggling diamonds? No. The bug-shaped pin was a living, crawling bug. The lustrous insect was unceremoniously removed to a gas chamber and quietly dispatched as the Federal Government acted to squash the new fad for living jewelry.

The legal basis for the crackdown on jeweled bugs is a 1957 pest-control Act, designed to keep potentially harmful insects out of the country. "The Bug" (as he is now identified on official Government communications) is a Makech, measuring about two inches from antennae to back legs, roughly half the length of his scientific name (*Megazopherus chiliensis*). "The Makech's appeal," according to Laurence Fleishman, supervising customs agent of the New York area, "is primarily to the screwball fringe. It takes some kind of nut to wear a bug."

Comedienne Phyllis Diller wore a Makech emblazoned with gold lace and white seed pearls. Says Miss Diller, "How else am I going to get ten men standing around looking at my chest?" Princess Soraya sent two rings to a designer in Mexico who pried out the stones and glued them to a Makech.

The Makech legend, as might be expected, is romantic. In Yucatan a beautiful princess was slated for ceremonial sacrifice. She ran away with her lover, but the pair were captured, the prince executed, the princess exiled. One day the lonely girl found a small insect resting near her heart. She asked, "Maa-xech?" ("Who are you?") The bug answered, "I am your prince. I don't need to eat and drink, and we'll never be separated again." To this day the beetle seems to exist on a nearly calorie-free diet. Each bug is sold with a lump of wood from Yucatan. The wood is soaked in water so the beetle can nibble off a few fibers on which he subsists for seven days.

The decorated insect is the brain child of Rafael Combaluzier III, an architecture student at the University of Mexico. For three years he's used the gambit to buy books and get up the rent money. The average price is under $10. "When orders come in, I eat well," says Combaluzier. "When business is slow, it's back to tortillas."

At present the S.P.C.A. is keeping an eye on the fad, "despite the low level of life involved." To date, Customs has confiscated about a dozen of the beetles from tourists. But officials, in a recent gang-buster raid on a Manhattan motel, confiscated 200 of the untouchables. "It could have been bigger than Hula Hoops," mourned an official of a U.S. firm specializing in Latin goods who saw his profits nipped in the bug. THE END

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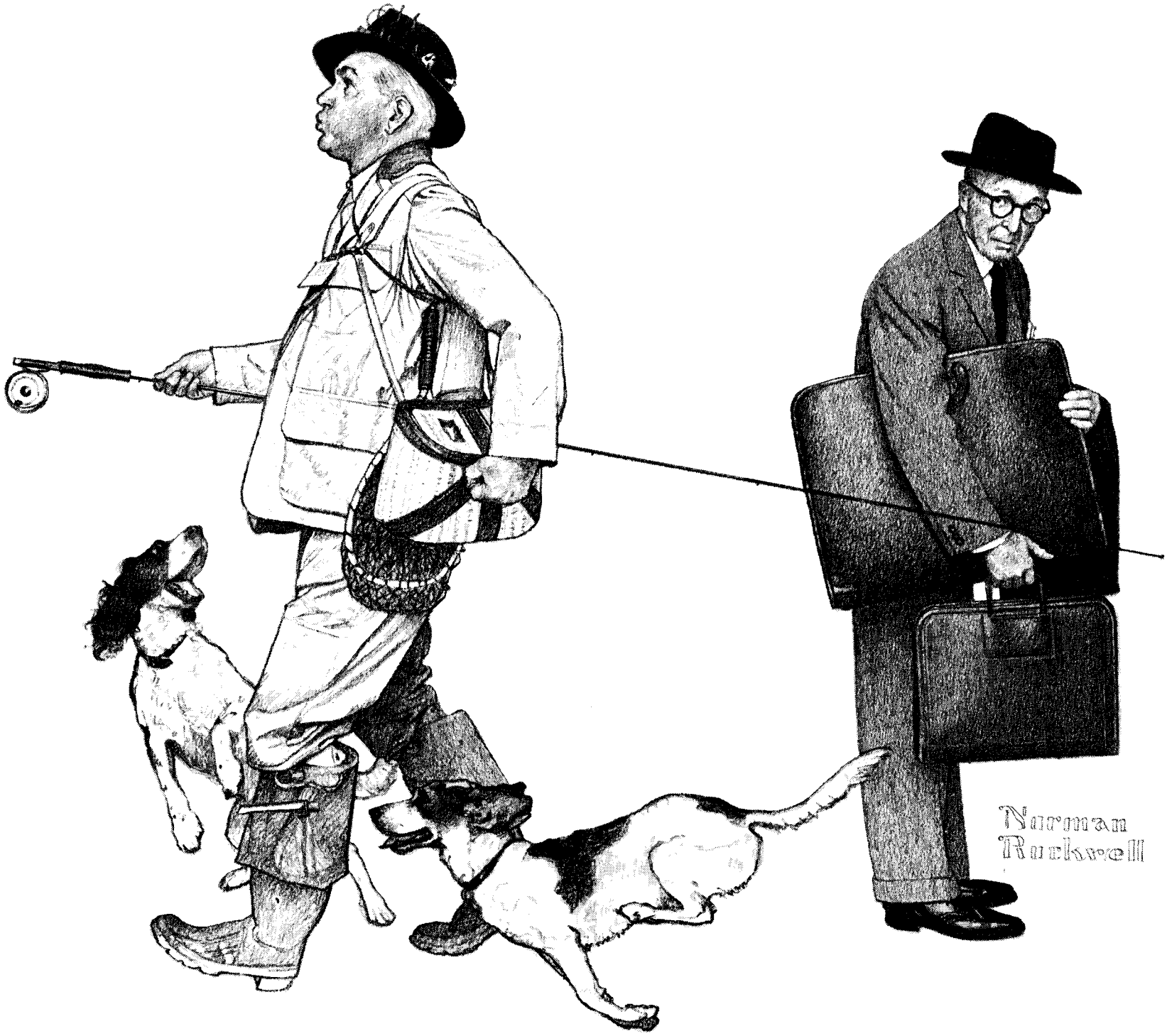

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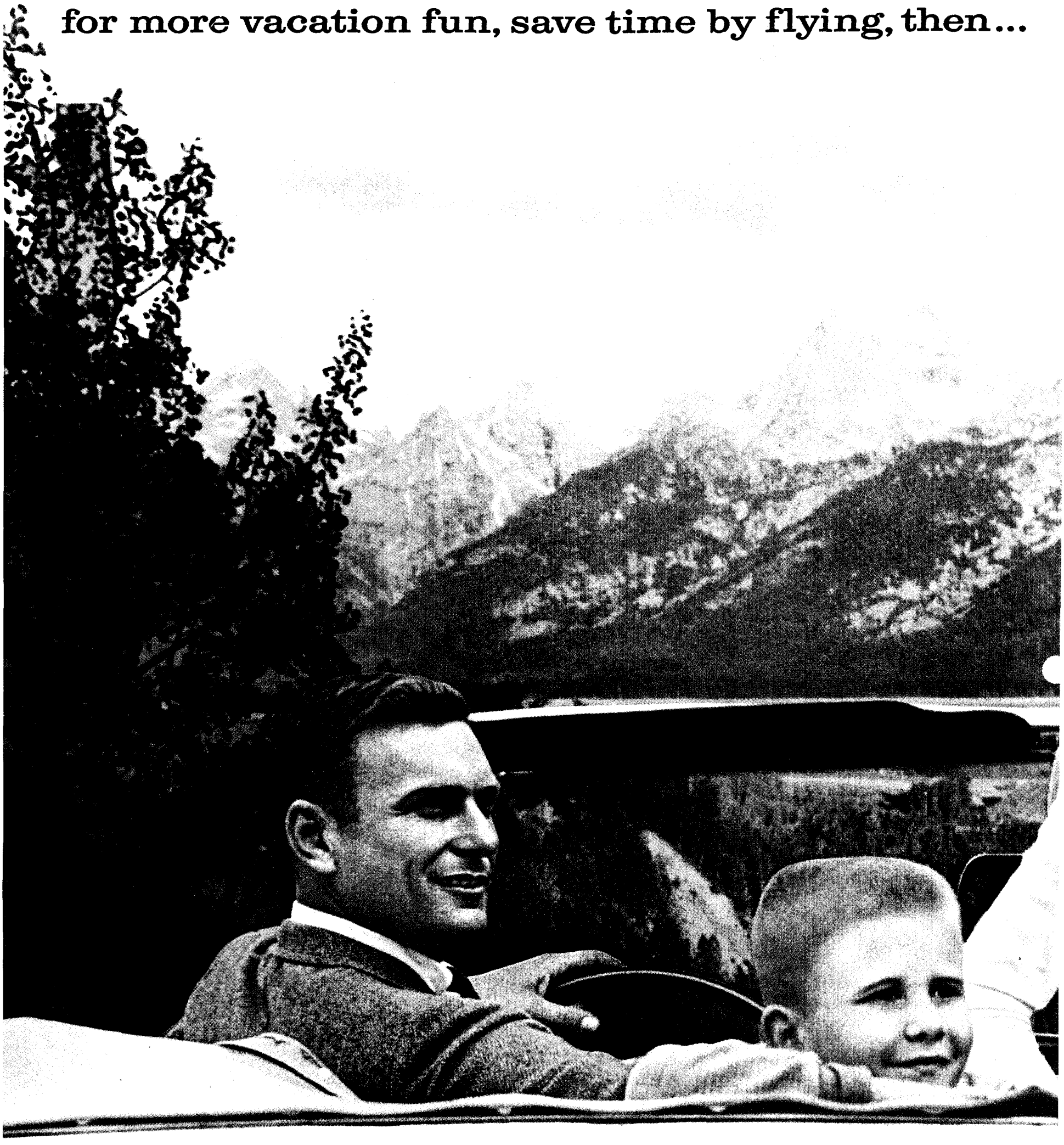

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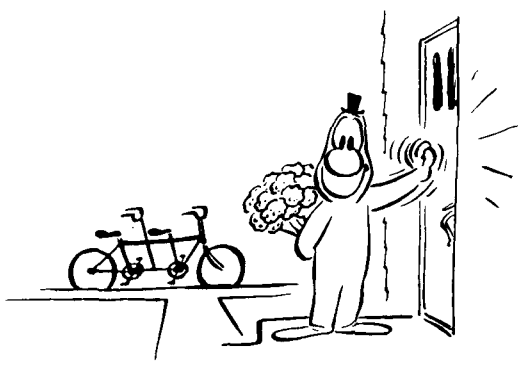

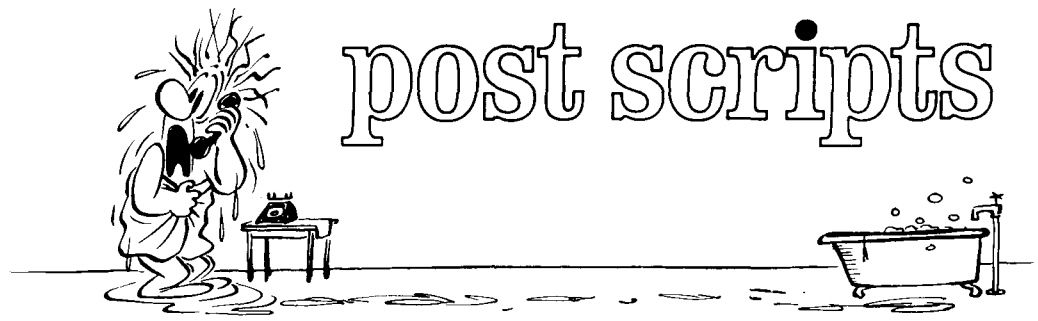

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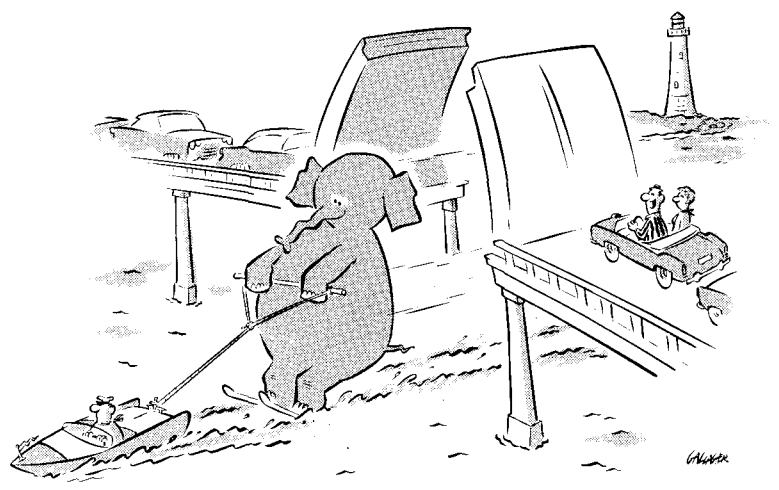


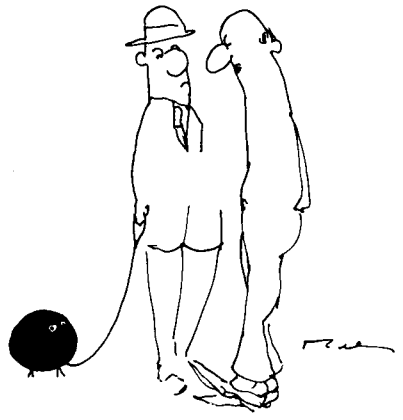
"That was almost worth the ten-minute delay."

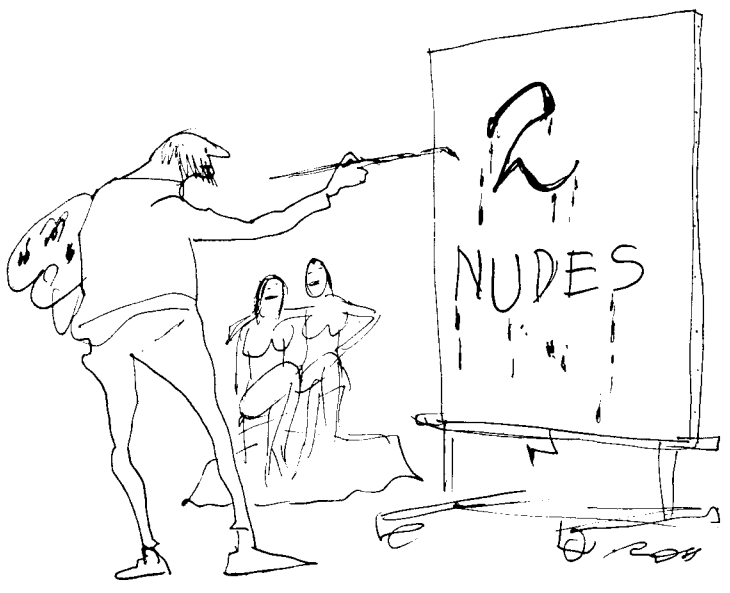
MOTHER'S DAY PRESENT FROM THE KIDS

After you've taken them to the store
And roamed the aisles for an hour or more;
After you've dropped them a subtle hint,
("Mother likes almond better than mint.")
After you've loaned them the three cents' tax,
And wrapped the package, you can relax;
Nothing to do till the day arrives
But practice your shouts of glad SURPRISE.

BETTY BILLIPP

"Spot, eh? That's a good name."





"Don't tell me you're still drinking that greasy kid stuff."

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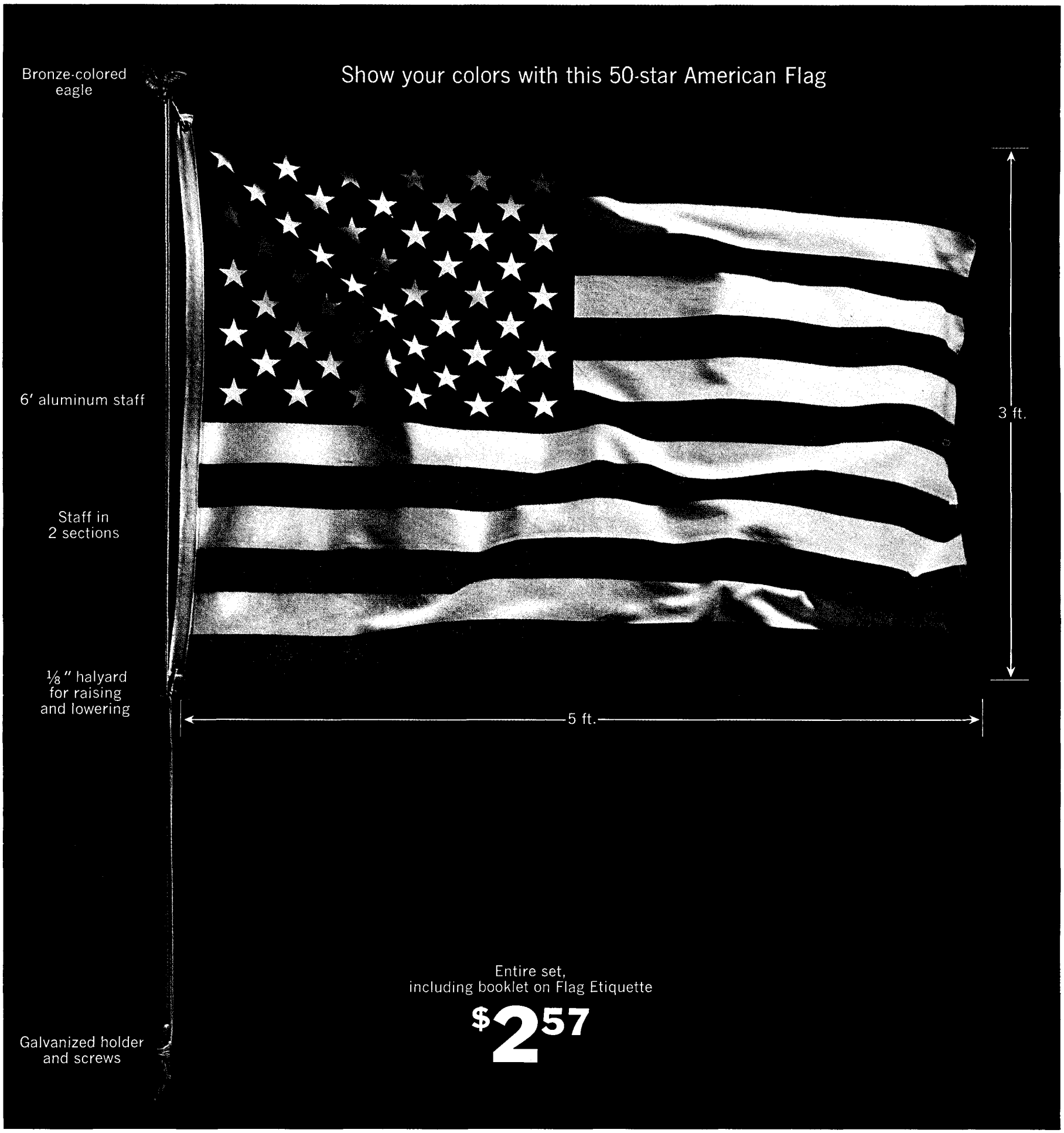

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GOODYEAR

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The last dinosaur wins again

Amid charges of fraud and

Daley outside his office backed by a lakefront mural.

During last month's mayoralty election in Chicago, Sheriff Richard Ogilvie—a Republican, and the only major official in Cook County who is not controlled by Mayor Richard J. Daley's Democratic machine—chanced on what looked like outright vote fraud. Two of his deputies saw an assistant precinct captain paying off voters; a Chicago *Tribune* cameraman photographed the payoff; and at least one recipient admitted receiving the money. He also admitted, in writing, allowing a Democratic election worker to enter the voting booth with him and pull the voting lever for him. To Ogilvie it seemed an airtight case.

He could not have been more mistaken. Despite the evidence, there were no prosecutions and the case has apparently been dropped. Daley, of course, won easily—by a 138,792-vote margin. Foes took heart in the fact that his margin over Republican Benjamin Adamowski, an admittedly weak candidate, was less than impressive. For his own part, Daley professed himself delighted with an "overwhelming" victory.

Unquestionably the most powerful boss in Illinois history, Daley holds a unique position. Although he is a firm Democrat, his candidacy gets backing even from Republican businessmen. The Republican-owned press—and this includes the militantly partisan Chicago *Tribune*—has either endorsed him or failed to work up much enthusiasm for his opponents. Daley's machine controls the Illinois Statehouse as well as Cook County. The 50-member Chicago city council is his personal rubber stamp—only six members are Republicans. He has a nine-member congressional delegation in Washington, and a direct pipeline to President Kennedy, whom he was instrumental in nominating and electing in 1960. "What Daley wants from the President," one City Hall subordinate says, "Daley gets."

Some evidences of the Daley machine's power must be seen to be believed. A few years ago the Chicago Traffic Court, a perennial center of shenanigans, was charged with fixing a half million traffic tickets. The investigation died when machine regulars "misplaced" the evidence.

In another case it was found that nearly $500,000 worth of city insurance business had been awarded—without bidding—to a machine-picked Park District commissioner. He still has the business—and his park post.

The 1960 election, in which the machine carried Illinois for President Kennedy by 8,858 votes, featured widespread accusations of crookedness. More than 600 election workers were charged with fraud. Only one was convicted.

"The charges couldn't even be investigated thoroughly," says Mrs. Marie Suthers, Republican minority member of the Chicago Board of Election Commissioners. "Mr. Daley's organization controls the poll-watchers, election officials—everything."

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corruption the last big political boss, Chicago's Mayor Daley, goes rolling along.

By ALFRED BALK

Daley's iron hand is particularly evident in the operation of the Chicago city council; a recent meeting was typical. Before it began, Daley met in his heavily carpeted fifth-floor office with Alderman Thomas Keane, his shrewd, cold-eyed floor leader, to determine the order of business. His battle plans laid, Daley strode briskly to his desk on a platform in front of the council chamber. At the first rap of his gavel the aldermen dropped to their seats. A minister prayed. Before he had finished saying "Amen," Daley snapped into a microphone: "The chair recognizes Alderman Keane!" Then Daley sat back while Keane plodded mechanically through the items approved for the agenda.

Each time Daley called for a vote, machine aldermen responded loudly in a Greek chorus of "Aye!" Lost in the crescendo was an occasional lonely, hopeless "No."

Despite his dictatorial behavior, Daley enjoys considerable respectability. Nobody with whom I talked could really explain this, but they all agreed that one of Daley's most useful assets is a seemingly superficial one—he just doesn't look like a boss. Unlike the glib, charming fictional hero of *The Last Hurrah*, Daley is quiet, intense and so colorless that his personality seems invisible. When interviewed he speaks in platitudes, evading difficult questions or assuming what associates call his "Great Stone Face" posture and saying nothing.

At times Daley even appears downright bumbling. He mispronounces words—"precinnt" for "precinct" or "O'Hara Field" for "O'Hare." Sometimes he makes monumental boners in speeches: "harassing the atom," or "rising to higher platitudes of achievement."

In further contradiction of the boss image, Daley does not wear flashy rings, smoke cigars or spend evenings playing poker. Reflecting the restricted cultural background of his late father, who was a sheet-metal worker, the mayor's main interests are politics, his wife and seven children, and the Chicago White Sox.

Daley worked his way through De Paul University Law School with a night job in the stockyards. He also drove a bakery truck, managed a sandlot baseball team, and got into politics by helping ward politicians arrange banquets, carnivals and other fund-raising events.

"It's not that he was a natural salesman or a great idea man," another friend says. "He just outworked everyone else."

Noting this ability, the late Alderman Joseph McDonough made Daley a precinct captain. Then, in 1927, when Daley was only 25, McDonough appointed him as his secretary in the city council. In 1936 Daley was elected state representative and five years later he became Ed Kelly's floor leader in the state senate. He has also served as county clerk, and was state director of finance under Gov. Adlai Stevenson.

"No big-city mayor knows more about politics than Dick Daley," says Col. Jacob M. Arvey, the former machine boss whose ill health forced him to step aside for Daley in 1953. "Nobody goes one up on him. He knows all the tricks."

Further contributing to Daley's success is the fact that although his machine is demonstrably corrupt, his own reputation is unblemished. Even the just-defeated Adamowski concedes this. Daley seems sincerely interested in youth welfare, charity work and attracting youngsters into politics. He is also a tireless booster of Chicago, doing everything from marching in clean-up parades to helping attract new industry.

When a scandal forces him deeply enough into a corner, he even makes concessions to good government. After a recent police scandal, for instance, he made the most distinguished appointment of his tenure—noted criminologist Orlando W. Wilson as police superintendent.

"He is, above all, a career politician concerned with staying in business," says Alderman Leon Despres, one of the few council members who opposes Daley. "Chicago is a conservative town. Daley understands this. Conservatives can do business with him."

He dealt with the governor

This dedication to maneuver instead of ideology, a classic boss trait, shows in everything Daley does. When he first took office in 1955, Chicago was starved for revenue. Yet the rural-oriented, Republican-controlled legislature, historically mistrustful of big-city political power, prohibited the city from raising its property tax or introducing new taxes without state approval.

Traditionally, Democrats oppose the sales tax as a soak-the-poor measure. Ever the practical boss, however, Daley reportedly struck a secret bargain with the then governor, William G. Stratton, a Republican. If Stratton would guarantee legislative approval of an additional half-cent sales tax for Chicago, Daley would make sure that Stratton did not have too formidable an opponent in the 1956 election. Stratton, despite an unprecedented $2.5 million scandal in the office of a Statehouse colleague, won reelection easily, and Daley picked up additional city revenue that now runs to an estimated $24 million a year.

Stratton also helped Daley by pushing home-rule legislation for Chicago. With power to accompany his new tax money, Daley was now on his way to complete control over the city. As Daley put it, after his deal with Stratton: "Now we can operate!"

New tax revenue and money from bond issues enabled him to undertake a vast program of public works—expressways, parking garages, public buildings, modern streetlights, O'Hare Field. All abounded in jobs to bestow and contracts to let. All were completed ahead of schedule. All conspicuously changed the city's face. The fact that Chicago property taxes had to be almost doubled left Daley unperturbed.

"People don't mind paying taxes if they can see what they're getting for their money," he says blandly.

Even Daley's critics have to admire his political craftsmanship. It is this talent, for better or worse, that enables big-city mayors to function in the complexity of multiple interests in which they work. But these critics complain that they cannot separate Daley's mayoral influence from his activity as a boss.

"How can we?" asks Republican Alderman Jack I. Sperling, who himself is considered a possible candidate for mayor. "He loads the payrolls, making Civil Service a sham. He appoints weak department heads who are afraid to talk back. He stifles criticism. That, I think, is the mayor's fatal defect—he can't stand criticism."

One method Daley employs to avoid opposition is to handpick his own candidates. And he does not look fondly on men who try to run without his blessing. Three years ago former Democratic national chairman Stephen A. Mitchell and noted sociologist Joseph D. Lohman entered the Democratic gubernatorial primary. Daley's candidate was Illinois's present governor, Otto Kerner, a handsome, passive former judge.

Neither of the mavericks obtained widespread support, but the Daley machine cracked down anyway. The political jobs and in some cases the businesses of the mavericks' few supporters were threatened. In one instance the machine even dispatched uniformed police and three top county officials to intimidate a suburban Democratic township committeeman and break up a meeting of his party workers.

"It's the ancient, sad story of power unchecked," says Mitchell. "Somewhere this able man got off the track. Now his life is dedicated to preserving the machine."

While the machine gives Daley absolute power in Chicago, it has somewhat limited his career alternatives. In 1960 he thought of running for governor, but a private poll showed so much downstate antagonism that he dropped the idea. He can, of course, serve as mayor for as long as he chooses, but insiders believe he is angling for a job in Washington and will retire after his current term. In any event, the Democratic machine which he has worked so hard to strengthen is not likely to lose its grip on Chicago.

While this organization may be credited with many worthwhile projects, its rule is not inexpensive. According to George E. Mahin, executive director of Chicago's Better Government Association, the inefficiency of the spoils system alone costs Chicagoans an estimated $40 million every year.

"The voters know that," Mahin says. "It's just that not enough of them care." THE END

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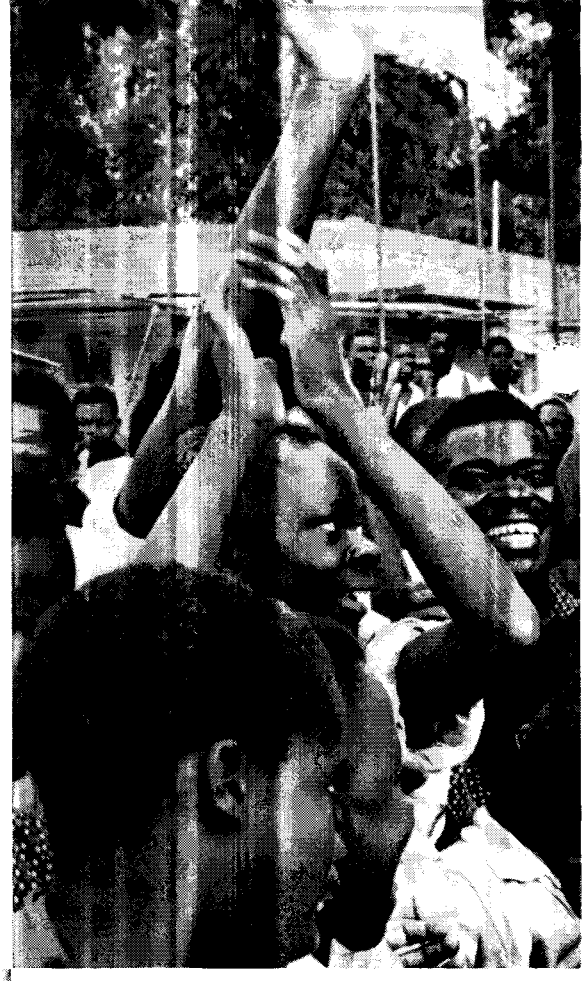
HOW KATANGA FELL

THIS STRUGGLE IN THE CONGO HAS DIVIDED THE WEST, COST US MILLIONS AND LEFT THE U.N. NEARLY BANKRUPT. HERE'S THE TRAGICOMIC STORY OF THE TIME MOISE TSHOMBE FINALLY COLLAPSED— BUT HOW FINAL IS IT?

By Blaine Littell



Some day in the distant future, historians may be able to make sense out of the story of Katanga. But for those of us who covered the brief "independence" of this southeasternmost province of the Congo, there is something about the whole episode that reduces a man to dark thoughts, darker drinks or helpless fits of laughter.

By now, after almost three years of war headlines, Katanga is part of our mythology, as is the whole Congo. We have heard sick jokes on television about the Congolese eating each other, we have argued the pros and cons of U.N. intervention, and we have paid millions upon millions of dollars to settle the Congo's problems. At the center of these problems is the province of Katanga, scarcely bigger than Missouri but almost obscenely rich in minerals. It is the world's fifth-largest producer of copper. It exports about two thirds of the world's cobalt, most of it to the United States.

When the Belgians finally granted the Congo independence on June 30, 1960, and the Congolese celebrated with an orgy of plundering, Katanga's President Moise Tshombe professed to see Communism threatening his copper mines, so he hoisted the red-green-and-white flag of his own independence. He claimed the mines' taxes of $40 million a year as his own. The Congolese vowed to recapture Katanga. They called in Russians; they called in the U.N.; they threatened to fight a civil war.

Negotiations failed to solve the problem. Tshombe, the Congolese central government and the U.N. repeatedly reached tentative agreements that didn't last. Pressure, too, failed. But finally, as 1963 approached, American and U.N. officials agreed that there had to come an end. Without it, the Congo's pro-Western Premier Cyrille Adoula could not survive. In recent months the Soviets had taken over an entire apartment building in the capital, Léopoldville. Their back-slapping lobbyists had a simple mission: to buy

Some Katangese used crude guns.

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Rallying his supporters, the stylishly dressed Tshombe liked to sing his anthem: "Defend Katanga . . . with your arms and your blood and your teeth."

enough parliamentary votes to bring Adoula down. And if they succeeded? Both American and U.N. officials feared Adoula's successor would be a leftist who would expel the U.N. and call on the Russians to help reconquer Katanga. To avoid such a crisis, the U.N. decided to force Tshombe to end his secession. Its plan—which worked out as strangely as everything else in the Congo—was to seize control of Katanga on January 15.

In the radio room of the American embassy in Léopoldville, Ambassador Edmund Gullion sent his instructions and compared notes in shortwave conversation with Jonathan Dean, the U.S. consul in the Katanga capital of Elisabethville. The two erudite diplomats used no code, for they needed none. They simply discussed the Katangese secession in terms of the American Civil War. By December they had shifted, and the code name for Tshombe became "Canute," the medieval monarch who once took his throne down to the seashore and ordered the tide to stop coming in.

The tide was coming in, however. In a large but sparsely furnished office at U.N. headquarters in Léopoldville, Robert Gardiner, the Ghanaian in charge of U.N. operations in the Congo, was completing his plans. Gardiner looked infinitely wise and weary.

"The patient has been very ill," he said enigmatically. "But now we think we have isolated the disease."

Removing his glasses as his tired eyes drifted to the ceiling, Gardiner added, "It may take surgery to effect a cure."

How drastic the surgery would be remained a question. But the United States sent in Lt. Gen. Louis W. Truman on a logistical mission to assess the U.N.'s requirements for the job ahead.

In Elisabethville everybody knew what was coming. The Truman mission touched off another demonstration on the grounds of the already-battered American consulate, this time by a gang of Belgian and African students throwing tomatoes, mangoes and finally rocks. They carried hand-lettered signs reading DOWN WITH KENNEDY and I SPIT ON THE RACIST GULLION.

"Well," sighed one member of the consular staff as he watched a small structure next to the consulate go up in flames. "Here we go again."

In the pink presidential palace, not more than a mango's throw from the American consulate, Moise Tshombe knew that his time had come. Tshombe is an extraordinary man, 43 years old, a soft, sensual, sugary figure, ill-fitted to play a central role in the history of the mid-20th century. He was born into the relative elite of the Congo. Educated by American missionaries, he joined his father's chain of trading posts, but it was in politics that he finally found a use for his love of bands and parades and white gloves.

Some of his admirers have portrayed Tshombe as the hero of his people, seeking orderly self-determination, but Tshombe's party won only 25 out of 60 seats in the only election Katanga ever held, and Tshombe's mercenary forces never controlled more than a part of Katanga. His admirers have also portrayed him as a fighter against Communism, though he has denounced "American imperialism" as fiercely as any Marxist, and he has not been above cooperating with the Communists whenever it suited his purposes. "Tshombe's trouble," says one man who knows him well, "is that he always agrees with the last man who talked to him. He just can't bear saying no." Now he was facing the crisis of his life.

Some of his advisers urged instant war on the United Nations. There were two principal advocates of this policy. The first was Godefroid Munongo, minister of the interior. A chief of the warlike Bayeke tribe, Munongo tends to look down on Tshombe both as a member of an inherently inferior tribe (the Lundas) and as a *nouveau-riche* businessman. Then there was Gen. Norbert Moke, whose command of military strategy and the French language are equally limited. In one disastrous interview with the press, Moke confined himself to repeating endlessly that he was "stronger than the others." When photographers asked him to pose informally, Moke assumed the posture of a sideshow strong man.

"Relax, general," said a photographer.

"I can't," replied the general. "I am too strong."

Munongo and Moke wanted to strike now, rather than wait for the U.N. to make the first move, but a majority of the cabinet disagreed. The great Belgian mining corporation, Union Minière du Haut-Katanga, and several members of the Elisabethville diplomatic corps, also advised Tshombe to be cautious—and keep talking.

Delays and more delays

And then there was the military situation. The U.N. now had approximately 9,000 men under arms in Elisabethville. But the Indians—over 4,000 strong in Elisabethville alone—were due to go home in the spring. If Tshombe could hold out until the Indians left, who could then subdue Tshombe's army of 20,000 valiant *gendarmes*, his tiny but astronomically expensive air force, and his 500-odd highly paid, battle-tested white mercenaries? There was one further advantage to the strategy of continued talking—a few more weeks of procrastination would almost certainly topple the Adoula government. If the Russians had been buying votes in Léopoldville, so had Tshombe. A new government might pay more attention to tribal independence movements.

As a result of urgings from Tshombe's advisers, countless letters passed between Tshombe and Gardiner, between Tshombe and Eliud Mathu, the Kenyan U.N. representative in Elisabethville, between Tshombe and Adoula and between all the others involved. Tshombe's plan created mountains of papers.

"I have the honor to refer to your telephone call of 7 December . . ."

"The secretary-general instructed me to acknowledge receipt . . ."

Then, early on the morning of December 24, the game ended.

It is still not absolutely certain just why the firing broke out, but the version most generally accepted, because it is so typically Congolese, goes like this:

For some months U.N. troops had used a giant slag heap at the Lubumbashi copper smelting plant in Elisabethville as an observation post. The U.N. troops had been Tunisians—French-speaking soldiers who had formed a rather close if unmilitary relationship with the French-speaking Katangese forces in the neighborhood. Daily a contingent of Katangese would slither up the slag heap, rifles in one hand and bottles of Simba, the local beer, in the other. At the top, beer would be traded for money, comradely salutations exchanged, and then the Katangese would trudge back down the slag heap, carrying Tunisian money and yesterday's empties.

But on the morning of the 24th, by some bureaucratic shift of personnel, there were Ethiopians on the slag heap instead of Tunisians. Unaware of this change, the Katangese approached the black pyramid and started up. The Ethiopians, unaware of the previous arrangement and unable to speak French, saw only a band of rifle-waving Katangese deployed in what appeared to be attack formation. The Ethiopians fired several warning shots in the air. For a moment, the Katangese stood where they were—stunned. One of them lost his balance and began sliding, then rolling down the slag heap. His companions thought he had been shot. They ran back to their positions and opened fire.

The shooting continued sporadically for five hours. Although the Katangese fired more than 500 rounds, most of the shooting was wildly inaccurate. Only one Ethiopian was wounded.

The sounds of shooting inspired other Katangese to action, however. A band of them opened fire on a U.N. helicopter making a routine flight over Elisabethville. It landed behind Katangese lines, near the city golf course. The Katangese

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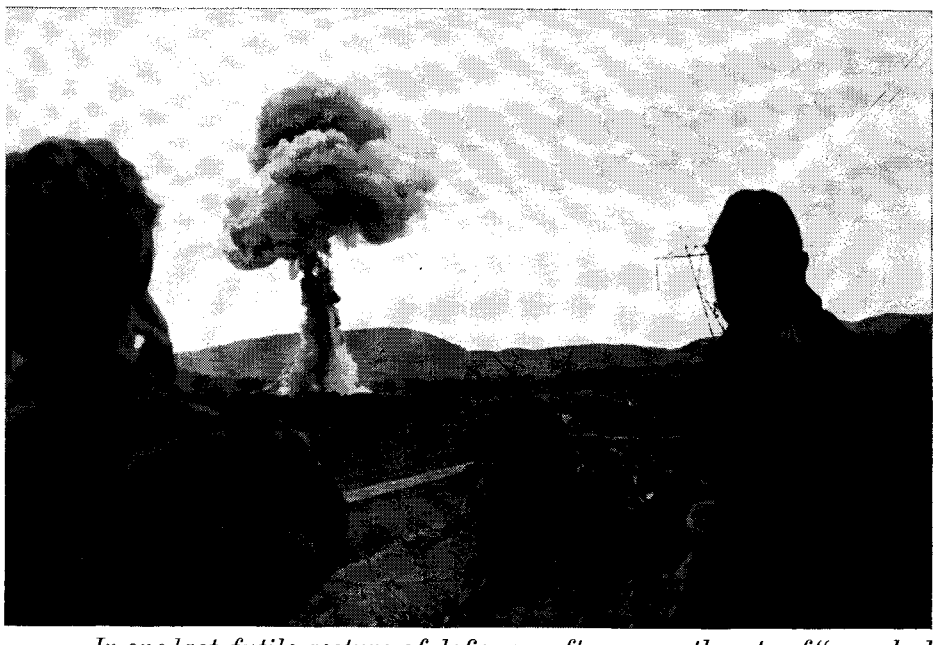
THE U.N. URGED A TRUCE

TSHOMBE, BEER IN HAND, EXPLAINED THE SHOOTING: "THE TROOPS ARE EXCITED."

Detachments of U.N. troops stood guard against Katangese air raids, but Tshombe's tiny private air force never even got off the ground.

Tshombe depended heavily on a polyglot crew of about 500 white mercenaries as officers for his militia. Once highly paid, most have now left.



In one last, futile gesture of defiance, after many threats of "scorched earth," Tshombe personally blew up a small electric-power station.

KATANGA

quickly captured its occupants, a Norwegian pilot, a Swede and four Indians. One of the Indians, 22-year-old Lt. S. S. Kang, lay on the ground, a bullet in his thigh and another in his abdomen.

The Katangese took the helicopter crew to the Karavia *gendarmerie* camp about four miles away, where they were subjected to an unmerciful beating by the *gendarmes* and their wives. It was not until two hours after the helicopter had been shot down that the U.N.'s Mathu got Tshombe to Camp Karavia, where he negotiated the release of the six badly mauled U.N. soldiers. In his own car, Tshombe led the way to the Queen Elisabeth Hospital. There Lieutenant Kang died on the operating table. Tshombe's intervention had come too late. But he was still talking. He put out a statement saying that the helicopter had been shot down only after it had inflicted heavy casualties on the Katangese.

On Christmas day Elisabethville was quiet, but the atmosphere was uneasy. Indian troops stayed out of town in an effort to avoid another incident. Sporadic firing came from the Katangese lines, but there were no casualties.

By now Elisabethville seemed to feel that the crisis had passed. The native markets, the city's barometers of tension, reopened. But on the night of the 27th it started all over again. And again the firing came from the Katangese side, far heavier than before and not confined to a single area. Automatics and mortars now came into play, directed at Indian Gurkhas and Rajputana riflemen at the airport, at the golf course, at a strategic roadblock on route to Jadotville, and at the Ethiopians around the Lido Hotel.

The U.N.'s Eliud Mathu summoned Tshombe to his home. Then, in the company of India's Maj. Gen. D. Prem Chand, the U.N. force commander for the Katanga area, and Brigadier Reginald Noronha, they started off on a hair-raising tour of the battle area. At the golf course they left their cars and stood watching in the darkness while firing continued from the Katangese lines. The Indians were not returning the fire. Twice Tshombe tried to bolt back to the safety of his car, and twice the Indians forcibly restrained him. Finally, after admitting that the shots were coming from the Katangese side, he promised to see to it that a cease-fire would be ordered by six A.M.—it was then about one A.M.

Instead of a cease-fire, dawn brought an intensification of the barrage. Still the U.N. held back. At 11 A.M. the U.N. officials called another meeting with Tshombe, this one attended by U.S. Consul Jonathan Dean and his British colleague, Sir Dereck Dodson. Tshombe, with a large glass of Simba in one hand and a small sandwich in the other, alternated between sweet reasonableness and truculent counteraccusations.

He was asked to telephone Gen. Norbert Moke and to order him to stop the firing. This he did. Everyone overheard him telling Moke just that in French. But he concluded with a few swift sentences in Kiswahili. Instead of stopping, the firing doubled in intensity. Tshombe was led out onto the lawn of his palace so that he could hear for himself. He listened for a moment and then said blandly: "The soldiers are excited."

Eliud Mathu's patience came to an end. He called in a secretary who typed up a statement for Tshombe to sign, agreeing to dismantle all Katangese roadblocks in Elisabethville and ordering his *gendarmes* back to their camps. But Tshombe refused to sign. He said he could do nothing without the consent of his cabinet ministers. Since Tshombe's cabinet had scattered to the far corners of Katanga, and in some cases even farther, his visitors greeted his proposal with derisive laughter. Tshombe asked for four more hours. Mathu replied, "I'll give you half an hour."

This was at three P.M. Precisely at 4:02 on the afternoon of December 28, the United Nations forces in Elisabethville started to move out on an operation they had not expected to launch until the 15th of the following month.

At about the same time, Tshombe vanished from the presidential palace in the first of a series of disappearing acts. His presidential guard evaporated with him, and a platoon of Tunisians was ordered to take its place. In the rest of Elisabethville the U.N. forces went into action against Katangese defenders.

The Gurkhas at the golf course, accompanied by Irish mortars, opened up with machine guns and then began their advance. They knew the terrain well, since many of them had served in their off-duty hours as caddies and ball-retrievers during the ritual rounds of golf played almost every afternoon by Gen. Prem Chand and Brigadier Noronha. The Gurkhas claimed they had never lost a ball—an entirely believable boast since they could often be heard thrashing through the rough late at night. The mortars and machine guns must have terrified the *gendarmes*. They ran away.

Eighteen hours after the action started, the U.N. had secured Elisabethville proper, the city's outskirts and key positions for as far as 15 miles from the city center. And the vaunted Katanga Air Force? Swedish Saabs took care of that problem in a series of quick sorties on December 29 and 30. They raided the runways and jungle airstrips and destroyed Tshombe's 11 planes. The Katanga Air Force never got off the ground.

From the radio room of the American consulate Dean informed Ambassador Gullion that the tide was coming in fast in Elisabethville and that Canute had at least temporarily abandoned his throne. But the missing Tshombe had left behind a statement in which he charged that the U.N. had tried to press him into signing an agreement which would have "handed the country over to . . . foreign imperialism." And he added, "I appeal to all the men and women of Katanga to resist to the death the shameful aggression of the U.N. forces. I call upon them to resist with every possible means: ambushes, poisons, spears, poisoned arrows. I place my full confidence in our valiant *gendarmerie*, in its bravery and in its spirit of sacrifice. . . . May God protect Katanga."

Tshombe's call to arms did nothing to stem the ratlike flow of valiant *gendar-*

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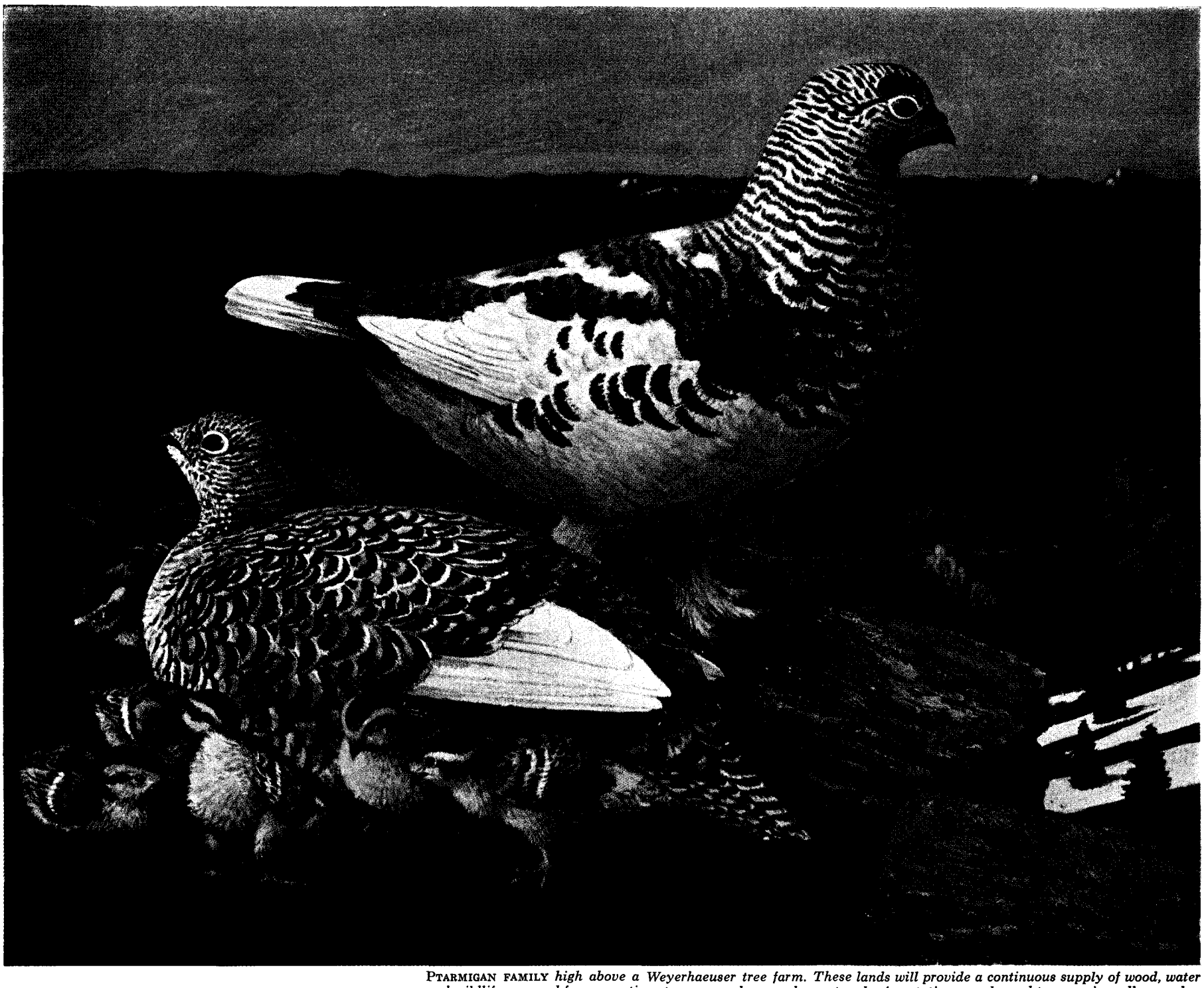

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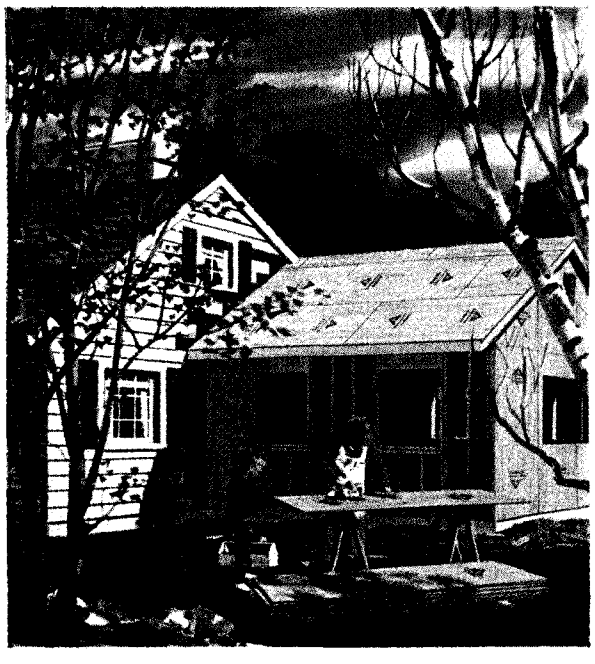

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merie away from the environs of Elisabethville and down the roads leading to the Rhodesian border. In their haste they threw their rifles into the bush and their uniforms into the rain-swollen streams.

Quietly, and with little trouble, the U.N. troops oozed into the vacuum. Elisabethville, with its power lines cut, remained without electricity and water. Littered with uncollected garbage, the city began to smell. There had been scores of civilian casualties, most of them African victims of mortar fire, but the general atmosphere was one of relief. Casualties had been relatively light, and there would be no more fighting—at least in the city. Two dozen wooden coffins, flown in hurriedly by an American Globemaster, lay unused at the airport.

As the U.N. prepared its next move, it naturally began wondering where its defeated opponent could be found. Sir Roy Welensky, prime minister of the neighboring Rhodesian Federation, was asked about his old friend Tshombe.

"He's not here and we're not expecting him," was the reply.

Not many hours later—the date was December 30—Tshombe arrived in Salisbury, presumably in a Royal Rhodesian Air Force plane. After a long and private meeting with Welensky, Tshombe warned a press conference that he might destroy all the riches of Katanga. Then he disappeared again.

Tshombe's threats worried Union Minière officials in Elisabethville. They anxiously buttonholed reporters and U.N. officers to say that white mercenaries had mined millions of dollars' worth of vital plant and equipment in the mining centers of Jadotville and Kolwezi. Furthermore, men like Munongo had their thumbs on the buttons and wouldn't hesitate to detonate Katanga into oblivion. The only way to avoid this useless destruction, they said, was to negotiate with Tshombe.

Tshombe could not be found, however, and the U.N. went ahead with the conquest of Katanga. On December 30 the Irish battalion moved along the road to Kipushi, a mining center southwest of Elisabethville, which the *gendarmes* had been using as a base for raids on U.N. supply lines. The following morning, amidst rousing cheers from the local population, the Kipushi police chief rode in the lead armored car with undisguised excitement and pleasure as the Irish captured Kipushi. Not a shot was fired.

The most important town still in Katangese hands was the mining center of Jadotville, 80 miles northwest of Elisabethville. By this time, opponents of the U.N. operation were urging Secretary General U Thant to delay any further military action while the effort at negotiation continued. There were reports that he agreed, for the U.N.'s original plan had been simply to clear Elisabethville and then wait for further orders. As luck would have it, however, radio communications between New York and the Congo virtually broke down. Because of a combination of atmospherics and piled-up coded messages, "priority" instructions often took as long as 48 hours to transmit. Since there was no clear "halt" order from New York, and since it made eminently good military sense to continue advancing against crumbling resistance, the Indians advanced on Jadotville.

Bridges and culverts along the macadam road from Elisabethville had been exploded, but the Indians quickly found alternate routes. There were some pockets of resistance, mostly from white mercenaries. There was also a tragic incident when members of a forward patrol killed two European women in a fast-driving car. But, once again, the citizens cheered as U.N. troops marched into Jadotville and captured it without bloodshed. On January 2 a U.N. official at headquarters in New York glanced at a just-decoded cable and then did a double take.

"Good heavens," he said—smiling. "We've taken Jadotville by mistake."

Still, there were questions about what the U.N. was doing. On January 6 U.N. Under Secretary Ralph Bunche arrived in Elisabethville to inspect the situation. He was asked whether he planned to confer with Tshombe, who by this time had surfaced in Kolwezi, the only town still in Katangese hands, 200 miles away.

"Tshombe? Tshombe?" Bunche looked like a poker player holding four aces. "Where is he? I have nothing to say to Mr. Tshombe."

Tshombe got the message. This was his last chance to salvage anything for himself from the wreckage. Tshombe returned to his palace in Elisabethville on January 8. Bunche managed to quit the Katangese capital just a few hours before Tshombe's arrival. Tshombe was extremely irritated. Not only had Bunche cut him dead but 10 of his best suits were missing. So were the Tunisian guards withdrawn by the U.N. the moment Tshombe reentered the palace.

"This place," he said, wrinkling his nose disdainfully, "smells of Tunisians."

Finding nobody from the U.N. willing to talk to him about anything, Tshombe suddenly had an inspiration. Early the morning of the 10th, he learned, the Ethiopians were planning to open the road and rail line leading from Elisabethville all the way to Sakania on the Rhodesian border. Why shouldn't Tshombe lead the way—a heroic gesture to avoid bloodshed and win him worldwide applause? The fact that the U.N. expected a minimum of trouble on the road made the plan all the more appetizing.

In the gray light of dawn, Tshombe's chauffeur-driven black car barreled down the road to the border. It was preceded by a siren-whining truck loaded with Katangese policemen and followed by a covey of vehicles filled to overflowing with reporters and cameramen. Lining the route at irregular and widely spaced intervals was what remained of Tshombe's army—small groups of *gendarmes* standing at attention, their ancient and rusty rifles at present arms. Their uniforms were rain-soaked, tattered and ill-fitting. Tshombe ordered his car to stop as it pulled abreast of the first squad.

"The Ethiopians are approaching," he said. "Offer no resistance."

Tshombe repeated this performance dozens of times until he reached the border village of Mokambo. There, while crowds of Katangese chanted his name outside, he talked strategy with his ministers in a small hotel. He urged them to return with him to Elisabethville and piece together what they could. Munongo and several others refused. Honor demanded a last stand.

But there was to be no heroic last stand anywhere in Katanga. Five days after his trip to Mokambo, Tshombe reappeared in Kolwezi. There, in one final and gleeful gesture of defiance, Tshombe allowed himself to be photographed pulling the lanyard on a field gun which in turn demolished a small power station. But there, in the company of his ministers, he also signed a statement of capitulation. He said he was "ready to proclaim before the world that the Katanga secession is ended."

With audible sighs of relief all around, the U.N. finished its drive to conquer Katanga. Brigadier Noronha paused briefly on his uneventful glide into Kolwezi to mull over some last-minute advice from his golfing partner, Prem Chand. It came over the radio:

"Bogey is five and you are on the green in three. Keep it up. Bogey should be in the bag but go for a birdie and with a bit of luck and God willing birdie should not be too difficult."

Noronha smiled and wired back: "Green looks OK from here but I'll watch the rough."

A few hours before the Indians entered Kolwezi, Tshombe and General Moke stood on the tailgate of a pickup truck and reviewed the *gendarmerie* garrison. It was a tearful occasion. Together they sang for the last time the Katanga national anthem:

"Defend Katanga until death
Make her proud, make her strong
With your arms and your blood
And your teeth . . ."

Eyes streaming, Tshombe could barely contain himself.

"Katanga!" he cried. "Katanga! Katanga! Katanga!"

By the time of the Indians' arrival, Tshombe had cheered up considerably. He welcomed the conquerors effusively.

"You know," he said, hooking his arm through Noronha's and pulling him close. "It's the white man you and I should worry about. The white man promised me ten thousand things but did nothing. They are our worst enemies."

There was more than a grain of truth in what Tshombe told Noronha. Indeed, the white men of Katanga, specifically the Union Minière, had let Tshombe down. Mounting pressure from the outside had finally become intolerable, and they had simply dealt him out of the game. Tshombe's error had been to think it was a friendly game, rather than a business partnership, pure and simple. The Union Minière and other related interests needed Tshombe to keep operating, and Tshombe needed the Union Minière's money to keep his government and his army functioning. But when the Union Minière came to realize that the United Nations, backed by the United States, really meant what it said about reuniting the Congo and giving the central government some of Katanga's profits, Tshombe became superfluous.

There are some who will weep for Tshombe and mourn the death of the independent state of Katanga. Tshombe himself will figure prominently in this group. His disappearing acts from Katanga may become more protracted—especially if the central government decides that the funds in a numbered Swiss bank account—an estimated three million dollars—are not rightfully his. But even if Tshombe announces his permanent retirement to a villa on the Lake of Geneva, such a statement should not be taken as binding. After all, the Indians have been pulling out of the Congo, and sooner or later the rest of the U.N.'s military forces will follow suit.

What then? There are some who think Tshombe might yet become President of the Congo. But predictions are futile. Perhaps it would be best to repeat what is repeated so often in the bars of both Léopoldville and Elisabethville: "Anything can happen in the Congo." THE END

HAZEL, starring SHIRLEY BOOTH, may be seen on NBC-TV Thursday evenings.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Boy, do we need rain."

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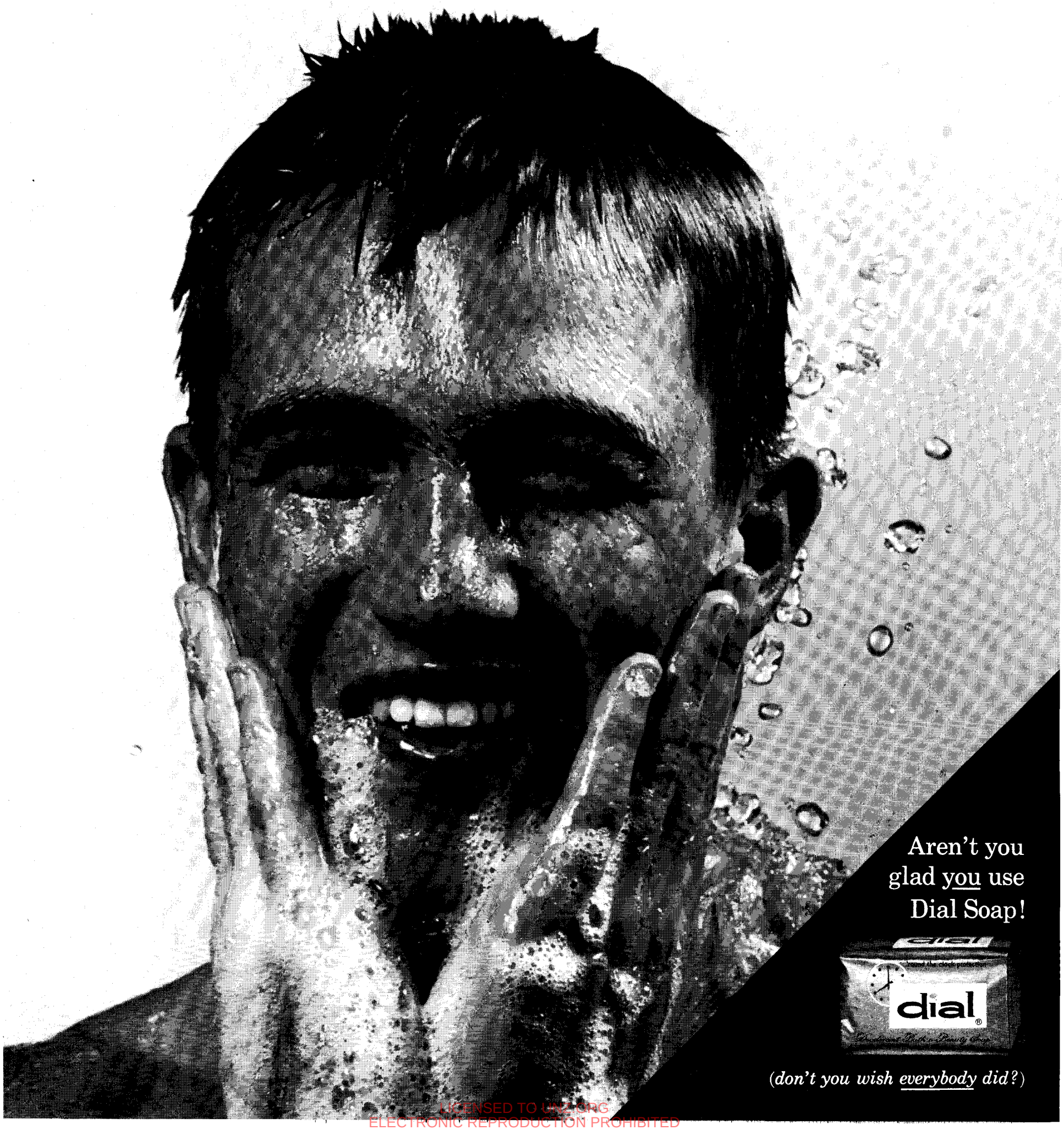

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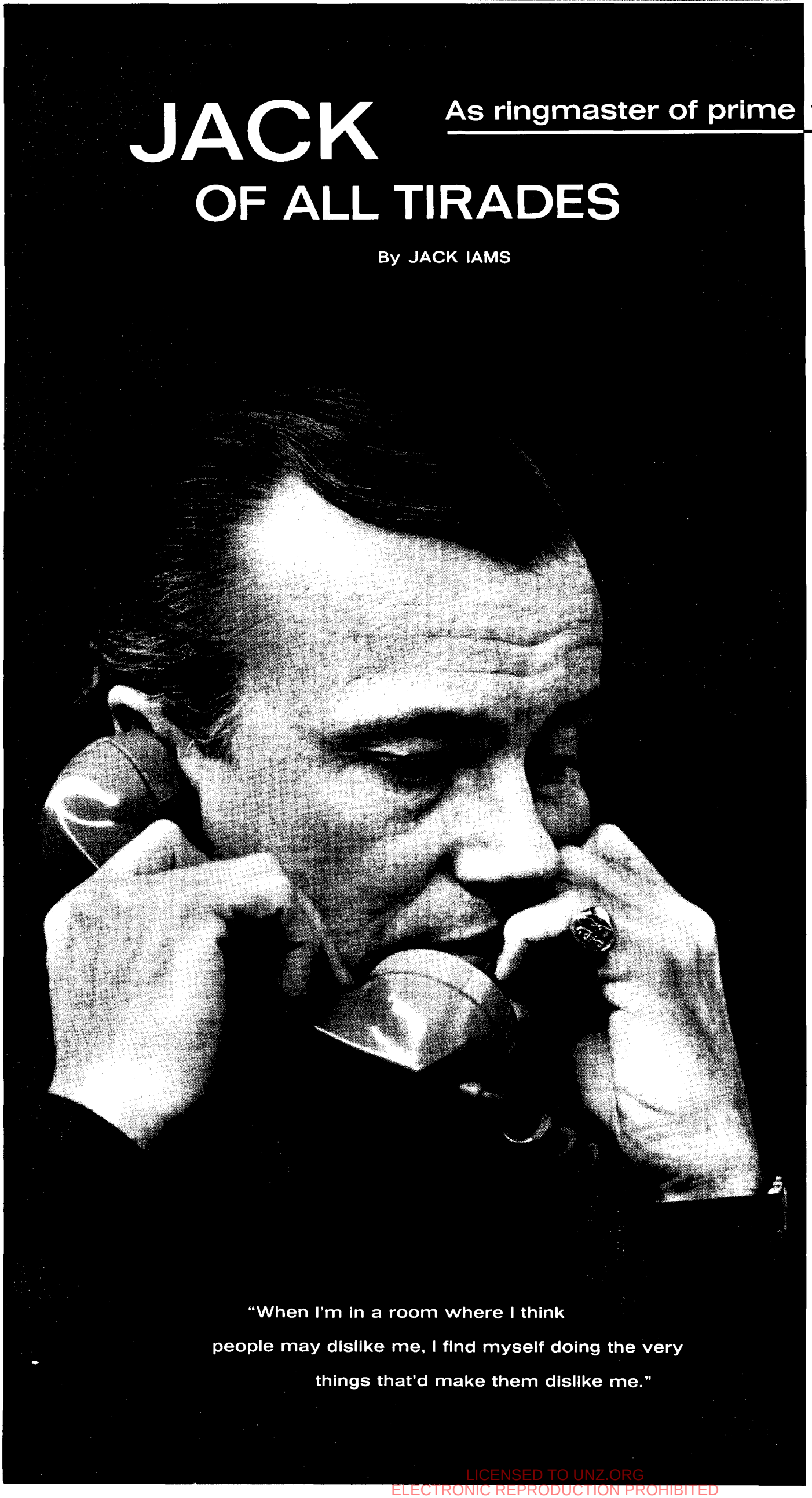
JACK OF ALL TIRADES

As ringmaster of prime time show, Jack Paa

By JACK IAMS



"When I'm in a room where I think people may dislike me, I find myself doing the very things that'd make them dislike me."

"And now," cries a voice across the NBC television network, "here's Jack!" Through pools of light a smiling figure strides easily toward his audience and some 18 million Americans edge forward to discover what Jack Paar has in store—hopefully, something outrageous. To all concerned, even his own staff, he remains Paar the unpredictable, the performer who sets off embroilments at the drop of an ad lib. "I don't look for controversy," says Paar. "It just seems to happen to me." But as one associate puts it, "Jack Paar is a sort of Typhoid Mary of controversy. He doesn't mean to start it. But he spreads it."

At the very moment his image is flickering on the screen, the chances are that Paar in the flesh is peacefully abed at his home in the New York suburb of Bronxville. If he is awake to see his show, it is only with great effort. "I keep farmer's hours," explains Paar. "Huntley and Brinkley are the late, late show to me."

A freewheeler on the owl-houred *Tonight* show for almost five years, Paar has been somewhat inhibited by his new role this season as ringmaster of a prime-time variety hour. Inhibited for Paar, that is. "I used to be a one-man soap opera," he says. "Everybody knew all about me, all about my wife Miriam and daughter Randy, when I was in trouble, when I had my teeth capped, when I bought a Jaguar, the fact that I wear a hairpiece. No secrets from anyone. Now I'm kind of feeling my way."

Nevertheless Paar still has managed t stir up his share of flurries this season on a show which has trotted out such a mixed bag of guests as Teddy Kennedy, Judy Garland, Barry Goldwater, the cast of *Beyond the Fringe* and Richard Nixon. ("He's basically shy like me," says Paar of Nixon.) Not long ago NBC officials had to chop up the tape of a show on which Zsa Zsa Gabor and Jayne Mansfield exchanged talk because the word "bitchy" somehow slipped out. An appearance by Oscar Levant on the Paar show drew considerable critical flak when protesting viewers and even some NBC officials censured Paar for making a cruel mockery on the program of a man who seemed in failing health.

Yet that Levant show got the biggest rating of any Paar outing this season, and the satisfied Levant agreed to return to the Paar show next season. "He wasn't nearly as sick as some critics seemed to think," ripostes Paar. "After the show I took him to dinner, and he ate a dozen oysters and a chocolate sundae—that's how sick he was."

Whatever his change of temporal address, it is plain that Paar—the man who has feuded with everyone from Dorothy Kilgallen to Ed Sullivan, who curled some hairs with an early defense of Fidel Castro and who once walked off his own show after a dispute with NBC brass—remains one of the storm centers of the entertainment business.

But if the public figure of Paar—the man involved in countless tempests in the TV pot—is open to dispute, there is no denying that the offscreen Paar leads a life that is almost sedate. Even his appearance retains the suggestion of the

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still stirs up tempests in the TV pot.

small-town boy from the Middle West. He is taller than he looks on the screen, with a slight stoop detracting from his loose-limbed six feet, and there is a trace of shamble in his walk. In the long yellow cardigan he often wears, it would be easy to imagine him, had he stayed in Canton, Ohio, where he was born, or in Jackson, Michigan, where he grew up, as lounging on a courthouse bench, whittling in the sun. He may not whittle nowadays, but woodworking is still his favorite recreation, and he has built numerous gadgets in both his home and nearby office in the leafy town of Bronxville, twenty minutes from Manhattan.

"I'm a hermit by nature," he says. "I'm unhappy with strangers. When I walk into a room where I think people may dislike me, I find myself doing the very things that would make them dislike me—overstating, being smart-alecky, letting myself get emotional. All because I'm a terribly shy guy."

All of the Paars are early risers, and he usually breakfasts with his wife and daughter in the shiny kitchen of their comfortable, but hardly opulent, 14-room house. Randy, 14, then leaves for her classes at the fashionable Masters School in Dobbs Ferry, some six miles away, where she is in her first year as a day pupil. Paar climbs into his Jaguar, having donned a cap and dark glasses, and drives to his office. "I'm a nut about sports cars," he says. "But I never drive faster than thirty-five." His onetime gag writer, Jack Douglas, looks at Paar's craze from another view: "Paar doesn't buy sports cars to drive them," says Douglas. "He just likes to polish them."

A passion for neatness

Paar's suburban office, on the ground floor of a building adjacent to the railroad station and close to Bronxville Republican headquarters, is a suite of rooms such as might be shared by a couple of dentists. "Except," says Paar, "that my office is much neater than a dentist's office. I have a passion for neatness."

Indeed it is almost a compulsive pride that Paar takes in the rooms which he designed and moved into last September. One gets the feeling the office represents a hobby rather than being the nerve center of a TV program for which NBC pays Paar's corporate entity, Dolphin Enterprises, $100,000 per show.

Arriving well ahead of his two-woman force—a receptionist and a bookkeeper—Paar is apt to start his working day by emptying the ashtrays. If his writers, Paul Keyes and Bob Howard, have been smoking a lot the day before, Paar goes about purifying the atmosphere with an air spray. Or he may busy himself with a hand vacuum cleaner, which on one occasion sucked the ribbon out of Paul Keyes's typewriter. "When I got there that morning," Keyes recalls happily, 'there were Jack and the vacuum cleaner all tangled up in ribbon."

Punctually at five he is off for home, except, of course, on those nights when he tapes his show. Waiting to greet him with slippers and cocktail mixings is his wife, the former Miriam Wagner, a trim blonde from Hershey, Pennsylvania, who is still youthful-looking after nineteen years of marriage.

The cocktail hour Paar calls the happiest of his day. But he never takes more than two. "I'm not much of a drinker," he says. "I have a feeling I'm the kind of guy who could turn into an alcoholic if he ever got started."

On the other hand he grumbles at being left out of a round. Recently Miriam mixed a Martini for a visitor and poured herself a small glass of sherry. Paar's fingers drummed on the coffee table. "And what," he demanded, "is the matter with the King of Comedy?"

Dinner with wine is served at six, by which time the family circle will have been closed with the return of Randy from school. By seven, after a post-prandial cigar, Paar is ready to climb into his and Miriam's king-size bed. Paar, in fact, falls asleep so early that he did not see his successor on *Tonight*, Johnny Carson, for weeks after Carson took on the job. "It used to be embarrassing," Paar says. "Johnny would be hanging around the studio where we were taping, and he'd say, 'Well, what do you think, Jack? How's it going?' And all I could say was, 'Johnny, I hear it's great.'" Lately, however, he has managed a few fleeting glimpses of *Tonight*. "I don't mean to sound condescending," Paar says. "It's just that I can't stay awake that late. And frankly it isn't my cup of tea."

Even the President of the United States had difficulty getting through Paar's bedtime barrier last fall when he telephoned shortly after 11 to compliment Jack on his opening show. It had dealt in large part with the story of the Kennedy PT boat in the Pacific. Paar deeply resented the implication in a news magazine that Big Jack (Paar) had arrogantly kept Young Jack (Kennedy) waiting half an hour. "Deliberate distortion," he says.

What happened was that an NBC switchboard operator received a call from a White House aide asking for Paar. The operator dutifully explained that she would have to clear it with Paar's secretary, Mitzi Matravers, whom she called at home. "As a matter of fact," Miss Matravers recalls, "the operator didn't even have Jack's number."

Paar subsequently scolded the news magazine on the air, but to old Paar *aficionados* it seemed like a rap on the knuckles compared to the public floggings he used to administer to critics.

One good reason for the new brake on Paar's impulses is that the format of the one-hour weekly show doesn't give him the latitude he used to enjoy on *Tonight*'s ninety minutes five times a week.

A more important reason for Paar's restraint lies in his new role as the independent proprietor of a multimillion-dollar enterprise. No longer is he NBC's paid entertainer but a businessman dealing with the network. The only employer he can walk out on now is himself.

Out of the $100,000 per show (NBC is buying 35 weekly shows from Jack's Dolphin Enterprises this season), Paar figures that he should clear about $25,000 a week for his corporate self. Next season

Daughter Randy drops into Paar's NBC dressing room before show.

Wife Miriam, at Bronxville office, helps Paar with business affairs.

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A MAN OF MANY PASSIONS

Paar chews out writer Paul Keyes.

"I hate my emotion. Knock it off, I tell myself, but I just can't help it."

Paar's profit will be somewhat more, with the price tag per show going up by $5,000. It is quite a jump from the $4,000 a week he was paid in salary on *Tonight*.

His current expenses are enormous. Not only must his own writers and production staff be paid out of his pocket, but also a small army of musicians and technicians. He spends $5,000 a week advertising the show in 20 newspapers. But the biggest chunks go to his guest stars, who command fees ranging from $5,000 to $10,000 in contrast to the $320 that was standard on *Tonight*.

The actual supervision of each program's preparation Paar carries out to a considerable extent by remote control. His production staff executes his orders in a small but humming suite of offices in the Hotel Chatham, a block or two from Rockefeller Center. Paar seldom goes there. "I'm happier in Bronxville," he says, "and God knows they're happier if I'm not around."

He says this as if he didn't really believe it, but there are former employees who would utter a fervent amen. One of them has described Paar's descents upon his staff as eruptions of terror. Others strongly disagree, notably Mitzi Matravers. "It's true Jack finds a lot of fault when he comes in," says Mitzi, "because he's a perfectionist. And he goes out of his way not to hurt people's feelings."

To the latter sentiment at least one henchman whom Paar fired from *Tonight* takes acrid exception. "Paar called me at home," he recalls, "told me I was arrogant and an alcoholic and I was through. He thinks anybody who takes one more drink than he does is an alcoholic. Later he said the same thing about me on the air. He can be brutal."

Paul Keyes, on the other hand, warmly supports Mitzi. "It used to be," says Keyes, "that if Jack didn't like something a writer had turned in he would crumple it into a ball and throw it in the wastebasket. It became a phrase with us: 'We got crumpled.' But after Bob Howard and I started writing in offices right next to Jack's in Bronxville he wouldn't crumple our stuff any more because he knew we could hear him doing it. He would take it home instead and crumple it there."

The ad-lib quality of his new show is something Paar constantly emphasizes. He worries about losing the element of surprise that he feels accounted for the success of *Tonight*. Frequently, in the first months of the new program, when former Paartisans such as Alexander King and Peggy Cass were indulging in spirited repartee, Paar would heave a happy sigh and say, "It's just like the old days, isn't it?"

Nevertheless, Paar has felt anything but regret for having bowed out of *Tonight*. "Nobody can imagine what a strain it was," he says. "Getting away was like being cured of a painful disease. I miss it as much as I miss World War II."

Paar still talks on the air about his family, but he has avoided such folksy details as the memorable reference on *Tonight* to Randy's first bra. That particular Paarism sent eyebrows up all over the country, and even Miriam Paar was a little distressed at having a matter of such intimacy shared with several million strangers. "Not that I blame Jack," says Miriam. "I know how he meant it. I just wish he hadn't said it."

But if Miriam sometimes has reservations about Paar's impulses—she thought he was wrong about Castro, for instance—she accepts whatever he says or does in the spirit of "right or wrong, my husband."

Miriam acts as a link between Paar and the community life in Bronxville, in which she herself has been fairly active. She regularly attends the Dutch Reformed Church, where Randy sings in the choir, and when Randy was going to public school Miriam was a pillar of the P.T.A. But her efforts to persuade her husband to participate in church or school affairs appear to be fruitless. Nor is Paar interested in partisan politics. "I used to be a registered Republican," he says. "But now I'm not registered at all. I belong to the party of the disenchanted."

Miriam recalls with mixed emotions the time she did cajole Paar into attending a school concert in which Randy played the violin. Paar was openly criticized by other parents as a show-off because he wore dark glasses. "He knew they were poking fun at him, and he was terribly uncomfortable. But he stayed till the bitter end," remembers Miriam. "He said his eyes bothered him, but the real reason he wore them was that he knew he was going to cry."

The Paars are well thought of by many of their neighbors, but there is general agreement that nobody really knows Paar. "He seems a shy man," a woman who lives near them said. "He hardly ever goes to functions of any sort, but when he does, I must say, he's pleasant."

Yet even into the Paars' community life there has crept a streak of unpleasantness such as Paar seems fated to attract. Curiosity seekers park in front of his house to gawk. Would-be performers besiege the place and once a hopeful singer even drove out to the house with an organ on the back of a truck—he wanted to audition on the spot. More seriously, Paar has been harassed by neighborhood teen-agers who heckled him from the street outside his house and even invaded his grounds and dumped his outdoor furniture into the swimming pool.

"It's been a case of familiarity breeding contempt," Paar reflects sadly. "At first it was 'Hi, Mr. Paar,' 'Good morning, Mr. Paar.' Then it was 'Hi, Jack,' 'Whaddya know, Jack?' And then suddenly it was 'Hey there, Jack, you stink!'"

An ally calls him alley

"Jack feels that kind of thing more than most people," a former associate says, "because he suffers from a terrible sense of insecurity. He can't stand the notion that anybody dislikes him."

Paar dismisses such talk as "amateur psychoanalysis," but he does take a clinical interest in the reasons why people like and dislike him, which he feels are closely tied to the reasons why people keep tuning in on him. Of that Paar appeal Alexander King says, "Jack is the dream son-in-law who makes himself agreeable and isn't much smarter than you. He's the fellow you meet at the bowling alley. In fact, you might call him a national bowling alley."

Hugh Downs, who was Paar's patient foil on *Tonight*, puts it this way: "Jack never kidded his audience even when it hurt. Take that hairpiece of his. He had never told anybody about it till one night a youngster in the audience asked, 'Do you wear a toupee?' I could tell that Jack was unhappy, but he gritted his teeth and said yes. Later on he could joke about it, but not at the time."

Paar himself sees it a little differently. "I communicate with people," he says. "That is the art of television. I believe what I say, and they know I believe it. I communicate humorous things and sad things, things that really happened.

"One reason people dislike me, I think, is they believe me even when I'm kidding myself. If Jack Benny speaks of himself as a great violinist, everybody breaks up. But if I speak of myself as the King of Comedy they say, 'Boy, has he got a swelled head!'

"Another reason for dislike—and people have told me this—is they think I could become another Father Coughlin, that I have a potentially dangerous evangelical quality. I don't think I do, but, even if I did, what have I ever stood for that could be dangerous?

"It's true that I get overemotional on the air and sometimes I cry, especially around Christmas. Some people think it's hokey, but it's not. I hate my emotion—'Knock it off, knock it off,' I tell myself—but I just can't help it."

Sensitive though he is to criticism, Paar is willing to give considered thought to unfriendly opinion. To a visitor Paar said, "What have you heard about me? Never mind how rough it is."

"Well," said the visitor, somewhat cautiously in the light of stories about Paar's temper, "one man says you fired him ruthlessly and unreasonably."

Paar grunted.

"This man says you're not happy unless you're surrounded by sycophants, that you don't want people around you who will tell you when you're wrong."

"People are always telling me I'm wrong," said Paar. He pressed his fingertips together, as he so often does on the air, and thought awhile. "It could be true," he said finally. "It could be true without my realizing it. These things happen to people. But honestly, really honestly, I don't think it is. I don't *want* yesmen. I want people who will give me their best and frankest opinions. If they are all opposed to something I'm for, well, I'll probably give in. Not always, but usually. On the other hand, if opinions are divided, then it's up to me to make the decision. Whatever that decision is, right or wrong—and, believe me, I can be wrong—I expect everybody to go along. Otherwise, off with their heads."

Now that he has become the undisputed master of his own ship and crew the sailing apparently has been smooth, but Paar can still fly off the handle. During the fall he let go with a salvo at NBC for scheduling "the worst show of the season"—a comedy series entitled *Don't Call Me Charlie*—immediately before the Paar program. He fumed to the press that it was costing him countless viewers who switched to other channels and that

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Paar and guest Alex King chat on air.

NBC had better yank it—or else. Not long after, *Don't Call Me Charlie* was dropped by the network.

Paar himself scoffs at ratings—though he is ever alert for the latest ones—and he doesn't propose, he says, to get any gray hairs worrying about the show's future or his own. "Of course," he said shortly after NBC announced his return next season, "I would have been disappointed if the show had been dropped. I don't like to be a flop. And I've got a responsibility to the people around me. But if the show hadn't been renewed it wouldn't have been any great shock. I wouldn't have minded a rest. And, you know, I don't really like show business, and I don't like most actors. The only one in my family who is crazy about show business is my mother, and the closest she ever came to it was going to school in Ohio with Clark Gable.

"I've got a piece of property in Florida, and I love boats. I've never had one, but I've always wanted one. Not a big one, but about forty feet, the size of Jim Bishop's (the Hearst columnist and a Paar friend). No, on second thought, a foot longer.

"I can think of lots worse things than living in Florida, cruising on my boat, maybe having a crack at some writing. One thing—I don't have to worry anymore about making a living."

Most of his friends, however, think it highly unlikely that Paar at 45 would be able to sit back and take life easy in Florida or anyplace else. Miriam Paar agrees. "Jack would have to go on creating," she says. "The ferment of his mind would have to have an outlet. He would explode otherwise."

Almost certainly Paar in his heart knows this to be true. And although he has gilt-edged reasons for dismissing financial worries he can still be haunted by memories of a childhood when the money never caught up with the bills, of disc-jockey days when he drifted from job to job and went hungry in between; of his and Miriam's ups and downs when he worked sporadically on TV and radio as a substitute for more established stars and as a daytime variety emcee.

"I have a recurring dream," he said the other day, sounding a trifle apprehensive. "I dream that *I've* been fired—and I wake up in cold sweat." THE END

Best foot forward, Paar displays angelic side during TV program.

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Exploded Congo myths

Like many little men thrust into the center of historic events, Moise Tshombe has been surrounded by all kinds of myths. Too many Americans have come to believe too many fantasies about Tshombe's three-year struggle to separate Katanga and its riches from the rest of the Congo. To conservatives Tshombe seemed a staunch defender of free enterprise, self-determination and Western democracy, fighting against leftist conspiracies within the United Nations. To liberals he seemed a petty dictator, the puppet of sinister Belgian mining interests.

In actual fact, as Blaine Littell's story on page 74 shows, Tshombe is neither a hero nor a monster but, like many politicians, a rather slippery opportunist. He cared little for right or left, east or west, so long as the money from Katanga's mines kept flowing into the coffers of his regime. That seems fairly reasonable, but the Congo has other politicians too, and they are just as convinced that the rest of the Congo's myriad tribes have a right to a large share of Katanga's wealth. The U.N. spent three years trying to settle the argument by negotiations—Dag Hammarskjöld died while flying to a meeting with Tshombe—and many of its members sacrificed their soldiers' lives to restore peace in the Congo. Finally—in reluctant violation of its basic principles—the U.N. resorted to force. And the United States Government, convinced that the continuation of civil strife could help only the Communists, supported the U.N. action.

The last days of Katanga, as Littell describes them, were a mixture of tragedy and farce. It was a tragedy because scores of innocent people died in the short, sharp struggle. It was a farce because Tshombe's power turned out to be largely bluff and blarney.

Now that it is over, what are the results? Nothing is ever all black and white in the Congo, but, on balance, we'd say things look somewhat better, at least so far. The state of peace is itself an improvement. The riches of Katanga are being shared more widely and more fairly among all Congolese, taking some of the pressure off the U.N.—and off the U.S. taxpayer. The Congo's moderate premier, Cyrille Adoula, has taken several of Tshombe's followers into his own cabinet to widen his national support. And he has called on several Western nations to help retrain his army into a national force to maintain what the Congo needs most—law and order.

It is doubtful whether Tshombe, who was constantly at war with rival tribes even within his own state of Katanga, could have done as much.

A pair of agricultural dilemmas

Across the country American farmers this spring are busily compounding our agricultural difficulties. Reports from the heartland of the United States indicate that this year's spring planting will produce a record harvest, piling our mountainous surpluses higher and higher. Meanwhile, U. S. farmers are getting ready to vote May 21 in a nationwide referendum on Secretary of Agriculture Orville Freeman's program for tighter controls on the production of wheat.

On the opposite side of the globe the Russians are struggling with a different kind of problem. Back in 1954 Nikita Khrushchev launched his huge "Virgin Lands" agricultural project, under which 100 million acres of marginal lands in the province of Kazakhstan and in Siberia were to be converted to grain production. In 1960 Khrushchev decided to make a showpiece out of the Kazakhstan portion of the project. Tikhon Sokolov, one of the Communist Party's most successful agricultural production experts, was put in charge, and no expense was spared to make the showpiece a success. The latest reports from Russia, however, indicate that the whole agricultural program has foundered. Production in the Virgin Lands territory has declined for the past four years. Mr. Sokolov's showpiece in Northern Kazakhstan is a flop, and Mr. Sokolov himself is out on his ear. He promised 11 million tons of grain in 1962, but the actual production was only 5.2 million tons. Farm machinery is going to pot, the milk yield has dropped, and grain production is so far off that thousands of animals have died for lack of fodder.

The failure of Mr. Khrushchev's program doesn't surprise us. It isn't the first time that a massive Soviet agricultural scheme has flopped. Maybe we should lend the Russians our Secretary of Agriculture. He could show them how to overproduce. Then they could send Mr. Sokolov over here and he could teach us how to fall short of our production goals.

Back on the beam with Canada

Now that the Canadian election is over, let us hope our relations with our neighbor to the north can assume a more even keel. The normal condition of Canadian-U. S. relations is one of friendship and understanding, a model through the years for other neighboring nations.

There are bound to be irritations and misunderstandings between the best of friends, but surely the Government of the U. S. can show more tact and diplomacy in the future than it did in the recent furor over the stationing of U. S. nuclear weapons in Canada. On the Canadian side Mr. Diefenbaker might have helped the situation by resisting the temptation to exploit anti-Americanism for political purposes.

But Mr. Diefenbaker is gone now, and the election has removed the source of the disagreement. Lester Pearson, the new Canadian prime minister, campaigned for the acceptance of U. S. nuclear weapons. Anti-Americanism in Canada, as *Post* editor James Atwater reported before the election [*Post*, April 6], was greatly exaggerated even at its "peak."

The announcement by the White House shortly after the Canadian election that a meeting between President Kennedy and Mr. Pearson was under "active consideration" came as good news. We hope the result of that meeting will be to show the world that the election unpleasantness has been quickly forgotten and a new era of amity in Canadian-U. S. relations has begun.

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CORVAIR MONZA

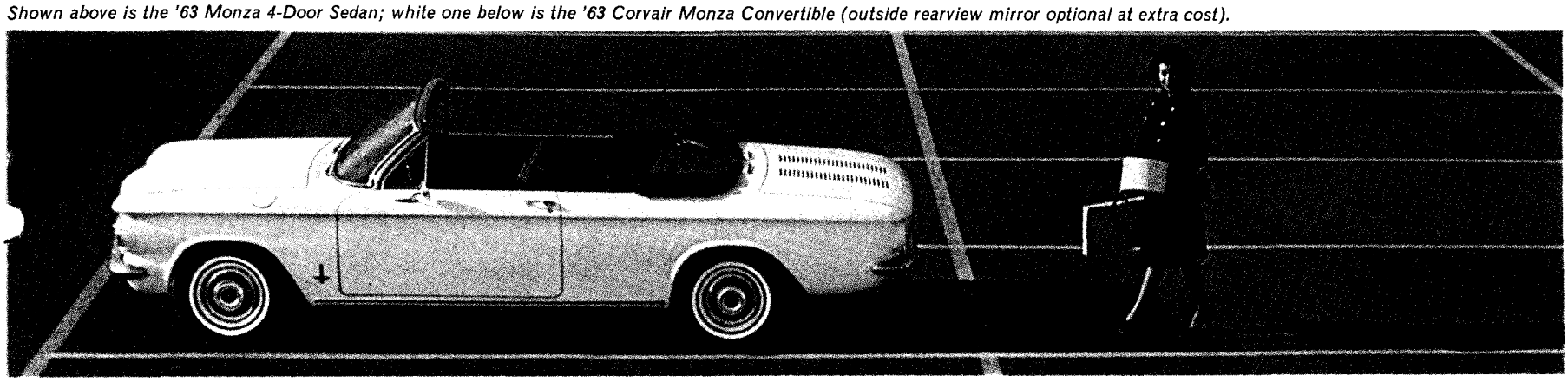
For girls who think they hate city driving

While the '63 Corvair appeals greatly to men, it gets along famously with the ladies, too. They can whisk it into tight parking spots with nary a blush, frisk it through bustling traffic with the best of them. Unlike any other American car, this one has a rear engine. (Weight's *off* the front wheels for effortless steering, *over* the rear ones for sure traction.) It rides beautifully with a supple coil spring at each wheel to soak up the bumps, and it has such practical features as an air-cooled engine (there's no radiator so it never needs water or anti-freeze) and self-adjusting brakes to save you time and money. Its distinctively styled Body by Fisher is in a class by itself, too, certain to turn heads wherever you go. (And what girl, or man for that matter, won't thoroughly enjoy that!) Why not *begin* enjoying one soon? . . . Chevrolet Division of General Motors, Detroit 2, Mich.

CHEVROLET

The make more people depend on

Shown above is the '63 Monza 4-Door Sedan; white one below is the '63 Corvair Monza Convertible (outside rearview mirror optional at extra cost).



Betty Skelton is internationally known as a pilot and holder of car driving records. While she's shown above using the trim '63 Corvair Monza for shopping, it's ideal for cross-country jaunts as well. Corvair's sociable size and easy handling let you park in spots, too, you once may have had to pass up.

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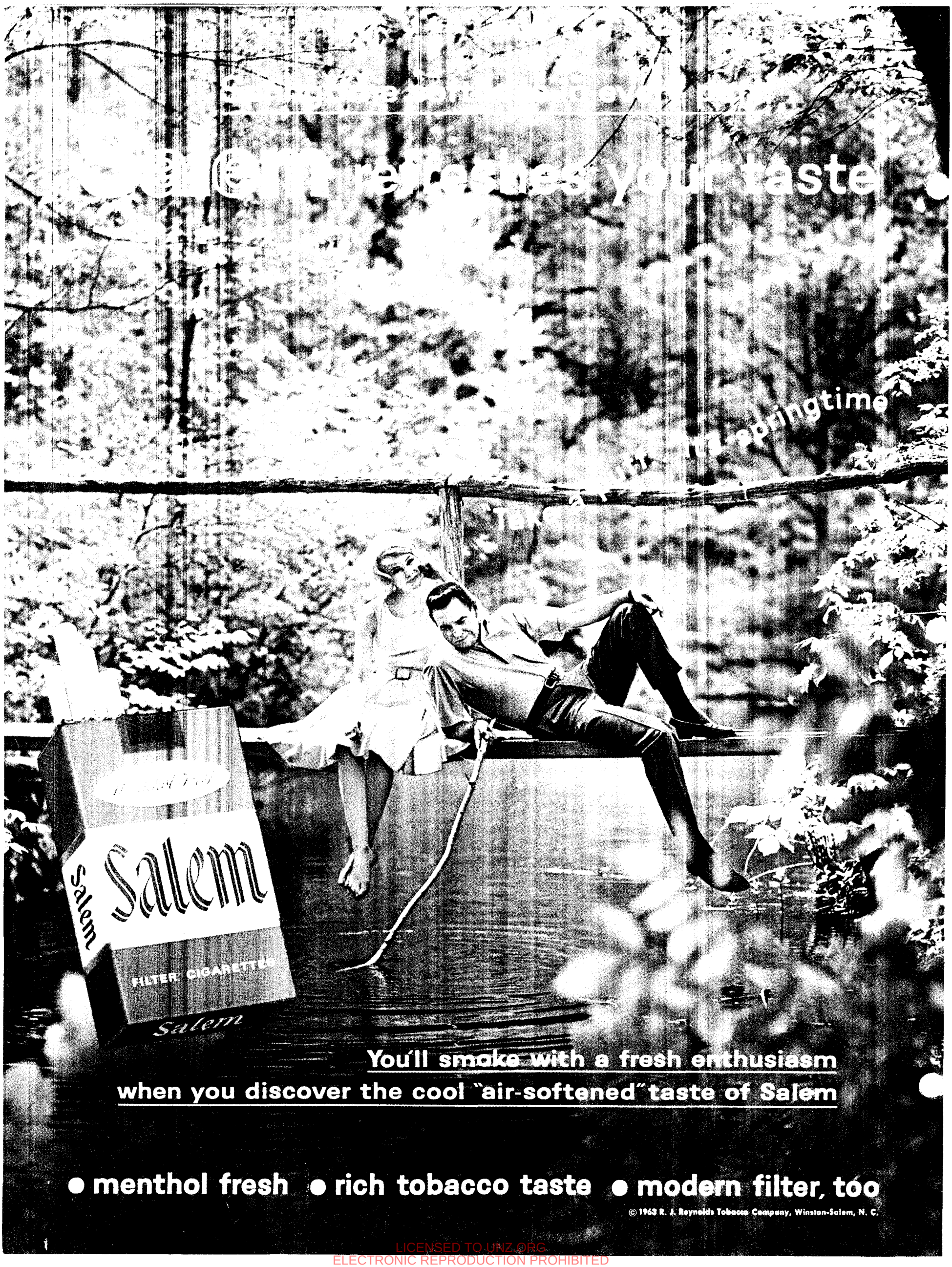
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